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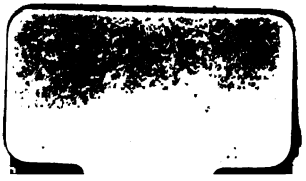

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PREFACE.

THE want of a selection of Modern Poetry for the use of young persons must be felt by all who are engaged in the work of education; and it is with the view of supplying this deficiency that the present volume has been compiled. The greatest care has been bestowed on the selection; and, bearing in mind the lasting impression that may be made by pieces thus committed to memory, the compiler has rigorously excluded all passages, however beautiful, which contain anything objectionable in either word or sentiment. As regards the religious portion of the work, the most jealous scrutiny has been exercised in rejecting much which, though passing current as "sacred" poetry, has been found to contain doctrine at variance with Scriptural truth. Should anything in the following pages appear contradictory to this statement, a ready solution will be found in the circumstances of the supposed speaker. A Hebrew, for instance, under the Mosaic dispensation, may be permitted to speak with doubt

on matters now clearly revealed; an untaught savage may use the language of pride and revenge; but nothing, it is hoped, will be found set forward as Christian sentiment which will not bear the test of the Word of God. Of the remaining and larger number of pieces, there are many which, without being exclusively religious, tend to cultivate the social and domestic affections, or lead to a contemplation of the beauties and wonders of creation.

The compiler has to express her gratitude to the authors and proprietors through whose very great kindness and liberality she is enabled to offer so large a selection from copyright works. She has, in most instances, consulted the latest editions of the various authors, and, aiming at great correctness, has not willingly altered a single word without printing the substitute in italics. The omission of any lines in an extract is also marked by asterisks.

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ERRATA.

Page 73. line 8. from the bottom, for "moon, stone cold," read "moonstone cold."
217. line 4. for "say," read "lay."
277. line 2. for "we tried," read "nor tread."
4. for "die," read "hope."
7. for "mild," read "bright."

THE MODERN SPEAKER.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I AM coming, little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden,
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossom for the tree,
With the flower and with the leaf;
Till I come the time is brief.

I am coming, I am coming!
Hark, the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing;—
Little maiden, now is Spring!

See, the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on mossy banks so green,
Starlike primroses are seen;
And their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

Hark! the little lambs are bleating;
And the cawing rooks are meeting

In the elms, a noisy crowd;
And all birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

Little maiden, look around thee!
Green and flowery fields surround thee;
Every little stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white;
And each small and waving shoot
Has for thee sweet flower or fruit.

Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven,
God for thee the Spring has given;
Taught the birds their melodies;
Cloth'd the earth, and clear'd the skies;
For thy pleasure or thy food,
Pour thy soul in gratitude!
So mayst thou 'mid blessings dwell,—
Little maiden, fare thee well!

MARY HOWITT.

THE BEE.

MARK how the neat assiduous bee,
Pattern of frugal industry,
  Pursues her earnest toil;
All day the pleasing task she plies
And to her cell at ev'ning hies,
  Enrich'd with golden spoil.

She warns us to employ the hours,
In gathering stores from learning's flowers;
  For these will ever last:
These mental charms will fill the place
Of ev'ry beauty, ev'ry grace,
  When smiling youth is past.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS,

AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
The few locks which are left you are grey;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abus'd not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone;
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death!
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied,
Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God!
And He hath not forgotten my age.

SOUTHEY.

THE VINEYARD.

Matt. xx.

THE God of mercy walks his round
From day to day, from year to year,
And warns us each with awful sound,
" No longer stand ye idle here."

Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,
Waste not of youth the morning light;
Oh fools, why stand ye idle here?

And ye whose scanty locks of grey
Foretell your latest travail near,
How fast declines your useless day,
And stand ye yet so idle here?

One hour remains, there is but one,
How many a grief and many a tear,
Through endless ages, must atone
For moments lost and wasted here!

HEBER.

THE DAISY

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultur'd round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms in consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page:—in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer's reign,
The daisy never dies.

J. MONTGOMERY.

A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

ONCE more the light of day I see;
Lord! with it let me raise
My heart and voice in song to Thee,
Of gratitude and praise.

The "busy bee" ere this hath gone
O'er many a bud and bell;
From flower to flower is humming on,
To store its waxen cell.

Oh! may I, like the bee, still strive
Each moment to employ,
And store my mind, that richer hive,
With sweets that cannot cloy.

The skylark, from its lowly nest,
Hath soar'd into the sky,
And by its joyous song express'd
Unconscious praise on high.

My feeble voice, and faltering tone,
No tuneful tribute bring,
But thou canst in my heart make known
What bird can never sing.

Instruct me, then, to lift my heart
To Thee—in praise and prayer;
And love and gratitude impart
For every good I share.

For all the gifts thy bounty sends,
For which so many pine;
For food and clothing, home and friends,
Since all these boons are Thine.

Thus let me, Lord, confess the debt
I owe thee, day by day,
Nor e'er at night or morn forget
To Thee, O God, to pray.

BARTON.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

"OH! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee,—
Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sun-beam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight,—
Oh! call my brother back!

The flowers run wild — the flowers we sow'd
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load;—
O call him back to me!"

"He would not hear my voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smil'd,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given!—
Go! thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven."

"And has he left the birds and flowers,
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours
Will he not come again?

And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?—
Oh! while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had lov'd him more!"

MRS. HEMANS.

SPRING FLOWERS.

BOWING adorers of the gale,
Ye cowslips delicately pale,
Upraise your loaded stems,
Unfold your cups in splendour; speak!
Who deck'd you with that ruddy streak,
And gilt your golden gems?

Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,
In purple's richest pride array'd,
Your errand here fulfil;
Go, bid the artist's simple stain
Your lustre imitate, in vain,
And match your Maker's skill.

Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth,
Embroid'rers of the carpet earth,
That stud the velvet sod;
Open to spring's refreshing air,
In sweetest smiling bloom declare
Your Maker, and my God.

CLARE.

THE SABBATH.

DEAR is the hallow'd mŏrn to me,
When village bells awake the day;
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,
  Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
  And catch the manna of thy Word.

And dear to me the loud Amen,
  Which echoes through the bless'd abode,
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
  Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the rustic harmony,
  Sung with the pomp of village art;
That holy, heavenly melody,
  The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often pray'd,
  And still the anxious tear would fall;
But, on thy sacred altar laid,
  The fire descends and dries them all.

Oft when the world, with iron hands,
  Has bound me in its six days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
  And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the Sabbath morn,
  The village bells, the shepherd's voice;
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
  And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
  Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms,
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,
  That bears us to a Father's arms.

CUNNINGHAM.

A FATHER'S PRAYER.

WHILE to my God with spirit meek
I call, on bended knee,
What blessing shall thy father seek,
My Agatha, for thee?
Be thine the good, He wills to grant,
He, who enthron'd on high,
Is wise to know whate'er we want,
And powerful to supply.

I will not pray, dear babe, for thee
To prove or rich or fair;
Nor tempt my God for what may be
No blessing, but a snare.
But O! a frame be thine, with health,
The truest beauty, blest!
And O! be thine, the truest wealth,
A wise contented breast!

Be thine, another's grief to feel,
Another's joy to share!
Be thine, the grateful hymn in weal,
In woe the faithful prayer!
Thy own defects be thine to know,
To trust thy Saviour's love,
In peace to sojourn here below,
But set thine heart above.

Such blessings, through His precious blood,
Who died mankind to save,
Such blessings of th' all-bounteous God
For thee, dear babe, I crave.
And if aright my suit I plead,
O may thy parents see
Thus, thus, their anxious cares repaid,
My Agatha, in thee.

MANT.

TO THE HUMBLE BEE.

GOOD-MORROW, gentle humble bee:
You are abroad betimes, I see,
And sportive fly from tree to tree,
To take the air;
And visit each gay flower that blows;
While ev'ry bell and bud that glows,
Quite from the daisy to the rose,
Your visits share.

Saluting now the pied Carnation,
Now on the Aster taking station,
Murmuring your ardent admiration,
Then off you frisk
Where Poppies hang their heavy heads,
Or where the gorgeous Sun-flower spreads
For you her luscious golden beds,
On her broad disk.

To live on pleasure's painted wing,
To feed on all the sweets of spring,
Must be a mighty pleasant thing,
If it would last:
But you, no doubt, have wisely thought
These joys may be too dearly bought,
And will not unprepared be caught,
When summer's past.

For soon will fly the laughing hours,
And this delightful waste of flowers
Will shrink before the wintry showers,
And winds so keen.
Alas! who then will lend you aid,
If your dry cell be yet unmade,
Nor store of wax and honey laid
In magazine?

Then, Lady Buzz, you will repent,
That hours for useful labour meant
Were so unprofitably spent,
And idly lost.
By cold and hunger keen opprest,
Say, will your yellow velvet breast
Shield you from frost?

Ah! haste your winter stock to save,
That snug within your Christmas cave,
When snows fall fast and tempests rave,
You may remain:
And the hard season braving there,
On spring's warm gales you will repair,
'Elate through crystal fields of air
To bliss again.

MRS. C. SMITH.

THE VISIBLE CREATION.

THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By Him in wisdom plann'd;
'Twas He who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

Lift to the firmament your eye,
Thither his path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

He bows the heavens — the mountains stand
A highway for their God;
He walks amidst the desert land,
'Tis Eden where He trod.

The forests in his strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.

Here on the hills He feeds his herds,
His flocks on yonder plains:
His praise is warbled by the birds;
O could we catch their strains!

Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light,
Or with the nightingale prolong
Our numbers through the night!

In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his spirit blows,
The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!

J. MONTGOMERY.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chaf'd ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

BRYANT.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield;
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy;
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow.

"Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow.

"One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall:
Pass we blithely then the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow."

HEBER.

AN ITALIAN SONG.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade,
The canzonet [1] and roundelay [2]
Sung in the silent green-wood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

ROGERS.

THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the free and fearless wing!
Up! up! and greet the sun's first ray;
Until the spacious welkin[3] ring
With thy enlivening matin lay.
I love to track thy heavenward way
Till thou art lost to aching sight,
And hear thy numbers, blithe and gay,
Which set to music morning's light.

[1] A short song, the diminutive of *canzone*, the Italian for song.
[2] A kind of ancient poetry. [3] Sky.

Songster of sky and cloud! to thee
  Hath Heaven a joyous lot assign'd;
And thou, to hear those notes of glee,
  Wouldst seem therein thy bliss to find:
Thou art the first to leave behind,
  At day's return, this lower earth,
And, soaring as on wings of wind,
  To spring whence light and life have birth.

Bird of the sweet and taintless hour,
  When dew-drops spangle o'er the lea,
Ere yet upon the bending flower
  Has lit the busy humming-bee; —
Pure as all nature is to thee, —
  Thou, with an instinct half divine,
Wingest thy fearless flight so free
  Up tow'rd a yet more glorious shrine.

Bird of the morn, from thee might man,
  Creation's lord, a lesson take:
If thou, — whose instinct ill may scorn
  The glories that around thee break, —
Thou bidd'st a sleeping world awake
  To joy and praise; — Oh! how much more
Should mind immortal, earth forsake,
  And man look upward to adore!

Bird of the happy, heaven-ward song!
  Could but the poet act thy part,
This soul, up-borne on wings as strong
  As thought can give, from earth might start;
And with a far diviner art
  Than genius ever can supply,
As thou the ear, might glad the heart,
  And bring down music from the sky.

BARTON.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

STAY, Lady, stay for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale!
Ah, sure my looks must pity wake,
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an Orphan Boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleas'd was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought;
She could not bear to see my joy,
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor Orphan Boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud;
My mother, shudd'ring, clos'd her ears:
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd;
My mother answer'd with her tears.
"Why are you crying thus," said I,
"While others laugh and shout with joy?"
She kiss'd me, and with such a sigh,
She call'd me her poor Orphan Boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I cried,
As in her face I look'd, and smil'd;
My mother through her tears replied,
"You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!"
And now they've toll'd my mother's knell,
And I'm no more a parent's joy;
O lady—I have learnt too well
What 'tis to be an Orphan Boy.

Oh! were I by your bounty fed—
  Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
  The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep!—Ha!—this to me?
  You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents! look and see
  Your happy, happy Orphan Boy.

MRS. OPIE.

EPIPHANY.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
  Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
  Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
  Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
  Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
  Odours of Edom and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
  Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
  Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
  Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

HEBER.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
Then comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears;—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee; but thou art not of those
Who wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have one season—ALL are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air,
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there!

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O Death!

MRS. HEMANS.

A BOOK.

I'M a strange contradiction; I'm new, and I'm old,
I am often in tatters, and oft deck'd with gold.
Though I never could read, yet letter'd I'm found;
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am bound.
I am always in black, and I'm always in white;
I am grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light.—
In form too I differ,—I'm thick and I'm thin,
I've no flesh and no bone, yet I'm covered with skin;
I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute;
I sing without voice, without speaking confute;
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch;
Some love me too fondly, some slight me too much;
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

MRS. H. MORE.

SPRING.

THE bleak winds of winter are past,
The frost and the snow are both gone,
And the trees are beginning at last
To put their green leafiness on.

The snow-drop, like ivory white,
The crocus, as yellow as gold,
The hepatica, hardy and bright,
Have ventured their bloom to unfold.

And, sweeter than these, in the lane,
On its warm, shelter'd bank may be found,
The violets in blossom again,
Shedding spring's richest odours around.

The primrose and cowslip are out,
And the fields are with daisies all gay;
While the butterflies, flitting about,
Seem glad in the sunshine to play.

Not more glad than the bee is to gather
New honey to store in his cell;
He too is abroad this fine weather,
To rifle cup, blossom, and bell.

The goldfinch, and blackbird, and thrush,
Are brimful of music and glee;
They have each got a nest in some bush,
And the rook has built his in a tree.

The lark's home is hid in the corn,
But he springs from his low nest — on high,
And warbles his welcome to morn,
Till he seems like a speck in the sky.

Oh! who would be sleeping in bed
When the skies with such melody ring,
And the bright earth beneath him is fed
With the beauty and fragrance of spring?

BARTON.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

WHEN the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me;
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me;
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'Tis the fetter'd soul's releasing;—
Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me;
Christ is mine—He cannot fail me,
Weep not for me;
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour
From this love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever—
Weep not for me.

DALE.

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

WHAT is that, mother?—

The Lark, my child,—
The morn has just look'd out, and smil'd,
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast

And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tun'd, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother? —

The Dove, my son,—
And that low, sweet voice, like the widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is pour'd from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother? —

The Eagle, boy,
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm, in his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother? —

The Swan, my love.—
He is floating down from his native grove,
No lov'd one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die.
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet it may waft thee home.

DOANE.

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to *show that** God is here;
The daisy, fresh from nature's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arch'd the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could raise the daisy's purple bud;

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringéd border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embosséd gem
That, set in silver, gleams within;

And fling it unrestrain'd and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod?
That man, where'er he walks, may see
In every step the hand of God.

GOOD.

TO-MORROW

How sweet to the heart is the thought of To-morrow,
When hope's fairy pictures bright colours display;
How sweet, when we can from futurity borrow
A balm for the griefs that afflict us to-day

When wearisome sickness has taught me to languish
For health, and the comforts it bears on its wing,
Let me hope, O how soon it would lessen my anguish!
That To-morrow will ease and serenity bring.

* The few verbal alterations that are made in this volume from the original poems, are marked in italics.

When travelling alone, quite forlorn, unbefriended,
Sweet the hope, that To-morrow my wand'rings will cease;
That at home then, with care sympathetic attended,
I shall rest unmolested, and slumber in peace!

Or, when from the friends of my heart long divided,
The fond expectation with joy how replete!
That from far distant regions, by Providence guided,
To-morrow shall see us most happily meet!

When six days of labour, each other succeeding,
With hurry and toil have my spirits oppress'd,
What pleasure to think, as the last is receding,
To-morrow will be a sweet sabbath of rest.

And when the vain shadows of life are retiring,
When life is fast fleeting, and death is in sight,
The Christian, believing, exulting, aspiring,
Beholds a To-morrow of endless delight!

* * * * *

MISS PARKEN.

WHERE IS THE SEA?*

SONG OF THE GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE.

WHERE is the sea? — I languish here —
Where is my own blue sea?
With all its barks in fleet career,
And flags, and breezes free.

* A Greek islander, being taken to the Vale of Tempe, and called upon to admire its beauty, only replied, "The sea — where is it?

I miss that voice of waves which first
Awoke my childhood's glee;
The measur'd chime — the thundering burst —
Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your myrtle's breath may rise,
Soft, soft your winds may be:
Yet my sick heart within me dies —
Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute —
I hear the whispering tree; —
The echoes of my soul are mute:
Where is my own blue sea?

MRS. HEMANS.

GOD GLORIFIED IN THE WORKS OF CREATION.

WHEN Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil;
When Summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain or lull the drowsy glade,
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars, their Master's name in silent pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
Then, Master, must we always love, and, Saviour, honour Thee.

The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of summer fade,
The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the shade;
The winds be lull'd—the sun and moon forget their old decree,
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord! will cling to Thee.

HEBER.

GELERT.*

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smil'd the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer;
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last,
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

* The story of this ballad is traditional in a village at the foot of Snowdon, where Llewellyn had a house; the greyhound, named Gelert was given him by his father-in-law, King John, in the year 1205. The place to this day is called Beth Gelert, or the grave of Gelert.

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flow'r of all his race!
So true, so brave, a lamb at home—
A lion in the chase!"

That day Llewellyn little lov'd
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty prov'd;
For Gelert was not there

Unpleas'd, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal-seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd the castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gaz'd with wild surprise,
Unus'd such looks to meet;
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd, and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd,
(And on went Gelert too,)
And still where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view!

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stain'd cover rent,
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied;
He search'd—with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on ev'ry side,
But nowhere found the child!

"*Monster!* by thee my child's devour'd!"
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plung'd in Gelert's side!—

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain,
For now the truth was clear;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe,—
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
  Or forester, unmov'd;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
  Llewellyn's sorrow prov'd.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
  And oft, as ev'ning fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
  Poor Gelert's dying yell!

SPENCER.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

THY neighbour? it is he whom thou
  Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
  Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour?—'tis the fainting poor,
  Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
  Go thou, and succour him.

Thy neighbour?—'tis that weary man,
  Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain—
  Go thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbour?—'tis the heart bereft
  Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left—
  Go thou, and shelter them.

Thy neighbour?—yonder toiling slave,
  Fetter'd in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—
  Go thou, and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favour'd than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,
Thy brother or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by,
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery —
Go, share thy lot with him.

CASABIANCA.*

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike form.

The flames roll'd on — he would not go,
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud: — "Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

* A boy about thirteen years old, son to the captain of the Orient, remained at his post, in the battle of the Nile, after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned. He perished in the explosion of the vessel when the flames had reached the powder.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!
And"— but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in the waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of death,
In still yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapp'd the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound,—
The boy,— oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part,—
But the noblest thing which perish'd there,
Was that young and faithful heart.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE DYING INFANT TO ITS MOTHER.

CEASE here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother, drown'd in woe;
Now thy fond caresses pain me,
Morn advances — let me go.

See yon orient streak appearing,
Harbinger of endless day —
Hark! a voice, the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away.

Lately launch'd, a trembling stranger,
On the world's wild boisterous flood,
Pierc'd with sorrows, toss'd with danger,
Gladly I return to God.

* * * * *

There, my mother, pleasures centre;
Weeping, parting, care, or woe,
Ne'er our Father's house shall enter.—
Morn advances — let me go.

As through this calm, holy dawning,
Silent glides my parting breath,
To an everlasting morning,
Gently close mine eyes in death.

Blessings endless, richest blessings,
Pour their streams upon thy heart!
Though no language yet possessing —
Breathes my spirit ere we part.

Yet, to leave thee sorrowing rends me,
Though again His voice I hear:
Rise! may every grace attend thee;
Rise! and seek to meet me there.

CECIL.

ENGLAND'S OAK.

Let India boast its spicy trees,
  Whose fruit and gorgeous bloom
Give to each faint and languid breeze
  Its rich and rare perfume.
Let Portugal and haughty Spain
  Display their orange-groves;
And France exult her vines to train
  Around her trim alcoves.

Old England has a tree as strong,
  As stately as them all,
As worthy of a minstrel's song
  In cottage and in hall.
'Tis not the yew-tree, though it lends
  Its greenness to the grave;
Nor willow, though it fondly bends
  Its branches o'er the wave.

Nor birch, although its slender tress
  Be beautifully fair,
As graceful in its loveliness
  As maiden's flowing hair.
'Tis not the poplar, though its height
  May from afar be seen;
Nor beech, although its boughs be dight
  With leaves of glossy green.

All these are fair, but they may fling
  Their shade unsung by me;
My favourite, and the forest's king,
  The British Oak shall be!
Its stem, though rough, is stout and sound,
  Its giant branches throw
Their arms in shady blessings round
  O'er man and beast below.

Its leaf, though late in spring it shares
  The zephyr's gentle sigh,
As late and long in autumn wears
  A deeper, richer dye.
Type of an honest English heart,
  It opes not at a breath,
But having open'd, plays its part
  Until it sinks in death.

Its acorns, graceful to the sight,
  Are toys to childhood dear;
Its mistletoe, with berries white,
  Adds mirth to Christmas cheer.
And when we reach life's closing stage,
  Worn out with care or ill,
For childhood, youth, or hoary age
  Its arms are open still.

But prouder yet its glories shine,
  When, in a nobler form,
It floats upon the heaving brine,
  And braves the bursting storm;
Or when, to aid the work of love,
  To some benighted clime
It bears glad tidings from above
  Of Gospel-truths sublime.

Oh! then triumphant in its might,
  O'er waters dim and dark,
It seems, in heaven's approving sight,
  A second glorious ark.
On earth the forest's honour'd king!
  Man's castle on the sea!
Who will, another tree may sing,
  Old England's Oak for me!

BARTON.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

THE hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack;
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry;
The distant hills are seeming nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings!
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits, wiping o'er her whisker'd jaws;
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies;
The frog has chang'd his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is drest;
My dog, so alter'd in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones, on grass to feast:
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight,
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.—
——'T will surely rain, I see with sorrow
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

JENNER.

INSTRUCTION SOUGHT FROM THE BEE.

Buzzing insect, busy creature,
I would know thy wondrous skill,
Thou dost roam o'er blooming nature,
And thy hive with honey fill.
Dost thou toil through every hour?
Dost thou gain from every flower?
Let me learn of thee.

Teach me, sweetest insect flying
How like thee to choose the best;
Thou that dost, thy tribe outvying,
Live to work, but die to rest:
When my time on earth shall end,
What may then my soul befriend?
Let me learn of thee.

Varied plants, with mingled odours,
Nature oft presents below;
Some may please, yet some forebode us;
Teach me these in truth to know.
Skill is thine t'extract the sweet —
Patience thine, the toil to greet:
Let me learn of thee.

"Man, arise! thy sun is shining;
Lose not time in sinful ease;
Prudence with thy skill combining,
Ills escape and blessings seize.
Sweets may dwell with lowly flowers,
Poisons hide in fragrant bowers.
Stoop, and learn of me.

"Flowers unnumber'd make me wander;
One alone might thee avail:
See that Rose of Sharon yonder,
Try yon Lily of the Vale.

Sacred perfume there is found,
Ample treasures there abound.
Haste, and learn of me.

"Man, be wise, thy days are flitting;
Health, and strength, and means will end;
Strive to gain what's most befitting,
Peaceful then to rest descend.
Lo! a brighter day shall rise —
Scenes unfading greet thine eyes,
Verdant, 'neath immortal skies.
Think, and learn of me."

BLOOMFIELD.

PARAPHRASE OF JOB XIV.

How few and evil are thy days,
Man, of a woman born!
Trouble and peril haunt thy ways:
Forth, like a flower at morn,
The tender infant springs to light,
Youth blossoms with the breeze,
Age, withering age, is cropp'd ere night,
Man like a shadow flees.

And dost Thou look on such an one?
Will God to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all?
As fail the waters from the deep,
As summer brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep:
Our life is vanity.

Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall with a roll of thunder break,
And nature disappear.
Oh! hide me, till thy wrath be past,
Thou, who canst kill or save;
Hide me, where hope may anchor fast,
In my Redeemer's grave.

J. MONTGOMERY.

TO THE REDBREAST.

SWEET little bird in russet coat,
The livery of the closing year,
I love thy lonely, plaintive note,
And tiny whispering song to hear.
As on the stile or garden-seat
I sit, to watch the falling leaves,
Thy pleasant carol seems more sweet
While pensive nature grieves.

Ah! many are the lonely minds
That hear and welcome thee anew,—
High-cultur'd souls, and humble hinds,
Delight to praise, and love thee too:
The veriest clown beside his cart
Turns from his song with many a smile,
To see thee from the hedge-row start
And sing upon the stile.

The shepherd on the fallen tree
Drops down, to listen to thy lay,
And chides his dog beside his knee,
Who barks and frightens thee away.

The hedger pauses, ere he knocks
The stake down in the meadow gap;
The boy, who every songster mocks,
Forbears the gate to clap;

When, in the hedge that hides the post,
Thy ruddy bosom he surveys,
Pleas'd with thy song, in transport lost,
He, pausing, mutters scraps of praise.
The maiden marks, at day's decline,
Thee in the yard, on broken plough,
And stops her song to list to thine,
Milking the brindled cow.

Thy simple faith, in man's esteem,
From every heart hath favour won:
Dangers to thee no dangers seem,
Thou seem'st to count them more than shun.
The clown in winter takes his gun,
The barn-door-flocking birds to slay
But should'st thou in the danger run,
He turns the tube away.

* * * * *

Upon the ditcher's spade thou'lt hop,
For grubs and writhing worms to search;
Where woodmen in the forest chop,
Thou'lt fearless on their faggots perch:
Nay, by the gipsies' camp I stop,
And mark thee perch a moment there,
To prune thy wing awhile, then drop
The scattered crumbs to share.

* * * * *

The loneliest wood that man can trace,
To thee a pleasant dwelling gives;
In every town and crowded place
The tame domestic robin lives:

Go where we will, in every spot
  Thy little welcome tribes appear,
And, like the daisy's common lot,
  Thou 'rt met with every where.

The swallow in the chimney tier,
  The twittering martin in the eave,
With half of love, and half of fear
  Their mortar'd dwellings shyly weave;
The sparrows in the thatch will shield,
  Yet they, as well as e'er they can,
Contrive with doubtful faith to build
  Beyond the reach of man.

But thou'rt less timid then the wren,
  Domestic and confiding bird!
And spots most near the haunts of men
  Are oftenest for thy home preferr'd:
In garden wall thou'lt build so low,
  Hid where a branch of fennel stands,
That even a child just taught to go
  May reach thee with its hands.

Dear favourite bird! thy under notes
  In spring's gay music mix unknown;
The concert from a thousand throats
  Leaves thee as if to pipe alone.
No listening ear the shepherd lends,
  The simple ploughman marks thee not,
And then by all thy autumn friends
  Thou'rt missing and forgot.

'Tis wrong that thou should'st be despis'd,
  When larks and linnets carol clear;
They sing when vernal flowers are priz'd,
  Thou, in the dull declining year.

* * * * *

Ah! could I in my rustic rhyme
But imitate thy touching lay,
All gentle hearts would love its chime,
Nor cast my meanest verse away!
And aye, in Autumn's mellow clime
Our mutual praise they would proclaim,
And we should share, till latest time,
An undivided fame.

CLARE.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

AND wherefore do the Poor complain?
The Rich man ask'd of me;
Come, walk abroad with me, I said,
And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold;
And we were wrapt and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,
His locks were few and white;
I ask'd him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night.

The cold was keen indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he,
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,
And she begg'd loud and bold;
I ask'd her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold.

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick a-bed,
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest,
She had a baby at her back,
And another at her breast.

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there
When the night-wind was so chill;
She turn'd her head, and bade the child
That scream'd behind, be still;

Then told us that her husband serv'd,
A soldier, far away,
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

* * * * *

I turn'd me to the Rich man then,
For silently stood he,—
You ask'd me why the Poor complain,
And these have answer'd thee!

SOUTHEY.

THE BETTER LAND.

I HEAR thee speak of a better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore—
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?
—"Not there, not there, my child."

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?—
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
—"Not there, not there, my child."

Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother! that better land?
—"Not there, not there, my child."

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
Beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb
—It is there, it is there, my child!"

MRS. HEMANS.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

FOUND IN A TRAP WHERE HE HAD BEEN CONFINED ALL NIGHT.

O! HEAR a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries.

For here forlorn and sad I sit
Within the wiry grate,
And tremble at the approach of morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born Mouse detain.

O! do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth,
Nor triumph, that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply;
But if thy unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny;

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given:
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

* * * * *

And as this transient gleam of day
Is all of life we share,
Let pity plead within thy breast
That little all to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crown'd;
And every charm of heartfelt ease
Beneath thy roof be found!

So when destruction lurks unseen,
  Which men like mice may share,
May some kind angel clear thy path,
  And break the hidden snare!

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE LAVENDER.

SWEET Lavender! I love thy flow'r
  Of meek and modest blue,
Which meets the morn and ev'ning hour,
The storm, the sunshine, and the show'r,
  And changeth not its hue.

In cottage-maid's parterre thou'rt seen,
  In simple touching grace;
And in the garden of the queen,
'Midst costly plants and blossoms sheen*,
  Thou also hast a place.

The rose, with bright and peerless bloom,
  Attracteth many eyes;
But while her glories and perfume
Expire before brief summer's doom,
  Thy fragrance never dies.

Thou art not like the fickle train
  Our adverse fates estrange;
Who, in the day of grief and pain,
Are found deceitful, light, and vain,
  For thou dost never change.

But thou art emblem of the friend,
  Who, whatsoe'er our lot,
The balm of faithful love will lend,
And, true and constant to the end,
  May die, but alters not.

MISS STRICKLAND.

* Bright, splendid.

THE CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Before I close my eyes to sleep,
Lord, hear my ev'ning prayer;
And deign a helpless one to keep
By Thy protecting care.

Tho' young in years, I have been taught
Thy Name to love and fear,
Of Thee to think with solemn thought,
Thy goodness to revere.

That goodness gives each simple flow'r
Its scent and beauty too,
And feeds it, in night's darkest hour,
With heaven's refreshing dew.

Nor will Thy mercy less delight
The least one's God to be,
Who thro' the long and silent night
For safety trusts to Thee.

The little birds that sing all day
In many a leafy wood,
By Thee are cloth'd in plumage gay
By Thee supplied with food.

And when at night they cease to sing,
By Thee protected still,
Their young ones sleep beneath their wing,
Secure from every ill.

Thus may'st Thou guard, with gracious arm,
The couch whereon I lie,
And keep me safe from every harm
By Thine all-watchful eye.

For day and night to Thee are one,
The helpless are Thy care,
And, for the sake of Thy dear Son,
Thou hear'st e'en childhood's prayer!

BARTON

THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB.

OH! poverty is a weary thing, 'tis full of grief and pain,
It boweth down the heart of man, and dulls his cunning brain;
It maketh even the little child with heavy sighs complain!

The children of the rich man have not their bread to win;
They hardly know how labour is the penalty of sin;
E'en as the lilies of the field, they neither toil nor spin.

And year by year, as life wears on, no wants have they to bear;
In all the luxury of the earth they have abundant share:
They walk among life's pleasant ways, and never know a care.

The children of the poor man—though they be young, each one,
Early in the morning they rise up before the rising sun,
And scarcely when the sun is set, their daily task is done.

Few things have they to call their own, to fill their
hearts with pride —
The sunshine of the summer's day, the flowers on
the highway side,
Or their own free companionship on the heathy
common wide.

Hunger and cold and weariness, these are a frightful
three;
But another curse there is beside, that darkens
poverty;—
It may not have one thing to love, how small soe'er
it be.

A thousand flocks were on the hills — a thousand
flocks and more —
Feeding in sunshine pleasantly—they were the rich
man's store;
There was the while one little lamb beside the
cottage door;

A little lamb that did lie down with the children
'neath the tree;
That ate, meek creature, from their hands, and
nestled to their knee;
That had a place within their hearts, as one of the
family.

But want, even as an armed man, came down upon
their shed,
The father labour'd all day long, that his children
might be fed;
And one by one, their household things were sold
to buy them bread.

That father, with a downcast eye, upon his threshold stood,
Gaunt poverty each pleasant thought had in his heart subdued;
"What is the creature's life to us?" said he, "'twill buy us food!

"Ay, though the children weep all day, and with down-drooping head
Each does his small craft mournfully!—the hungry must be fed;
And that which has a price to bring, must go, to buy us bread!"

It went—oh! parting hath a pang the hardest heart to wring,
But the tender soul of a little child with fervent love doth cling,
With love that hath no feignings false, unto each gentle thing!

Therefore most sorrowful it was those children small to see,
Most sorrowful to hear them plead for their pet so piteously:—
"Oh! mother dear, it loveth us: and what beside have we?"

"Let's take him off to the broad green hills," in his impotent despair,
Said one strong boy, "let's take him off, the hills are wide and fair:
I know a little hiding place, and we will keep him there!"

'Twas vain! they took the little lamb, and straightway tied him down,
With a strong cord they tied him fast,—and o'er the common brown,
And o'er the hot and flinty roads, they took him to the town.

The little children through that day, and throughout all the morrow,
From every thing about the house a mournful thought did borrow:
The very bread they had to eat was food unto their sorrow!

Oh! poverty is a weary thing, 'tis full of grief and pain—
It keepeth down the soul of man, as with an iron chain:
It maketh even the little child with heavy sighs complain!

MARY HOWITT.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

EXODUS XV. 20.

SOUND the loud timbrel * o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd — his people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting;—the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd — his people are free.

* An instrument of music, the tambourine.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory *,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd,—his people are free.

MOORE.

THE OAK AND THE REED.

(FROM LA FONTAINE.)

THE Oak one day address'd the Reed:—
"To you ungenerous indeed
Has nature been, my humble friend,
With weakness e'er oblig'd to bend.
The smallest bird that flits in air
Is e'en too much for you to bear;
The slightest wind that wreaths the lake,
Your ever-trembling head doth shake.
The while, my tow'ring form
Dares with the mountain top
The solar blaze to stop,
And wrestle with the storm.
What seems to you the blast of death,
To me is but a zephyr's breath.
Beneath my branches had you grown,
That spread far round their friendly bow'r,
Less suffering would your life have known,
Defended from the tempest's pow'r.

* Exodus xiv. 24.

Unhappily you oftenest show
In open air your slender form,
Along the marshes wet and low,
That fringe the kingdom of the storm.
To you declare I must
Dame Nature seems unjust."

Then modestly replied the Reed:
" Your pity, sir, is kind indeed,
But wholly needless for my sake.
The mildest wind that ever blew
Is safe to me compar'd with you:
I bend, indeed, but never break.
Thus far, I own, the hurricane
Has beat your sturdy back in vain;
But wait the end." Just at the word,
The tempest's hollow voice was heard.
The north sent forth her fiercest child,
Dark, jagged, pitiless, and wild.
The oak, erect, endur'd the blow;
The reed bow'd gracefully and low.
But, gathering up its strength once more,
In greater fury than before,
The savage blast
O'erthrew, at last,
That proud, old, sky-encircled head,
Whose feet entwin'd the empire of the dead!

WRIGHT.

THE BIBLE.

WHAT is the world!—A wildering maze,
Where Sin hath track'd ten thousand ways,
Her victims to ensnare:
All broad, and winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,
Bearing their baubles, or their loads,
  Down to eternal night;—
One humble path, that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
  From darkness into light.

Is there a Guide to show that path?
The Bible:—he alone that hath
  The Bible, need not stray:
Yet he who hath, and will not give
That heavenly Guide to all that live,
  Himself shall lose the way.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE RAINBOW.

SOFT glowing in uncertain birth
  'Twixt nature's smiles and tears,
The bow, O Lord, which thou hast bent,
  Bright in the cloud appears.
The portal of thy dwelling-place
  That pure arch seems to be,
And, as I bless its mystic light,
  My spirit turns to Thee.

Thus gleaming o'er a guilty world,
  We hail the ray of love:—
Thus dawns upon the contrite soul
  Thy mercy from above;
And as thy faithful promise speaks,
  Repentant sin forgiv'n,
In humble hope we bless the beam
  That points the way to heav'n.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

THE PAPER KITE.

ONCE on a time, a Paper Kite
Was mounted on a wondrous height,
Where, giddy with its elevation,
It thus express'd self-admiration: —
"See, how yon crowds of gazing people
Admire my flight above the steeple!
How would they wonder, if they knew
All that a kite like me can do!
Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
And pierce the clouds beyond their sight;
But ah! like a poor pris'ner bound,
My string confines me near the ground:
I'd brave the eagle's tow'ring wing,
Might I but fly without a string."
It tugg'd and pull'd, while thus it spoke,
To break the string — at last it broke.
Depriv'd at once of all its stay,
In vain it tried to soar away;
Unable its own weight to bear,
It flutter'd downward through the air:
Unable its own course to guide,
The winds soon plung'd it in the tide.
Ah! foolish kite; thou hadst no wing!
How couldst thou fly without a string?
My heart replied: "O Lord, I see
How much this kite resembles me!
Forgetful that by thee I stand,
Impatient of thy ruling hand,
How oft I've wish'd to break the lines
Thy wisdom to my lot assigns!
How oft indulg'd a vain desire
For something more, or something higher!
And, but for grace, and love divine,
A fate thus dreadful had been mine."

NEWTON.

THE COUNTRY MAID AND THE PIMPERNEL FLOWER.*

"I'LL go and peep at the Pimpernel,
And see if she think the clouds look well;
For if the sun shine,
And 'tis like to be fine,
I shall go to the fair,
For my *Lubin* is there; —
So Pimpernel, what bode the clouds and the sky?
If fair weather, no maiden so merry as I."

The Pimpernel-flower had folded up
Her little gold star in her coral cup;
And unto the maid
Thus her warning said:
"Though the sun smile down,
There's a gathering frown
O'er the checker'd blue of the clouded sky;
So stay at home, for a storm is nigh."

The maid first look'd sad, and then look'd cross,
Gave her foot a fling, and her head a toss;
"Say you so, indeed,
You mean little weed?
You 're shut up for spite,
For the blue sky is bright;
To more credulous people your warnings tell:
I 'll away to the fair — Good day, Pimpernel."

"Stay at home," quoth the flower. "In sooth, not I;
I 'll don my straw hat with a silken tie;

* The Pimpernel, or "Poor man's weather-glass," closes in damp or rainy weather.

O'er my neck so fair
I'll a kerchief wear,
White, checker'd with pink;
And then — let me think,
I'll consider my gown—for I'd fain look well:"
So saying, she stepp'd o'er the Pimpernel.

Now the wise little flower, wrapp'd safe from harm,
Sat fearlessly waiting the coming storm;
Just peeping between
Her snug cloak of green,
Lay folded up tight
Her red robe so bright,
Though broider'd with purple, and starr'd with gold,
No eye might its bravery then behold.

The fair maiden straight donn'd her best array,
And forth to the festival hied away:
But scarce had she gone
Ere the storm came on,
And, 'mid thunder and rain,
She cried, oft and again,
"Oh! would I had minded yon boding flower,
And were safe at home from the pelting shower."

Now, maiden, the tale that I tell would say,
Don't don fine clothes on a doubtful day;
Nor ask advice, when, like many more,
Your resolve was taken some time before.

MRS. MEREDITH.

HUMAN LIFE.

PSALM XC. 6.

I WALK'D the fields at morning's prime,
The grass was ripe for mowing;
The skylark sang his matin chime,
And all was brightly glowing.

"And thus," I cried, "the ardent boy,
His pulse with rapture beating,
Deems life's inheritance is joy —
The future proudly greeting."

I wander'd forth at noon: — alas!
On earth's maternal bosom
The scythe had left the with'ring grass,
And stretch'd the faded blossom.

And thus, I thought with many a sigh,
The hopes we fondly cherish,
Like flow'rs which blossom but to die,
Seem only born to perish.

Once more at eve abroad I stray'd,
Through lonely hay-fields musing;
While ev'ry breeze that round me play'd
Rich fragrance was diffusing.

The perfum'd air, the hush of eve,
To purer hopes appealing,
O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve,
Scatter'd the balm of healing.

For thus the actions of the just,
When memory hath enshrin'd them,
E'en from the dark and silent dust
Their odour leave behind them.

BARTON.

THE SWALLOW.

ALONG the surface of the winding stream,
Pursuing every turn gay swallows skim,
Or round the borders of the spacious lawn,
Fly in repeated circles, rising o'er
Hillock and fence with motion serpentine,
Easy and light. One snatches from the ground
A downy feather, and then upward springs,
Follow'd by others, but oft drops it soon,
In playful mood, or from too slight a hold,
When all at once dart at the falling prize.

WILCOX.

ON PLANTING A TULIP-ROOT.

HERE lies a bulb, the child of earth,
Buried alive beneath the clod,
Ere long to spring, by second birth,
A new and nobler work of God.

'Tis said that microscopic pow'r
Might through its swaddling folds descry
The infant-image of the flow'r,
Too exquisite to meet the eye.

This, vernal suns and rains will swell,
Till from its dark abode it peep,
Like Venus rising from her shell,
Amidst the spring-tide of the deep.

Two shapely leaves will first unfold,
Then, on a smooth elastic stem,
The verdant bud shall turn to gold,
And open in a diadem.

Not one of Flora's brilliant race
A form more perfect can display;
Art could not feign more simple grace,
Nor Nature take a line away.

Yet, rich as morn of many a hue,
When flushing clouds through darkness strike,
The tulip's petals shine in dew,
All beautiful,— but none alike.

Kings, on their bridal, might unrobe
To lay their glories at its foot;
And queens their sceptre, crown, and globe,
Exchange for blossom, stalk, and root.

Here could I stand and moralise;
Lady, I leave that part to thee;
Be thy next birth in paradise,
Thy life to come eternity!

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.*

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts† were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

* 2 Kings, xix. 35.
† A legion was divided into ten cohorts.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breath'd in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
And through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur * are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

BYRON.

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

BEHOLD the western evening-light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

* Assyria, from Ashur, who built Nineveh.—Genesis, x. 11.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind,
When lov'd ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bath'd in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are seal'd in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

PEABODY.

THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses gray,
Seem'd to have known a better day:
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy:
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of border chivalry.
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead,
And he, neglected and opprest,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.

No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and carest,
High plac'd in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd to lord and lady gay
The unpremeditated lay.
A wandering harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door,
And tun'd to please a peasant's ear
The harp a king had lov'd to hear.
Amidst the strings his fingers stray'd,
And an uncertain warbling made:
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man rais'd his head and smil'd,
And lighten'd up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstacy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding cords along;
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
Cold diffidence and age's frost
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the latest minstrel sung.

SCOTT.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

SINCE trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;

O let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
To spread large bounties though we wish in vain,
Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain:
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; yet liberal still,
Heaven gives its counterpoise to every ill;
Nor let us murmur at our stinted powers,
When kindness, love, and concord may be ours.
The gift of minist'ring to others' ease,
To all her sons, impartial, she decrees;
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all price above;
The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,
The angry word suppress'd, the taunting thought;
Subduing and subdued, the petty strife,
Which clouds the colour of domestic life:
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things:
On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
The almost sacred joys of home depend:

* * * * * *

And he whose helpful tenderness removes
The rankling thorn which wounds the breast he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But clears th' obstruction which impedes his own.

MRS. H. MORE.

THE BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

I PRAIS'D the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I prais'd the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;

And earth and ocean seem'd to say
" Our beauties are but for a day!"

I prais'd the sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I prais'd the moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky!
And moon and sun in answer said,
' Our days of light are numbered!"

O God! O good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meaner works are fair!
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!

HEBER.

THE STORMY PETREL.*

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:
The sails are scatter'd about like weeds,
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables and iron chains,
The hull which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack; and hearts of stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown.
Up and down! up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billows' crown,
Amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The stormy petrel finds a home;

* Is considered by sailors as the forerunner of a tempest.

A home,— if such a place can be
For her who lives on the wide wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!
O'er the deep! o'er the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and the swordfish sleep!
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale in vain:
For the mariner curseth the warning bird,
Who bringeth him news of the storm unheard:
Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;
Yet, he never falters;—so, petrel! spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing.

BARRY CORNWALL.

PARTING WORDS.

GENESIS, XXXII. 26.

LET me go, the day is breaking,
Dear companions, let me go;
We have spent a night of waking
In the wilderness below;
Upward now I bend my way,
Part we here at break of day.

Let me go, I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;
Angels wait my soul to carry
Where my risen Lord appears;
Friends and kindred, weep not so,
If ye love me, let me go.

We have travell'd long together,
  Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
Both through fair and stormy weather
  And 'tis hard — 'tis hard to part,
Yet we must: — "Farewell!" to you,
Answer, one and all, "Adieu!"

'Tis not darkness gathering round me,
  Which withdraws me from your sight;
Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
  But, translated into light,
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.

Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
  Far beyond earth's span of sky;
Am I dead? — Nay, by this token,
  Know that I have ceas'd to die:
Would you solve the mystery,
Come up hither, — come and see.

J. MONTGOMERY.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
  From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
  Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
  From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
  Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's * isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name!

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign!

HEBER.

PATRIOTISM.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own,—my native land!

* The fragrance of the cinnamon groves of Ceylon is perceptible nine leagues off at sea.

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.—
O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!

SCOTT.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unutter'd or exprest;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold, he prays!"

The saints, in prayer, appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE BABY'S BONNET.

FAIRIES! guard the baby's bonnet!
Set a special watch upon it;
Elfin people! to your care
I commit it, fresh and fair;
Neat as neatness, white as snow,—
See ye keep it ever so.

Watch and ward set all about,—
Some within, and some without;
Over it, with dainty hand,
One her kirtle green expand;
Two or three about the bow,
Vigilant concern bestow.
A score, at least, on either side,
'Gainst evil accident provide;—
Fall, or jar, or overlay;
And so the precious charge convey
Through all the dangers of the way.
But when those are battled through,
Fairies! more remains to do;
Ye must gift, before ye go,
The bonnet and the babe also.

Gift it to protect her well,
Fays! from all malignant spell;
Charms and seasons to defy,
Blighting wind and evil eye.
And the bonny babe! on her
All your choicest gifts confer.
Just as much of wit and sense
As may be hers, without pretence;
Just as much of grace and beauty
As shall not interfere with duty;
Just as much of sprightliness
As shall companion gentleness;
Just as much light-hearted cheer
As may be melted to a tear,
By a word, a tone, a look—
Pity's touch, or love's rebuke.
As much of frankness, bland and free,
As may consort with modesty;
As much of feeling as will bear
Of after-life the wear and tear;
As much of life—but Fairies! there
Ye vanish into thinnest air!

And with you parts the playful vein,
That lov'd a light and trivial strain.

Befits me better, babe! for thee
T 'invoke Almighty agency,—
Almighty love—Almighty power,
To nurture up the human flower;
To cherish it with heavenly dew,
Sustain with earthly blessings too;
And when the ripe, full time shall be,
Engraft it on eternity.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

THE HORNED OWL.

IN the hollow tree, in the old grey tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despis'd in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk he's abroad and well.
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away.
O when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then is the reign of the horned owl!

And the owl hath a bride who is fond and bold,
And loveth the wood's deep gloom;
And, with eyes like the shine of the moon, stone cold,
She awaiteth her ghastly groom.
Not a feather she moves, nor a carol she sings,
As she wails in her tree so still;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
She hoots out her welcome shrill!
O when the moon shines, and dogs do howl,
Then, then is the joy of the horned owl!

Mourn not for the owl, nor his gloomy plight!
The owl hath his share of good;
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord in the dark green wood.
Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate,
They are each unto each a pride;
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange dark fate
Hath rent them from all beside!
So when the night falls, and dogs do howl,
O then for the reign of the horned owl!
We know not alway
Who are kings by day,
But the king of the night is the bold brown owl!

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE COWSLIP.

Now in my walk, with sweet surprise,
I saw the first spring cowslip rise;
The plant whose pensile flowers
Bend to the earth their beauteous eyes,
In sunshine as in showers.

Lone on a mossy bank it grew,
Where lichens purple, white, and blue,
Among the verdure crept;
Its yellow ringlets, dropping dew,
The breezes lightly swept.

A bee had nestled in its blooms,
He shook abroad their rich perfumes,
Then fled in airy rings;
His place a butterfly assumes,
Glancing his glorious wings.

O, welcome, as a friend!- I cried;
A friend through many a season tried,
Nor ever sought in vain
When May, with Flora at her side,
Is dancing on the plain.

Sure as the Pleiades adorn
The glittering coronet of morn,
In calm delicious hours,
Beneath their beams thy buds are born,
'Midst love-awakening showers.

Scatter'd by Nature's graceful hand,
In briary glens, o'er pasture land,
Thy fairy tribes we meet;
Gay in the milk-maid's path they stand,
They kiss her tripping feet.

From winter's farm-yard bondage freed,
The cattle bounding o'er the mead,
Where green the herbage grows,
Among thy fragrant blossoms feed,
Upon thy tufts repose.

Tossing his forelock o'er his mane,
The foal, at rest upon the plain,
Sports with thy flexile stalk,
But stoops his little neck in vain
To crop it in his walk.

Where thick thy primrose blossoms play,
Lovely and innocent as they,
O'er coppice, lawns, and dells,
In bands the rural children stray,
To pluck thy nectar'd bells;

Whose simple sweets, with curious skill,
The frugal cottage-dames distil,
Nor envy France the vine,
While many a festal cup they fill
With Britain's homely wine.

Unchanging still from year to year,
Like stars returning in their sphere,
With undiminish'd rays,
Thy vernal constellations cheer
The dawn of lengthening days.

Perhaps from Nature's earliest May,
Imperishable 'midst decay,
Thy self-renewing race
Have breath'd their balmy lives away
In this neglected place.

And O, till Nature's final doom,
Here unmolested may they bloom,
From scythe and plough secure;
This bank their cradle and their tomb,
While earth and skies endure.

J. MONTGOMERY.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall sooth my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

ROGERS.

PITY FOR POOR LITTLE SWEEPS.

THE morn was dark, the wind was high,
With many a gusty swell,
And from the moonless, starless sky,
The rain in torrents fell:
An hour it was when sleep seem'd dear,
And wakefulness allied to fear.

'Tis pleasant, on a summer night,
From tranquil rest to wake,
And see the moonbeams' silvery light
In gentle glory break
Through opening clouds or leafy trees,
Whose whispers own the passing breeze.

And 'tis delightful, just as day
Illumes the eastern skies,
To hear the first bird's matin lay,
Or cock's shrill clarion rise;
To list with unclos'd eyes, and then
Gently to sink in sleep again.

But on a stormy winter morn,
When all is dark and drear,
When every sound, too, seems forlorn,
Which breaks upon the ear,—
If sleep be from the pillow gone,
The restless hours creep slowly on.

Such lot was mine, not long ago;
When to my ear was brought
A plaintive outcry, faint and low,
At first as faintly caught;
But soon the doleful whine of "Sweep!"
Betray'd its source, and "murder'd sleep."

For who could sleep, while such a strain,
By childish accents pour'd,
Brought all its wretchedness and pain
To be by thought explor'd,
And fancy felt compell'd to range
Through sufferings varied, new, and strange?

The sea-boy, in the fearful din
Of wild waves crested white,
Constrain'd the topmast's height to win,
In some tempestuous night,—
His giddy, awful task may scan
With feelings worthy of a man.

The winds may rock him to and fro,
The thunder loudly rave;
The lightnings flash, the waves below
May yawn,— an opening grave;
Yet with him to his post may climb
The germs of sentiments sublime; —

Of danger brav'd, of honour won
By confidence and skill;
Memories of feats by others done;
Proud hopes he may fulfil;
And cheering thoughts within may glow
Of messmates' watchful eyes below.

But thou, poor abject child! whose cry
Still haunts my memory's ear,
What can thy weary lot supply
The aching heart to cheer?
Poor outcast! what a doom is thine!
And nought, save fruitless pity, mine.

To brave the stormy winter's morn,
Half-naked, sparely fed;
Dark, dangerous labyrinths forlorn,
With limbs benumb'd, to thread;
To lead this life from day to day,
Of filth and misery the prey;—

To have been train'd to such a course
By menaces and blows;
To follow it with pain, perforce,
Through all its varied woes;—
A weary lot is thine, indeed,
Which, thus epitomis'd, can plead.

Yet thou, poor child! wast once, perchance,
A widow's darling joy;
Whose speaking smile, and sparkling glance,
Dwelt fondly on her boy;
Whose heart for thee fram'd schemes of bliss,
Whose lips press'd thine with many a kiss.

But she is dead! and thou art left
To live thy weary day;
Of friends, of parents, hope bereft,
With none to cheer thy way;
With none thy footsteps to reclaim
From ignorance, and vice, and shame.

What though to outward sight thou wear
The human form divine,
How desolate thy scanty share
Of what it should enshrine,—
Of all that is religion's fruit,
And raises man above the brute!

Yet hast thou an immortal soul,
For which a Saviour died;
And thou at Judgment's awful goal,
Thine audit must abide;
A solemn thought this, sure, should be
To those who now might rescue thee!

BARTON.

LUCY AND HER FAVOURITES.

THE sky-lark hath perceiv'd his prison door
Unclos'd, for liberty the captive tries;
Puss eagerly hath watch'd him from the floor,
And in her grasp he flutters, pants, and dies.

Lucy's own puss, and Lucy's own dear bird,
Her foster'd favourites both for many a day,
That which the tender-hearted girl preferr'd,
She in her fondness knew not sooth to say.

For if the sky-lark's pipe were shrill and strong,
And its rich tones the thrilling ear might please,
Yet Pussybel could breathe a fireside song
As winning, when she lay on Lucy's knees.

Both knew her voice, and each alike would seek
Her eye, her smile, her fondling touch to gain:
How faintly then may words her sorrow speak,
When by the one she sees the other slain.

The flowers fall scatter'd from her lifted hands ;
A cry of grief she utters in affright ;
And self-condemn'd for negligence she stands
Aghast and helpless at the cruel sight.

Come, Lucy, let me dry those tearful eyes ;
Take thou, dear child, a lesson not unholy,
From one whom nature taught to moralise
Both in his mirth and in his melancholy.

I will not warn thee not to set thy heart
Too fondly upon perishable things ;
In vain the earnest preacher spends his art
Upon the theme ; in vain the poet sings.

It is our nature's strong necessity,
And this the soul's unerring instincts tell :
Therefore, I say, let us love worthily,
Dear child, and then we cannot love too well.

Better it is all losses to deplore,
Which dutiful affection can sustain,
Than that the heart should, in its inmost core,
Harden without it, and have liv'd in vain.

This love which thou hast lavish'd, and the woe
Which makes thy lips now quiver with distress,
Are but a vent, an innocent overflow
From the deep springs of female tenderness.

And something I would teach thee from the grief
That thus hath fill'd those gentle eyes with tears,
The which may be thy sober, sure relief
When sorrow visits thee in after years.

I ask not whither is the spirit flown
That lit the eye which there in death is seal'd
Our Father hath not made that mystery known ;
Needless the knowledge, therefore, not reveal'd.

But didst thou know in sure and sacred truth,
It had a place assign'd in yonder skies,
There, through an endless life of joyous youth,
To warble in the bowers of Paradise.

Lucy, if then the power to thee were given
In that cold form its life to re-engage,
Wouldst thou call back the warbler from its heaven,
To be again the tenant of a cage?

Only that thou might'st cherish it again,
Wouldst thou the object of thy love recall
To mortal life, and chance, and change, and pain,
And death, which must be suffer'd once by all?

Oh, no, thou sayst; oh, surely not, not so!
I read the answer which those looks express.
For pure and true affection well I know,
Leaves in the heart no room for selfishness.

Such love of all our virtues is the gem;
We bring with us th' immortal seed at birth:
Of heaven it is, and heavenly: woe to them
Who make it wholly earthly and of earth!

What we love perfectly, for its own sake
We love and not our own, being ready thus
Whate'er self-sacrifice is ask'd, to make;
That which is best for it, is best for us.

O Lucy! treasure up that pious thought;
It hath a balm for sorrow's deadliest darts:
And with true comfort thou wilt find it fraught,
If grief should reach thee in thy heart of hearts.

SOUTHEY.

RURAL OBJECTS.

How sweet the song
Day's harbinger attunes! I have not heard
Such elegant divisions drawn from art.
And what is he, which wins our admiration?
A little speck which floats upon the sunbeam!
What vast perfection cannot nature crowd
Into a puny point! The nightingale,
Her sole anthem sung, and all who heard
Content, joins in the chorus of the day.
She, gentle heart, thinks it no pain to please,
Nor, like the moody songsters of the world,
Displays her talent, pleases, takes affront,
And locks it up in envy.

* * * * *

I love to see the little goldfinch pluck
The groundsel's feather'd seed, and twit and twit:
And soon in bower of apple blossoms perch'd,
Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song.
I would not hold him pris'ner for the world.

The chimney-haunting swallow, too, my eye
And ear well pleases. I delight to see
How suddenly he skims the glassy pool,
How quaintly dips, and with a bullet's speed
Whisks by. I love to be awake, and hear
His morning song twitter'd to dawning day.

But most of all it wins my admiration
To view the structure of this little work,
A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without.
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all.

And yet how neatly finish'd! What nice hand,
With ev'ry implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another? Fondly, then,
We boast of excellence, where noblest skill
Instinctive genius fails.

The bee, observe;
She too an artist is, and laughs at man,
Who calls on rules the sightly hexagon
With truth to form; a cunning architect,
Who at the roof begins her golden work,
And builds without foundation. How she toils,
And still from bed to bed, from flow'r to flow'r,
Travels the livelong day! Ye idle drones,
Who rather pilfer than your bread obtain
By honest means like these, behold, and learn
How grand, how fair, how honourable 'tis
To live by industry. The busy tribes
Of bees, so emulous, are daily fed
With heaven's peculiar manna. 'Tis for them,
Unwearied alchemists, the blooming world
Nectareous gold distils. And bounteous heav'n,
Still to the diligent and active good,
Their very labour makes the certain cause
Of future wealth.

HURDIS.

FORGET ME NOT.

A LEGENDARY TALE OF CHIVALRY.

TOGETHER they sate by a river's side,
A knight and a lady gay;
And they watch'd the deep and eddying tide
Round a flowery islet stray.

And "O for that flower of brilliant hue,"
Said then the lady fair:
"To grace my neck with the blossoms blue,
"And braid my nut-brown hair."

The knight has plung'd in the whirling wave,
All for the lady's smile;
And he swims the stream with courage brave,
And he gains yon flowery isle;

And his fingers have cropp'd the blossoms blue,
And the prize they backward bear,
To deck his love with the brilliant hue,
And braid her nut-brown hair.

But the way is long, and the current strong,
And alas for that gallant knight!
For the waves prevail, and his stout arms fail,
Though cheer'd by his lady's sight.

Then the blossoms blue to the bank he threw
Ere he sank in the eddying tide:
And, "Lady, I'm gone, thine own knight true
"FORGET ME NOT," he cried.

The farewell pledge, the lady caught
And hence, as legends say,
That flow'r is a sign to awaken thought
Of friends that are far away.

For the lady fair of her knight so true
Still remember'd the hapless lot:
And she cherish'd the flow'r of brilliant hue,
And she braided her hair with its blossoms blue,
And she call'd it "FORGET ME NOT."

MANT.

THE CAST-AWAY SHIP.[1]

A VESSEL sail'd from Albion's shore,
To utmost India bound,
Its crest a hero's pendant bore,
With broad sea-laurels crown'd
In many a fierce and noble fight,
Though foil'd on that Egyptian night
When Gallia's host was drown'd,
And Nelson, o'er his country's foes,
Like the destroying angel rose.[2]

A gay and gallant company,
With shouts that rend the air,
For warrior-wreaths upon the sea,
Their joyful brows prepare:
But many a maiden's sigh was sent
And many a mother's blessing went,
And many a father's prayer,
With that exulting ship to sea,
With that undaunted company.

[1] The subjects of this and the following poem were suggested by the loss of the "Blenheim," commanded by Sir Thomas Troubridge, 1807. It was separated from the vessels under its convoy during a storm in the Indian Seas, and was last seen off Madagascar, exhibiting signals of distress. The admiral's son afterwards made a voyage in search of his father, but without success, nothing ever having been discovered of the fate either of the ship or of its crew.

[2] Sir Thomas Troubridge was one of Nelson's captains at the battle of the Nile, but he was prevented from taking an active part in the engagement, by his ship, the "Culloden," running on a reef early in the afternoon. This accident almost broke his heart; but Nelson consoled him, by assuring him "that no man could better afford to lose the laurels of the day."

The deep that, like a cradled child,
In breathing slumber lay,
More warmly blush'd, more sweetly smil'd,
As rose the kindling day:
Through ocean's mirror, dark and clear,
Reflected clouds and skies appear
In morning's rich array:
The land is lost, the waters glow,
'Tis heaven above, around, below.

Majestic o'er the sparkling tide
See the tall vessel sail,
With swelling wings in shadowy pride,
A swan before the gale;
Deep-laden merchants rode behind:
But, fearful of the fickle wind,
Britannia's cheek grew pale,
When, lessening through the flood of light,
Their leader vanish'd from her sight.

Oft had she hail'd its trophied prow
Victorious from the war,
And banner'd masts that would not bow,
Though riven with many a scar;
Oft had her oaks their tribute brought
To rib its flanks, with thunder fraught;
But late her evil star
Had curs'd it on its homeward way;
"The spoiler shall become the prey."

Thus warn'd, Britannia's anxious heart
Throbb'd with prophetic woe,
When she beheld that ship depart,
A fair, ill-omen'd show!
So views the mother, through her tears,
The daughter of her hopes and fears,
When hectic beauties glow
On the frail cheek, where sweetly bloom
The roses of an early tomb.

No fears the brave adventurers knew,
  Peril and death they spurn'd;
Like full-fledg'd eagles forth they flew;
  Jove's birds that proudly burn'd
In battle-hurricanes to wield
His lightnings on the billowy field;
  And many a look they turn'd
O'er the blue waste of waves, to spy
A Gallic ensign in the sky.

But not to crush the vaunting foe
  In combat on the main,
Nor perish by a glorious blow,
  In mortal triumph slain,
Was their unalterable fate:
  That story would the muse relate,
  The song might rise in vain;
In ocean's deepest, darkest bed
The secret slumbers with the dead.

On India's long-expecting strand
  Their sails were never furl'd;
Never on known or friendly land,
  By storms their keel was hurl'd.
Their native soil no more they trod,
They rest beneath no hallow'd sod;
  Throughout the living world
This sole memorial of their lot
Remains — they were, and they are not.

The Spirit of the Cape[1] pursued
  Their long and toilsome way;
At length, in ocean-solitude,
  He sprang upon his prey:

[1] The Cape of Good Hope; formerly called the Cape of Storms.

"Havoc!" the shipwreck-demon cried,
Loos'd all his tempests on the tide,
Gave all his lightnings play;
The abyss recoil'd before the blast,
Firm stood the seamen till the last.

Like shooting stars, athwart the gloom
The merchant-sails were sped:
Yet oft, before its midnight doom
They mark'd the high mast-head
Of that devoted vessel, toss'd
By winds and floods, now seen, now lost;
While every gun-fire spread
A dimmer flash, a fainter roar;
At length they saw, they heard no more.

There are to whom that ship was dear,
For love and kindred's sake;
When these the voice of rumour hear,
Their inmost heart shall quake,
Shall doubt, and fear, and wish, and grieve,
Believe, and long to unbelieve,
But never cease to ache;
Still doom'd, in sad suspense, to bear
The Hope that keeps alive Despair.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE SEQUEL

TO THE CAST-AWAY SHIP.

HE sought his sire from shore to shore,
He sought him day by day;
The prow he track'd was seen no more,
Breasting the ocean-spray:

Yet, as the winds his voyage sped,
He sail'd above his father's head,
  Unconscious where it lay,
Deep, deep beneath the rolling main:
He sought his sire; he sought in vain.

Son of the brave! no longer weep;
  Still, with affection true,
Along the wild disastrous deep
  Thy father's course pursue;
Full in his wake of glory steer,
His spirit prompts thy bold career,
  His compass guides thee through;
So, while thy thunders awe the sea,
Britain shall find thy sire in thee.

J. MONTGOMERY.

PART II.

PART II.

TO THE EVENING RAINBOW.

Mild arch of promise! on the evening sky
Thou shinest fair with many a lovely ray,
Each in the other melting. Much mine eye
Delights to linger on thee; for the day,
Changeful and many-weather'd, seem'd to smile,
Flashing brief splendour through the clouds awhile,
That deepen'd dark anon, and fell in rain:
But pleasant it is now to pause, and view
Thy various tints of frail and watery hue,
And think the storm shall not return again.
Such is the smile that piety bestows
On the good man's pale cheek, when he in peace,
Departing gently from a world of woes,
Anticipates the realm where sorrows cease.

Southey.

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade, when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet:
And Lydia's gently-open'd heart
Was made for God's own temple meet.[1]
Fairest and best adorn'd is she,
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most when most his soul ascends.
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

HEBREWS, IV. 9.

My rest is in heaven; my rest is not here;
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hush'd, my dark spirit! the worst that can come,
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this:
I look for a city which hands have not piled:
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow;
I would not lie down upon roses below:
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them for ever in Jesus's breast.

Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy;
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy:
And the bitterest tears, if He smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

[1] Acts, xvi. 14.

Let doubt, then, and danger, my progress oppose;
They only make heaven more sweet at the close.
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befal,
An hour with my God will make up for it all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land:
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long;
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

LYTE.

HUMAN LIFE.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The bees have humm'd their noon-tide harmony.
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound:
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years — and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale, now brew'd, in floods of amber shine:
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguil'd,
"'Twas on these knees he sate so oft and smil'd."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scatter'd round; and old and young,
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;

While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.
And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weepings heard where only joy has been;
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.
And such is Human Life; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!

ROGERS.

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord belov'd,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her mov'd,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along th' astonish'd lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priests' and warriors' voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosp'rous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

And, oh! when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn;
But Thou hast said — the blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice. [1]

SCOTT.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.[2]

THE king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.

[1] Psalm li.

[2] Near Dreux (Dept. de l' Eure). In this battle, fought 1590, Henry IV. gained a signal victory over the army of the League, composed of French and Spanish, and commanded by the Duke of Mayenne. Henry's address to his soldiers was "Mes amis, vous êtes Français, je suis votre roi; plus de gens, plus d'honneur. Si l'étendard vous manque, suivez mon panache, vous le verrez toujours au chemin de l'honneur et du devoir." It was doubtless in recollection of these words that, at the battle of Rocroy, the great Condé (then Duc d'Enghien) would not wear a helmet, but went to battle in a hat with white feathers, which served as a rallying point to his soldiers.

Right graciously he smil'd on us, as roll'd from wing to wing, [our Lord the King!"
Down all our line a deafening shout, "God save
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
"For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
"Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war, [Navarre."
"And be your oriflamme[1] to-day, the helmet of

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din [culverin[2]!
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain, [Almayne.
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now — upon them with the lance!
A thousand spears are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blaz'd the helmet of Navarre.

[1] The sacred standard of France, which used to be preserved in the Abbey of St. Denis.

[2] Culverin, a species of ordnance. In the beginning of the 15th century, the different kinds of cannon were called either by the names of birds, on account of the swiftness of their motion, as falconet, saker, culverin (all species of hawks); or by the names of animals, as indicative of their cruelty and destructiveness, as basilisk, serpentine, dragon, syren, aspic. They at present take their names from the weight of the ball they discharge.

Now, God be prais'd, the day is ours! Mayenne
hath turn'd his rein,
D'Aumale [1] hath cried for quarter. The Flemish
Count [2] is slain.
Their ranks are breaking, like thin clouds before a
Biscay gale;
The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags,
and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along
our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was pass'd from
man to man:
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my
foe;
"Down, down with every foreigner; but let your
brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or
in war,
As our Sovereign Lord King Henry, the soldier of
Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienne; ho! matrons of Lucerne,
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who
never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy
poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your
arms be bright:
Ho! burghers of St. Geneviève [3], keep watch and
ward to-night;

[1] Governor of Paris.

[2] Count Egmont, who commanded the Flemish troops sent by Philip II.

[3] Paris, of which city St. Geneviève was the patron saint, in consequence of the signal services which she had rendered to its inhabitants. When the barbarians, under Attila, threatened Paris, St. Geneviève animated the citizens, and persuaded

For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath rais'd the slave,
And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

MACAULAY.

OUR DAILY PATHS.

THERE'S beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'midst familiar things, and through their lowly guise;
We may find it where a hedge-row showers its blossoms o'er our way,
Or a cottage window sparkles forth in the last red light of day.

We may find it where a spring shines clear, beneath an aged tree,
With the foxglove o'er the water's glass borne downwards by the bee:
Or where a swift and sunny gleam on the birchen stems is thrown
As the soft wind playing parts the leaves, in copses green and lone.

them not to desert the city. At another time, when they were suffering from a long scarcity, St. Geneviève ascended the Seine to Troyes and brought them abundance of supplies. It is also said that she was instrumental in the conversion of Clovis. She built, at her own expense, a church on the spot where St. Denis and his companions had received martyrdom; and she was buried in the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, which she had induced Clovis to build, and in which that prince was also interred.

We may find it in the winter boughs, as they cross
the cold blue sky:
While soft on icy pool and stream their pencill'd
shadows lie,
When we look upon their tracery, by the fairy
frost-work bound,
Whence the flitting redbreast shakes a shower of
crystals to the ground.

Yes! beauty dwells in all our paths; but sorrow,
too, is there:
How oft some cloud within us dims the bright, still
summer air!
When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the
joyous things,
That through the leafy places glance on many-
colour'd wings!

With shadows from the past we fill the happy
woodland shades,
And a mournful memory of the dead is with us in
the glades;
And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an
echo's plaintive tone
Of voices, and of melodies, and of silvery laughter
gone.

But are we free to do ev'n thus—to wander as we
will—
Bearing sad visions through the grove, and o'er the
breezy hill?
No! in our daily paths lie cares, that ofttimes bind
us fast,
While from their narrow round we see the golden
day fleet past.

They hold us from the woodlark's haunts, and violet dingle's back,
And from all the lovely sounds and gleams in the shining river's track;
They bar us from our heritage of spring-time, hope, and mirth,
And weigh our burden'd spirits down with the cumbering dust of earth.

Yet should this be? Too much, too soon, despondingly we yield.
A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of the field:
A sweeter by the birds of heaven, which tell us in their flight,
Of One that through the desert air for ever guides them right.

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and bid vain conflicts cease?
Ay, when they commune with themselves in holy hours of peace;
And feel that by the lights and clouds through which our pathway lies,
By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for the skies!

MRS. HEMANS.

AUTUMN.

THOU gentlest teacher of unwelcome truths,
Pale, pensive Autumn; thee once more I hail!
The changing foliage of the forest trees,
The litter'd garden strew'd with wither'd leaves,
Thy little laureate's tributary lay,
Half sad, half cheerful, and this breathless calm,

All speak thy monitory reign begun;
And dearly do I love thy warning tones,
Thy gentle gravity, thy chasten'd smile.
Spring comes the harbinger of glorious things,
But oft from very waywardness of mood,
She mars her message in the telling o't.
To Winter harsher tidings are assign'd,
And in such savage sort he thunders forth
His thrilling tale of change, and blight, and death;
We turn away abhorrent from the theme.
Thine, too, meek Autumn, is no mirthful task,
For thou com'st charg'd with sad moralities;
But oh! whilst faithful to thy sacred trust,
So gently deal'st thou with the human heart,
We almost love thy tidings for thy sake.
When Hope and Fancy spread before our gaze
A long perspective of unclouded years,
Till, through false optics view'd, the future seems
As certain and far brighter than the past;
Thou, half reluctant, drop'st upon our path
A sered leaf, mayhap, or wither'd flower,
And leavest us, when time and leisure serve,
The symbol to interpret and apply.

MRS. W. HEY.

"AS THY DAYS, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs;

[1] Deuteronomy, xxxiii. 25. "God will wisely proportion the graces and comforts" of his servants "for the services he calls them out to. Have they work appointed to them? They shall have strength to do it. Have they burdens appointed them? They shall have strength to bear them; and never be tempted above that they are able. Faithful is he that has thus promised, and hath caused us to hope in this promise."—MATTHEW HENRY.

When life her throng of care reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals;
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That, "as my day, my strength shall be."

When with sad footstep memory roves
'Mid smitten joys and buried loves;
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs;
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,
That, "as my day, my strength shall be."

One trial more must yet be past,
One pang, the keenest, and the last;
And when, with brow convuls'd and pale,
My feeble, quiv'ring heart-strings fail,
Redeemer, grant my soul to see
That, "as her day, her strength shall be."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

WORMS AND FLOWERS.

YOU 'RE spinning for my lady, worm!
Silk garments for the fair;
You're spinning rainbows for a form
More beautiful than air,
When air is bright with sunbeams,
And morning mists arise
From woody vales and mountain streams
To blue autumnal skies.

You're spinning for my lady, flower!
You're training for my love,
The glory of her summer-bower,
While skylarks soar above:

Go, twine her locks with rose-buds,
  Or breathe upon her breast,
While zephrys curl the water-floods,
  And rock the halcyon's nest.

But, oh! there is another worm
  Ere long will visit her,
And revel on her lovely form,
  In the dark sepulchre:
Yet from that sepulchre shall spring
  A flower as sweet as this;
Hard by the nightingale shall sing,
  Soft winds its petals kiss.

Frail emblems of frail beauty ye!
  In beauty who would trust?
Since all that charms the eye must be
  Consign'd to worms and dust:
Yet, like the flower that decks her tomb,
  Her spirit shall quit the sod,
To shine in amaranthine bloom,
  Fast by the throne of God.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE GENIUS OF DEATH.

WHAT is death?—'Tis to be free!
  No more to love, or hope, or fear—
To join the great equality;
  All alike are humble there!
    The mighty grave
    Wraps lord and slave;
Nor pride nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge-house, the tomb.

Spirit with the drooping wing,
And the ever-weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art king!
Empires at thy footstool lie!
Beneath thee strew'd,
Their multitude
Sink, like waves upon the shore;
Storms shall never rouse them more.

What's the grandeur of the earth
To the grandeur round thy throne?
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wondrous band —
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darken'd nations when they died!

Earth has hosts; but thou canst show
Many a million for her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Has for countless years roll'd on;
Back from the tomb
No step has come;
There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.

CROLY.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

THE night comes on apace;
Chill blows the blast, and drives the snow in wreaths;
Now every creature looks around for shelter;
And whether man or beast, all move alike
Towards their homes, and happy they who have

A house to screen them from the piercing cold!
Lo! o'er the frost a reverend form advances,
His hair white as the snow on which he treads,
His forehead mark'd with many a care-worn furrow,
Whose feeble body, bending o'er a staff,
Shows still that once it was the seat of strength,
Though now it shakes like some old ruin'd tower.
Clothed indeed, but not disgrac'd, with rags,
He still maintains that decent dignity
Which well becomes those who have serv'd their country.
With tottering steps he gains the cottage door:
The wife within, who hears his hollow cough,
And pattering of his stick upon the threshold,
Sends out her little boy to see who's there.
The child looks up to mark the stranger's face,
And seeing it enlighten'd with a smile,
Holds out his tiny hand to lead him in.
Round from her work the mother turns her head,
And views them, not ill pleased.
The stranger whines not with a piteous tale,
But only asks a little to relieve
A poor old soldier's wants.
The gentle matron brings the ready chair
And bids him sit to rest his weary limbs,
And warm himself before her blazing fire.
The children, full of curiosity,
Flock round, and with their fingers in their mouths,
Stand staring at him; while the stranger, pleas'd,
Takes up the youngest urchin on his knee.
Proud of its seat, it wags its little feet,
And prates and laughs, and plays with his white locks.
But soon a change comes o'er the soldier's face;
His thoughtful mind is turn'd on other days,
When his own boys were wont to play around him,

Who now lie distant from their native land
In honourable but untimely graves;
He feels how helpless and forlorn he is,
And big, round tears course down his wither'd cheeks.
His toilsome daily labour at an end,
In comes the wearied master of the house,
And marks with satisfaction his old guest
In the chief seat, with all the children round him;
His honest heart is fill'd with manly kindness,
He bids him stay and share their homely meal,
And take with them his quarters for the night.
The aged wanderer thankfully accepts,
And by the simple hospitable board
Forgets the by-past hardships of the day.

MRS. JOANNA BAILLIE.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN THE CHURCHYARD OF RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

ST. MATTHEW, XVII. 4.

METHINKS it is good to be here,
If thou wilt let us build — but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pin him below
In a dark narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin that but yesterday fools could adore
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd,
Save the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? alas! 'tis in vain,
Who hid, in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squander'd again;
And here, in the grave, are all metals forbid,
Save the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Should we build to Affection and Love?
Ah, no! they have wither'd and died,
Or fled with the spirit above:
Friends, brothers and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve.
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear;
Peace! peace! is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah, no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we would build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfill'd;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeath'd us them both when he rose to the skies.

KNOWLES.

THE WINTER STORM.

VIEW now the Winter storm! above, one cloud,
Bleak and unbroken, all the skies o'ershroud;
Th' unwieldy porpoise through the day before
Had roll'd in view of boding men on shore;
And sometimes hid, and sometimes show'd his form,
Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.
All where the eye delights, yet dreads to roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising; all the deep
Is restless change; the waves so swell'd and steep,
Breaking and sinking; and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells;
But nearer land you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase;
May watch the mightiest, till the shoal they reach,
Then break, and hurry to their utmost stretch;
Curl'd as they come, they strike with furious force,
And then reflowing, take their grating course,
Raking the rounded flints, which, ages past,
Roll'd by their rage, and shall to ages last.

Far off the petrel in the troubled way
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray;
She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.
High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
Of gunner's hope, vast flights of wild-ducks stretch;
Far as the eye can glance on either side,
In a broad space and level line they glide;
All in their wedge-like figures from the north,
Day after day, flight after flight, go forth.
In-shore their passage tribes of sea-gulls urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge;
Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly
Far back, then turn, and all their force apply;
While to the storm they give their weak complaining cry,
Or clap the sleek white pinion to the breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.
Darkness begins to reign; the louder wind
Appals the weak, and awes the firmer mind;
But frights not him, whom evening and the spray
In part conceal'd — yon prowler on his way.
Lo! he has something seen; he runs apace,
As if he fear'd companion in the chase;
He sees his prize, and now he turns again,
Slowly and sorrowing — "Was your search in vain?"
Gruffly he answers, "'Tis a sorry sight!
"A seaman's body — there'll be more to-night!"
Hark to those sounds! they're from distress at sea:
How quick they come! what terrors may there be!
Yes, 'tis a driven vessel: I discern
Lights, signs of terror, gleaming from the stern.
Others behold them too, and from the town,
In various parties seamen hurry down;
Their wives pursue, and damsels urg'd by dread,
Lest men so dear be into danger led.

Their head the gown has hooded, and their call,
In this sad night, is piercing like the squall;
They feel their kinds of power, and, when they meet,
Chide, fondle, weep, dare, threaten, or entreat.
See, one poor girl, all terror and alarm,
Has fondly seiz'd upon her lover's arm;
"Thou shalt not venture!" and he answers, "No!
"I will not;"—still she cries, "Thou shalt not go!"
No need of this; not here the stoutest boat
Can through such breakers, o'er such billows float:
Yet may they view those lights upon the beach,
Which yield them hope, whom help can never reach.
From parted clouds the moon her radiance throws
On the wild waves, and all the danger shows;
But shows them beaming in her shining vest,
Terrific splendour—gloom and glory dress'd!
This for a moment, and then clouds again
Hide every beam, and fear and darkness reign.
But hear we now those sounds? Do lights appear?
I see them not! the storm alone I hear:
And lo! the sailors homeward take their way.
Man must endure; let us submit, and pray.

CRABBE.

THE EVENING WALK.

LET us o'er the fields,
Across the down, or through the shelving wood,
Wind our uncertain way. Let fancy lead,
And be it ours to follow and admire,

As well we may, the graces infinite
Of nature. Lay aside the sweet resource
That winter needs, and may at will obtain,
Of authors chaste and good, and let us read
The living page, whose ev'ry character
Delights, and gives us wisdom. Not a tree,
A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains
A folio volume. We may read, and read,
And read again, and still find something new,
Something to please, and something to instruct,
E'en in the noisome weed. See, ere we pass
Alcanor's threshold, to the curious eye
A little monitor presents her page
Of choice instruction with her snowy bells, —
The lily of the vale. She nor affects
The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun:
She to no state or dignity aspires,
But silent and alone puts on her suit,
And sheds her lasting perfume, but for which
We had not known there was a thing so sweet
Hid in the gloomy shade. So when the blast
Her sister tribes confounds, and to the earth
Stoops their high heads, that vainly were expos'd,
She feels it not, but flourishes anew,
Still shelter'd and secure. And so the storm,
That makes the high elm couch, and rends the oak
The humble lily spares. A thousand blows,
That shake the lofty monarch on his throne,
We lesser folks feel not. Keen are the pains
Advancement often brings. To be secure,
Be humble; to be happy, be content.

* * * * *

Away, we loiter. Without notice pass
The sleepy crocus, and the staring daisy,
The courtier of the sun. What find we there?
The lovesick cowslip, which her head inclines,

To hide a bleeding heart. And here's the meek
And soft-ey'd primrose.

* * * * *

Mark
The melancholy hyacinth, that weeps
All night, and never lifts an eye all day.
How gay this meadow — like a gamesome boy
New cloth'd, his locks fresh comb'd and powder'd, he
All health and spirits. Scarce so many stars
Shine in the azure canopy of heav'n,
As kingcups here are scatter'd, interspers'd
With silver daisies.
See, the toiling hind
With many a sturdy stroke cuts up at last
The tough and sinewy furze. How hard he fought,
To win the glory of the barren waste!
For what more noble than the vernal furze,
With golden baskets hung? Approach it not,
For ev'ry blossom has a troop of swords
Drawn to defend it. 'Tis the treasury
Of fays and fairies. Here they nightly meet,
Each with a burnish'd kingcup in his hand,
And quaff the subtile ether. Here they dance
Or to the village chimes, or moody song
Of midnight Philomel. The ringlet see
Fantastically trod. There Oberon
His gallant train leads out, the while his torch
The glow-worm lights, and dusky night illumes.

HURDIS.

TO A BEE.

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy, busy Bee!
As abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up, and left her trace
On the meadow, with dew so gray,
Saw I thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy Bee!
After the fall of the cistus flower,
When the primrose of evening was ready to burst,
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first;
In the silence of the evening hour,
Heard I thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy Bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in keeping and hoarding is spent
What thy winter will never enjoy;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy Bee!

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy Bee!
What is the end of thy toil.
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil;
Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy Bee!

SOUTHEY.

THE FALLING LEAF.

WERE I a trembling leaf
On yonder stately tree,
After a season gay and brief,
Condemn'd to fade and flee:

I should be loth to fall
Beside the common way,
Weltering in mire, and spurn'd by all,
Till trodden down to clay.

Nor would I choose to die
All on a bed of grass,
Where thousands of my kindred lie,
And idly rot in mass.

Nor would I like to spread
My thin and wither'd face
In hortus siccus, pale and dead,
A mummy of my race.

No, — on the wings of air
Might I be left to fly,
I know not and I heed not where —
A waif of earth and sky!

Or flung upon the stream,
Curl'd like a fairy boat,
As through the changes of a dream,
To the world's end to float!

Who that hath ever been,
Could bear to be no more?
Yet who would tread again the scene,
He trod through life before?

On, with intense desire,
Man's spirit will move on;
It seems to die, yet, like heaven's fire,
It is not quench'd, but gone.

J. MONTGOMERY.

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

OH! Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!
Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

MOORE.

THE FUNERAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

AT CAEN IN NORMANDY, 1087.[1]

LOWLY upon his bier
The royal Conqueror lay;
Baron and chief stood near,
Silent in war array.

[1] The Conqueror was buried in the church of St. Stephen, which he had built, but his funeral was singularly interrupted. At the moment that the coffin was being lowered into the grave, a man of low degree, raising himself from the crowd, exclaimed, "Clerks, Bishops, this land is mine; it was the site of my father's house; the man for whom you pray took it from me by force to build his church. I have not sold my ground, I have not pawned it, I have not given it; it is my right, and I claim it. In the name of Heaven, I forbid that the body of the spoiler be placed there, and that it be covered by my

Down the long minster's aisle
  Crowds mutely gazing stream'd,
Altar and tomb the while
  Through mists of incense gleam'd.

And by the torches' blaze
  The stately priest had said
High words of power and praise
  To the glory of the dead.

They lower'd him, with the sound
  Of requiems, to repose;
When from the throngs around
  A solemn voice arose:

"Forbear! forbear!" it cried;
  "In the holiest name, forbear!
He hath conquer'd regions wide,
  But he shall not slumber there!

"By the violated hearth
  Which made way for yon proud shrine;
By the harvests which this earth
  Hath borne for me and mine;

"By the house e'en here o'erthrown,
  On my brethren's native spot;
Hence! with his dark renown
  Cumber our birth-place not!

glebe." The man who spoke was named Asselin, and all the bystanders confirmed the truth of his assertions. The Bishops made him approach, and agreed to pay him sixty sous for the place of sepulture alone, and to compensate him justly for the rest of the ground.—THIERRY's *Hist. of the Conquest of England by the Normans.*

"Will my sire's unransom'd field,
O'er which your censers wave,
To the buried spoiler yield
Soft slumbers in the grave.

"The tree before him fell
Which we cherish'd many a year,
But its deep root yet shall swell,
And heave against his bier.

"The land that I have till'd
Hath yet its brooding breast
With my home's white ashes fill'd,
And it shall not give him rest!

"Each pillar's massy bed
Hath he wet by weeping eyes —
Away! bestow your dead
Where no wrong against him cries."

Shame glow'd on each dark face
Of those proud and steel-girt men,
And they bought with gold a place
For their leader's dust e'en then.

A little earth for him
Whose banner flew so far!
And a peasant's tale could dim
The name, a nation's star!

One deep voice thus arose
From a heart which wrongs had riven;
Oh! who shall number those
That were but heard in Heaven?

MRS. HEMANS.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be?
Hast thou measur'd the height of heaven above?
Then may'st thou mete a mother's love!

Hast thou talk'd with the bless'd, of leading on
To the throne of God some wand'ring son?
Hast thou witness'd the angels' bright employ?
Then may'st thou speak of a mother's joy!

Evening and morn hast thou watch'd the bee,
Go forth on her errands of industry? —
The bee for herself hath gather'd and toil'd;
But a mother's cares are all for her child:

Hast thou gone with the traveller, Thought, afar,
From pole to pole, and from star to star? —
Thou hast — but in ocean, earth, or sea,
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

And ever, since earth began, that look
Has been to the wise an open book;
To win them back from the lore they prize
To the holier love that edifies. —

There are teachings in earth, in sky, and air —
The heavens the glory of God declare;
But louder than voice beneath — above,
He is heard to speak in a mother's love!

Miss Emily Taylor.

WINTER.

No longer autumn's glowing red
Upon our forest hills [1] is shed;
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;
Away hath pass'd the heather-bell
That bloom'd so rich in Needpath fell;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister heights of Yair.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To shelter'd dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines:
In meek despondency they eye
The wither'd sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill:
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold;
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps [2], though hardy, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the daisy's vanish'd flower;
Their summer gambols lithe, and mourn,
And anxious ask, — Will spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?

[1] The Ettricke Forest.

[2] Imp, an old word for son, offspring — as, "that noble *imp* your son" (Lord Cromwell to King Henry); "a lad of life, an *imp* of fame." — *Shakespere.*

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bower;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

SCOTT.

THE DAISY IN INDIA.

THRICE welcome, little English flower!
My mother-country's white and red,
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread:
Transplanted from thine island-bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
Whose tribes beneath our natal skies,
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower:
But when the sun's gay beams arise,
With unabash'd, but modest eyes,
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year;

Thou, only thou, art little here [1],
Like worth unfriended and unknown,
Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
Of early scenes, belov'd by me,
While happy in my father's bower,
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be;
The fairy sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends — with thee,
I find in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
I'll rear thee with a trembling hand:
Oh, for the April sun and shower,
The sweet May dews of that fair land,
Where daisies, thick as star-light, stand
In every walk! — that here may shoot
Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
A hundred from one root.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
To me the pledge of hope unseen;
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower,
For joys that were, or might have been,
I'll call to mind, how, fresh and green,
I saw thee waking from the dust;
Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
And place in God my trust.[2]

J. MONTGOMERY.

[1] Amidst the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, there are comparatively but few *small* plants, like the multifarious species of our native Flora.

[2] The above stanzas are supposed to be addressed to a daisy by the learned and illustrious Dr. Carey, one of the first Baptist missionaries to India, where they had established them-

THE TWO WEAVERS.

As at their work two weavers sat
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touch'd upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver scarce could eat!

"What with my babes and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tir'd of life;
So hard we work, so poor we fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine, his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree:
Why all to him, and none to me?

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the pulpit preaches,
This world, — indeed, I've thought so long, —
Is rul'd, methinks, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confus'd, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and opprest,
And all the wicked are the blest."

selves at Serampore, in the province of Bengal. On receiving some seed from England, the Doctor, to lose none of its contents, shook the bag of earth in which they were enclosed over a bed in his garden, and a few days afterwards, found, to his inexpressible delight, that a daisy had sprung up. "I know not," he says, "that I ever enjoyed, since leaving Europe, a simple pleasure so exquisite, as the sight of this English daisy afforded me; not having seen one for upwards of thirty years, and never expecting to see one again." With great care and nursing, the Doctor was able to perpetuate the daisy in India, but as an annual only, reared by seed from season to season.

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause,
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws
Parts of his ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can see below.

"See'st thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there!
So rude the mass, it makes one stare!

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say, no meaning's there convey'd;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits:
But still in every part it fits:
Besides, you reason like a lout:
Why, man, that carpet's inside out."

Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen:
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

"As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern, can we trace;
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach the world of light,
And view these works of God aright;
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own, the Workman is Divine.

"What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what then we spurn'd,
For then the carpet will be turn'd."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick: "no more I'll grumble
That this world is so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

MRS. H. MORE.

"WE DIE ALONE."

MAN, a gregarious creature, loves to fly
Where he the trackings of the herd can spy;
Still to be one with many he desires,
Although it leads him through the the thorns and briars.
A few! but few there are, who in the mind
Perpetual source of consolation find;
The weaker many to the world will come,
For comforts seldom to be found from home.

* * * * *

Early in life, when we can laugh aloud,
There's something pleasant in a social crowd,
Who laugh with us — but will such joy remain,
When we lie struggling on the bed of pain?
When our physician tells us, with a sigh,
No more on hope and science to rely,
Life's staff is useless then; with labouring breath
We pray for hope divine — the staff of death; —

This is a scene which few companions grace,
And where the heart's first favourites yield their place.
Here all the aid of man to man must end,
Here mounts the soul to her eternal Friend;
The tenderest love must here its tie resign,
And give th' aspiring heart to love divine.
Men feel their weakness, and to numbers run,
Themselves to strengthen, or themselves to shun;
But though to this our weakness may be prone,
Let's learn to live, for we must die, alone. [1]

CRABBE.

FLOWERS FOR THE BEE.

COME, honey-bee, with thy busy hum,
To the fragrant tuft of the wild thyme come,
And sip the sweet dew from the cowslip's head,
From the lily's bell and the violet's bed.
Come, honey-bee,
There is spread for thee
A rich repast in wood and field,
And a thousand flowers
Within our bowers
To thee their nectar'd essence yield.

Come, honey-bee, to our woodlands come,
There's a lesson for us in thy busy hum;
Thou hast treasure in store in the hawthorn's wreath,
In the golden broom, and the purple heath;

[1] We die alone. If we have not lived in solitary communion with God, we shall start at finding ourselves in the solemn silence of death, about to launch forward where no friends, no ordinances, can accompany us. — *Rev. H. Martyn.*

And flowers less fair
That scent not the air
Like pleasant friends, drop balm for thee
And thou wingest spoil
By thy daily toil,
Thou patient, and thrifty, and diligent bee.

We may learn from the bee the wise man's lore,
"The hand of the diligent gathereth store." [1]
He plies in his calling from morn till night,
Nor tires of his labour, nor flags in his flight;
From numberless blossoms of every hue,
He gathers the nectar and sips the dew.
Then homeward he speeds
O'er the fragrant meads,
And he hums as he goes his thankful lay—
Let our thanks too arise
For our daily supplies,
As homeward and heavenward we haste on our way.

MISS WARING.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

AND the muffled drum roll'd on the air,
Warriors with stately step were there;
On every arm was the black crape bound,
Every carbine was turn'd to the ground:
Solemn the sound of their measur'd tread,
As silent and slow they follow'd the dead.
The riderless horse was led in the rear,
There were white plumes waving over the bier
Helmet and sword were laid on the pall,
For it was a soldier's funeral.

[1] Proverbs, x. 4.

That soldier had stood in the battle-plain,
Where every step was over the slain:
But the brand and the ball had pass'd him by,
And he came to his native land to die.
'Twas hard to come to that native land,
And not clasp one familiar hand!
'Twas hard to be number'd amid the dead,
Or ere he could hear his welcome said!
But 'twas something to see its cliffs once more,
And to lay his bones on his own lov'd shore;
To think that the friends of his youth might weep
O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep.
The bugles ceas'd their wailing sound
As the coffin was lower'd into the ground;
A volley was fir'd, a blessing said,
One moment's pause — and they left the dead! —
I saw a poor and an aged man,
His step was feeble, his lip was wan:
He knelt him down on the new-rais'd mound,
His face was bow'd on the cold damp ground,
He rais'd his head, his tears were done, —
The father had pray'd o'er his only son!

MISS LANDON.

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

MARK, IV. 14.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there:
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found,
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength;
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garner in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry — "Harvest home!"

J. MONTGOMERY.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

FAREWELL, sweet babe! whilst we thy loss deplore,
Thy spirit, freed from its terrestrial load,
Shall join its kindred cherubs in the choir
Who sing unceasing round the throne of God.

Myriads shall wish that their probation here
Had ceas'd, like thine, in childhood's early bloom:
Let resignation then dry up the tear
Parental fondness sheds upon thy tomb.

MARRYAT.

THE CUCKOO.

How sweet the first sound of the cuckoo's note!
Whence is the magic pleasure of the sound?
How do we long recall the very tree,
Or bush, near which we stood, when on the ear
The unexpected note, "cuckoo!" again,
And yet again, came down the budding vale!
It is the voice of spring among the trees;
It tells of lengthening days, of coming blooms;
It is the symphony of many a song.
See! there the stranger flies, close to the ground,
With hawk-like pinions of a leaden blue.
Poor wanderer! from hedge to hedge she flies,
And trusts her offspring to another's care:
The sooty-plum'd hedge-sparrow frequent acts
The foster-mother, warming into life
The youngling destin'd to supplant her own.
Meanwhile the cuckoo sings her idle song,
Monotonous, yet sweet, now here, now there;
Herself but rarely seen: nor does she cease
Her changeless note, until the broom, full blown,
Give warning that her time for flight is come.
Thus, ever journeying on from land to land,
She, sole of all the innumerous feather'd tribes,
Passes a stranger's life, without a home.
Home! word delightful to the heart of man,
And bird, and beast!—Small word, yet not the less

Significant — comprising all!
Whatever to affection is most dear,
Is all included in that little word,—
Wife, children, father, mother, brother, friend!

GRAHAME.

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few;
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienc'd every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do —
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Despis'd by those I priz'd too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,—
At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
By those who shar'd his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies,
Yet He who once vouchsaf'd to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me—for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou did'st weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict—but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away!

GRANT.

INSCRIPTION IN AN ARBOUR.

YOUTH, who haply wander'st by,
If for Tuscan strains thou sigh,
Scenes by Titian's pencil drest,
Odours from Sabæa blest,
Seek the bright abode of power,
And come not to this simple bower.

But if the thrush with warble clear,
Or whistling blackbird charm thine ear;
Or rooks, that sail with solemn sound
Duly their native pines around;
Or murmuring bee; or bleating shrill
Of lambkins from the sheltering hill:

If thine eye delight to rove
O'er hazel copse, and beechen grove;
Sunny field! and shady nook,
Ting'd with curls of azure smoke;
And flocks, whose snowy fleeces crown
The slope side of the russet down.

If thou seek no richer smell
Than such as scents the cowslip bell;
Or southern gale, that blows more sweet
From the tufted violet;
Or the gadding woodbine wreath;
Or the heifer's balmy breath;

Youth, within this simple bower,
Come, and pass the vacant hour,
Not useless, if the scene dispense
Calm peace and pleasure to the sense,
And thy grateful spirit raise
The Maker for his works to praise.

BISHOP MANT.

MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.[1]

"OH! tell me, harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe,
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where none may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?"

[1] The circumstances of the shocking and treacherous massacre of Glencoe, are these: — Many of the Highland chieftains refused to submit to William's government, among whom was Macdonald of Glencoe. William proclaimed an indemnity to all who should take the oaths of allegiance by a certain day, denouncing military execution against those who should fail to do so after the end of December. Intimidated by this proclamation, Macdonald resolved to submit, and repaired on the last day of the month to Fort William, and tendered his oath to the governor of the fortress, who refused to administer it, not being a civil magistrate, and

"No, not to these, for these have rest;—
The mist-wreath has the mountain crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Nor wild wood deep, nor mountain gray,
Nor this deep dale, that shrouds from day,
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

"Their flag was furl'd, and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.
His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
To tend her kindly housewifery.

Macdonald set out for Inverary; but from the ground being covered with snow and the roads almost impassable, he arrived one day after the prescribed time. In consideration of his disappointment, the sheriff administered the oath, and Macdonald returned home in full assurance of safety. The king, however, in ignorance of Macdonald's submission, signed a warrant to put the whole inhabitants of the valley of Glencoe to the sword. Captain Campbell of Glenlyon marched into Glencoe with a party of soldiers, and on his declaring he came as a friend, was received with hospitality by Macdonald. After passing fifteen days in the greatest cordiality, this party of ruffians suddenly attacked their unsuspecting host and his unoffending people, and put them to death, killing even children who clung to their knees for mercy. Macdonald himself was shot in the arms of his wife, who died next day in a state of distraction. All the houses were burnt, the cattle and effects taken away, and the helpless women and children left without covering, food, or shelter, in the midst of snow, six miles from any inhabited dwelling. Most of them perished from cold and hunger, before they could receive assistance. This shocking massacre excited general horror and indignation, and although the king disclaimed any part in it, yet, as he never punished the perpetrators, it remains an indelible stain on his character.

"The hand that mingled in the meal
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And give the host's kind breast to feel
  Meed for his hospitality!
The friendly heart which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with the brand,
That bade destruction's flames expand
  Their red and fearful blazonry.

"There woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
  Respite from ruthless butchery!
The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that chok'd the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
  Far more than Southron clemency.

"Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
  Their gray-hair'd master's misery.
Were each gray hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
  'Revenge for blood and treachery!'"

SCOTT.

THE QUARREL OF FRIENDS.

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
  And life is thorny, and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
  Doth work like madness in the brain.

And thus it chanc'd, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted — ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder·
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once had been.

COLERIDGE.

HOME.

THE adventurous boy, that asks his little share,
And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,
The village-common spotted white with sheep,
The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep;
All rouse Reflection's sadly-pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.
So, when the mild TUPIA[1] dar'd explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
And, with the sons of Science, woo'd the gale
That, rising, swell'd their strange expanse of sail;

[1] The Otaheitan who accompanied Captain Cook in his first voyage, and died at Batavia. — See *Cook's First Voyage*, book i. c. xvi.

So, when he breath'd his firm yet fond adieu,
Borne from his leafy hut, his carv'd canoe,
And all his soul best lov'd — such tears he shed,
While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled.
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watch'd the streaming signal from the mast;
Till twilight's dewy tints deceiv'd his eye,
And fairy-forests fring'd the evening-sky.
So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawn'd the day,
Rose on her couch, and gaz'd her soul away.
Her eyes had bless'd the beacon's glimmering height,
That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light;
But now the morn with orient hues portray'd
Each castled cliff, and brown monastic shade:
All touched the talisman's resistless spring,
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing!
Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire.
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the Patriot's sigh;
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.
For this young FOSCARI[1], whose hapless fate
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,

[1] He was suspected of murder. Neither the interest of the Doge, his father, nor the intrepidity of conscious innocence, which he exhibited in the dungeon and on the rack, could procure his acquittal. He was banished to the island of Candia for life. But here his resolution failed him. At such a distance from home he could not live; and, as it was a criminal offence to solicit the intercession of any foreign prince, in a fit of despair, he addressed a letter to the duke of Milan, and intrusted it to a wretch whose perfidy, he knew, would occasion his being remanded a prisoner to Venice.

When reason, justice, vainly urg'd his cause,
For this he rous'd her sanguinary laws;
Glad to return, tho' Hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hail'd him to the shore.

ROGERS.

WINTER.

THOU hast thy beauties: sterner ones, I own,
Than those of thy precursors; yet to thee
Belongs the charms of solemn majesty
And naked grandeur. Awful is the tone
Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are blown
By hurrying winds across the troubled sky;
Pensive, when softer breezes faintly sigh
Through leafless boughs, with ivy overgrown.
Thou hast thy decorations too; although
Thou art austere: thy studded mantle, gay
With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow
As erst Golconda's: and thy pure array
Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow
Envelopes nature; till her features seem
Like pale, but lovely ones, seen when we dream.

BARTON.

THE ROSE.

How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!
The Bridal day — the Festival — the Tomb —
Thou hast thy part in each, — thou stateliest flower!

Therefore with thy soft breath come floating by
A thousand images of love and grief,
Dreams, fill'd with tokens of mortality,
Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and brief.

Not such thy spells o'er those that hail'd thee first
In the clear light of Eden's golden day;
There thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,
Link'd with no dim remembrance of decay.

Rose! for the banquet gather'd, and the bier;
Rose! colour'd now by human hope or pain;
Surely where death is not — nor change nor fear,
Yet may we meet thee, joy's own flower again!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

BUT scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way.
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping-willow twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow,
The boat had touch'd this silver strand,
Just as the hunter left his stand,
And stood conceal'd amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paus'd, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.

With head up-rais'd, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seem'd to stand
The guardian Naiad of the strand!

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly ting'd her cheek with brown,—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Serv'd too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measur'd mood had train'd her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;
E'en the slight hare-bell rais'd its head,
Elastic, from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear.

A Chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combin'd
Above a heart more good and kind.

Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danc'd in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer
Or tale of injury call'd forth
The indignant spirit of the North.

SCOTT.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow:
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state,
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppress'd — again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh! change—oh wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars.—
This moment there, so low,
So agoniz'd, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change — stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes —
Wakes with his God.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

THE SHIP'S DEPARTURE.

STATELY yon vessel sails adown the tide,
To some far distant land adventurous bound;
The sailors' busy cries from side to side
Pealing among the echoing rocks resound;
A patient, thoughtless, much-enduring band,
Joyful they enter on their ocean way,
With shouts exulting leave their native land,
And know no care beyond the present day.

But is there no poor mourner left behind,
Who sorrows for a child or husband there?
Who at the howling of the midnight-wind
Will wake and tremble in her boding prayer!
So may her voice be heard, and Heaven be kind!
Go, gallant ship, and be thy fortune fair!

SOUTHEY.

THE SHIP'S RETURN.

SHE comes majestic with her swelling sails,
The gallant bark! along her watery way
Homeward she drives before the favouring gales;
Now flirting at their length the streamers play,
And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze.
Hark to the sailors' shouts! the rocks rebound,
Thundering in echoes to the joyful sound.
Long have they voyag'd o'er the distant seas,
And what a heart-delight they feel at last,
So many toils, so many dangers past,
To view the port desir'd, he only knows,
Who on the stormy deep for many a day
Hath tost, aweary of his ocean way,
And watch'd, all anxious, every wind that blows.

SOUTHEY.

MARCH.

THE stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
  Wild stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
  Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again
  The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast join'd the gentle train,
  And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
  Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the chang'd winds are soft and warm,
  And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
  And the full springs, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
  Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
  Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
  A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
  And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
  Seems of a brighter world than ours.

BRYANT.

THE WILD GAZELLE.

The wild gazelle on Judah's hills
  Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
  That gush on holy ground:
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by:—

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
  Hath Judah witness'd there;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
  Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

More blest each palm that shades those plains
  Than Israel's scatter'd race;
For, taking root, it there remains
  In solitary grace:
It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,
  In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
  Our own may never lie.
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And mockery sits on Salem's throne.

BYRON.

TIME.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danc'd our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and wither'd of their force,
Wait, on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

SCOTT.

THE PILGRIM.

How blest the pilgrim, who in trouble
Can lean upon a bosom friend;
Strength, courage, hope with him redouble,
When foes assail, or griefs impend;
Care flees before his footsteps, straying,
At daybreak, o'er the purple heath;
He plucks the wild flowers round him playing,
And binds their beauty in a wreath.

More dear to him the fields and mountains,
When with his friend abroad he roves,
Rests in the shade near sunny fountains,
Or talks by moonlight through the groves
For him the vine expands its clusters,
Spring wakes for him her woodland quire;
Yea, when the storm of winter blusters,
'Tis summer round his evening fire.

In good old age serenely dying,
When all he lov'd forsakes his view,
Sweet is affection's voice, replying,
"I follow soon," to his "Adieu!"
E'en then, though earthly ties are riven,
The spirit's union will not end;
Happy the man, whom Heaven hath given,
In life and death, a faithful friend.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE WAKENING.

"While Day arises, that sweet hour of prime."

How many thousands are wakening now!
Some to the songs from the forest bough,
To the rustling of leaves at the lattice pane,
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep mid-sea,
To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,
As they break into spray on the ship's tall side,
That holds thro' the tumult her path of pride.

And some — oh! well may their hearts rejoice
To the gentle sound of a mother's voice;
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,
When from the board and the hearth 'tis gone.

And some in the camp to the bugle's breath,
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
Which tells that a field must ere night be won.

And some in the gloomy convict-cell,
To the dull deep note of the warning bell,
As it heavily calls them forth to die,
While the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
And to the sounds from the city borne;
And some to the rolling of torrents' floods,
Far 'midst old mountains, and solemn woods.

So are we rous'd on this chequer'd earth,
Each unto life hath a daily birth,
Though fearful or joyous, though sad or sweet,
Be the voices which first our upspringing meet.

But ONE must the sound be, and ONE the call,
Which from the dust shall awake us all!
ONE, though to sever'd and distant dooms—
How shall the sleepers arise from their tombs?

MRS. HEMANS.

FLODDEN FIELD.[1]

BUT as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;

[1] In Northumberland. In the battle fought at this place in 1513, James IV. was defeated and slain, with the flower of the Scottish nobility.

The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness clos'd her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoll'n and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

SCOTT.

THE BLIND MOTHER.

GENTLY, dear mother, here
The bridge is broken near thee, and below
The waters with a rapid current flow,—
Gently, and do not fear.
Lean on me, mother: plant thy staff before thee,
For she who loves thee most is watching o'er thee.

The green leaves, as we pass,
Lay their light fingers on thee unaware,
And by thy side the hazels cluster fair,
And the low forest grass [wind—
Grows green and lovely where the woodpaths
Alas, for thee, dear mother, thou art blind!

And nature is all bright;
And the faint gray and crimson of the dawn,
Like folded curtains from the day are drawn;
And evening's dewy light
Quivers in tremulous softness on the sky,—
Alas, dear mother, for thy clouded eye!

The moon's new silver shell
Trembles above thee, and the stars float up
In the blue air, and the rich tulip's cup
Is pencill'd passing well.
And the swift birds on brilliant pinions flee,—
Alas, dear mother, that thou canst not see!

And the kind looks of friends
Peruse the sad expressions in thy face,
And the child stops amid his bounding race,
And the tall stripling bends
Low to thine ear, with duty unforgot,—
Alas, dear mother, that thou seest them not!

But thou canst hear! — and love
May richly on a human tone be pour'd,
And the slight cadence of a whisper'd word
A daughter's love may prove;
And while I speak thou knowest if I smile,
Albeit thou dost not see my face the while.

Yes — thou canst hear! and He
Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,
To the attentive ear, like harps, hath strung
Heaven, and earth, and sea!
And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know.
With but one sense the soul may overflow!

MRS. GETHING.

THE EVENING CLOUD,

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson ting'd its braided snow;
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below:
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow,
Ev'n in its very motion there was rest,
While ev'ry breath of eve that chanc'd to blow
Wafted the trav'ller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is giv'n,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heav'n;
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

WILSON.

TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

THY fruit full well the school-boy knows
Wild bramble of the brake!
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt, and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull
That cannot feel, how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them;
While silent showers are falling slow,
And 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the moss'd gray stone
Hath laid her weary head;
But thou, wild bramble; back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorn'd bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er
In freedom and in joy.

ELLIOTT.

TO ONE BROKEN IN HEART.

Broken-hearted, weep no more!
Hear what comfort He hath spoken,
Smoking flax who ne'er hath quenched,
Bruised reed who ne'er hath broken [1], —
"Ye who wander here below
Heavy laden as you go,
Come, with grief, with sin oppress'd,
Come to me and be at rest!" [2]
Lamb of Jesus' blood-bought flock,
Brought again from sin and straying,
Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice,
'Tis a true and faithful saying. —
"Greater love how can there be
Than to yield up life for thee? [3]
Bought with pang, and tear, and sigh,
Turn and live; — why will ye die?" [4]
Broken-hearted, weep no more,
Far from consolation flying:
He who calls hath felt thy wound
Seen thy weeping, heard thy sighing; —
"Bring thy broken heart to me,
Welcome offering it shall be —
Streaming tears and bursting sighs,
Mine accepted sacrifice!" [5]

Doane.

[1] Isaiah, xlii. 3.
[2] Matthew, xi. 28.
[3] John, xv. 13.
[4] Ezekiel, xxxiii. 11.
[5] Psalm li. 17.

THE COTTAGE GARDEN.

To every cot the lord's indulgent mind
Has a small space for garden-ground assign'd;
Here — till return of morn dismiss'd the farm —
The careful peasant plies the sinewy arm,
Warm'd as he works, and casts his look around
On every foot of that improving ground;
It is his own he sees; his master's eye
Peers not about, some secret fault to spy;
Nor voice severe is there, nor censure known; —
Hope, profit, pleasure — they are all his own.
Here grow the humble cives, and hard by them,
The leek with crown globose and reedy stem;
High climb his pulse in many an even row;
Deep strike the ponderous roots in soil below;
And herbs of potent smell and pungent taste
Give a warm relish to the night's repast;
Apples and cherries grafted by his hand,
And cluster'd nuts for neighbouring market stand.
Nor thus concludes his labour; near the cot,
The reed-fence rises round some fav'rite spot;
Where rich carnations, pinks with purple eyes,
Proud hyacinths, the least some florist's prize,
Tulips tall stemm'd, and pounc'd auriculas rise.
Here on a Sunday-eve, when service ends,
Meet and rejoice a family of friends;
All speak aloud, are happy and are free,
And glad they seem, and gaily they agree.
What, though fastidious ears may shun the speech
Where all are talkers, and where none can teach;
Where still the welcome and the words are old,
And the same stories are for ever told;
Yet there is joy that, bursting from the heart,
Prompts the glad tongue these nothings to impart;

That forms these tones of gladness we despise,
That lifts their steps, that sparkles in their eyes;
That talks or laughs or runs or shouts or plays,
And speaks in all their looks and all their ways.

CRABBE.

SLAVERY THAT WAS.

AGES [1], ages have departed
  Since the first dark vessel bore
Afric's children, broken-hearted,
  To the Caribbean shore;
She, like Rachel,
  Weeping, for they were no more.

Millions, millions have been slaughter'd
  In the fight and on the deep;
Millions, millions more have water'd,
  With such tears as captives weep,
Fields of travail,
  Where their bones till doomsday sleep.

Mercy, mercy vainly pleading,
  Rent her garments, smote her breast,
Till a voice, from heaven proceeding,
  Gladden'd all the gloomy west:
"Come, ye weary!
  Come, and I will give you rest!"

[1] The slave trade between Africa and the West Indies began in the reign of Charles V. who granted to Chievres, one of his Flemish favourites, the exclusive right to import 4000 negroes into America.

Tidings, tidings of salvation!
Britons rose with one accord,
Purg'd the plague-spot from our nation,
Negroes to their rights restor'd;
Slaves no longer,
Freemen, — freemen of the Lord.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE WATERFALL.

I LOVE the roaring waterfall,
Within some deep, romantic glen:
'Mid desert wilds, remote from all
The gay and busy haunts of men;
For its loud thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

They tell of ages long gone by,
And beings that have pass'd away,
Who sought, perhaps, with curious eye,
These rocks where now I love to stray;
And thus its thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

And, from the past, they seem to call
My spirit to the realms beyond
The ruin that must soon befal
These scenes, where grandeur sits enthron'd:
And thus its thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

For I am on a torrent borne,
That whirls me rapidly away,
From morn to eve — from eve to morn —
From month to month — from day to day:
And all that live and breathe with me,
Are hurrying to eternity!

This mighty cataract's thundering sound
In louder thunders soon must die:
And all these rugged mountains round,
Uprooted must in ruin lie:
But that dread hour will prove to me
The dawning of eternity!

Eternity! that vast unknown!
Who can that deep abyss explore,
Which swallows up the ages gone,
And rolls its billows evermore?
O, may I find that boundless sea,
A bright, a blest eternity!

RAFFLES.

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orb'd glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

SOUTHEY.

CHILDHOOD'S TEAR.

THE tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, — the flower is dry.

SCOTT.

THE EAGLE AND CHILD. [1]

THERE was an Eagle, that had long acquir'd
Absolute sway, the lord of a domain
Savage, sublime; nor from the hills alone
Gathering large tribute, but from every vale;
Making the ewe, whene'er he deign'd to stoop,
Bleat for the lamb. Great was the recompence
Assur'd to him who laid the tyrant low;
And near his nest, in that eventful hour
Calmly and patiently, a hunter stood,
A hunter, as it chanc'd, of old renown,
And, as it chanc'd, their father.
In the south
A speck appear'd, enlarging; and ere long,
As on his journey to the golden sun,
Upward he came, ascending through the clouds,
That, like a dark and troubled sea, obscur'd
The world beneath. — "But what is in his grasp?
Ha! 'tis a child — and may it not be ours?
I dare not, cannot; and yet why forbear,
When, if it lives, a cruel death awaits it? —
May He who wing'd the shaft when Tell stood forth,
And shot the apple from the youngling's head

[1] The Eagle and Child is so favourite a sign in various parts of Europe, that we must suppose that such an event may have happened, although there is no authentic testimony in proof of the fact. The Lammergeyer (lamb vulture) or beaked vulture of the Swiss and German Alps, is the largest European bird of prey, measuring four feet in length and from nine to ten in the expanse of its wings, a size little, if at all, inferior to the condor of the Andes. It unites the audacity and cruelty of the eagle with many of the habits of the vulture — preferring living prey, and boldly seizing the lambs from the fold, at the same time that it will feed upon a dead carcass, which it scents out with all the acuteness of smell of the vulture.

Grant me the strength, the courage!" As he spoke,
He aim'd, he fir'd; and at his feet they fell,
The Eagle and the Child — the child unhurt —
Tho', such the grasp, not ev'n in death relinquish'd.

ROGERS.

CEDAR OF LEBANON.[1]

WHERE are the goodly cedars now,
That from the stately mountain's brow
Look'd once upon a land of glory?
How thinly scatter'd now they stand,
A small and melancholy band,
Recorders of their own sad story!

They tell us of those pillar'd domes,
Where princes had their costly homes,
With gems, and gold, and ivory,
Wrought by the fam'd artificer;
Alas! they only live to stir
The bitter thought, the fruitless sigh!

For who can look on Lebanon,
Nor sigh to see its glory gone?
Or see unmov'd that front of snow,
That wont to wear a verdant crown,
Dart through the misty air its frown
Upon the howling scene below?

[1] Whether the cedars of Lebanon were thinned to exhaustion by the "fourscore thousand hewers" (1 Kings, v. 15.) of king Solomon, or whether they have decayed from various natural causes, it is impossible to say; but few now exist, though some are of immense size, about thirty-six feet in circumference. They are held in great veneration, and a holiday is set apart on the mountain for the "Feast of cedars."

Mourner of Israel! take thy stand
Upon that height, and there command
All Sharon's vale and Bashan's plain,
Where once a blooming surface smil'd,
And summer spread his banquet wild,
And autumn stretch'd his golden reign.

There from those cedars might be seen
Unnumber'd rills and forests green,
And cities in the distant blue;
With terrac'd Tabor's beamy crest,
And Carmel for her vintage dress'd,
All bursting on the conscious view.

What hand hath laid that circuit bare,
And scatter'd thorns and thistles there —
Apostate earth's too natural dress?
What spell upon that scenery
Hath made it interdicted lie,
Mock'd by its claims to fruitfulness?

The dread anathema of God
Hath struck the vales and curs'd the clod;
They lie in blank astonishment:
Ages of barrenness attest
The sentence which has all unbless'd
The blessings to his chosen sent.

Mourner of Israel! turn thine eye
Towards that prophetic mystery,
Which offers comfort to the soul;
See, in the treasure of God's word,
For thee, ev'n thee, rich blessings stor'd,
And healing grace that "maketh whole."

Again shall Sharon's roses bloom,
And Salem rise amid the gloom,

More great and glorious to behold;
When God shall make his promise good,
And give the conquest of his blood
To the lost sheep of Israel's fold.

ROBERTS.

AN EPICEDIUM. [1]

He left his home with a bounding heart,
For the world was all before him;
And felt it scarce a pain to part,
Such sun-bright beams came o'er him.
He turn'd him to visions of future years,
The rainbow's hues were round him;
And a father's bodings — a mother's tears —
Might not weigh with the hopes that crown'd them.

That mother's cheek is far paler now
Than when she last caress'd him;
There's an added gloom on that father's brow
Since the hour when last he bless'd him.
Oh! that all human hopes should prove
Like the flowers that will fade to-morrow;
And the cankering fears of anxious love
Ever end in truth and sorrow.

He left his home with a swelling sail,
Of fame and fortune dreaming, —
With a spirit as free as the vernal gale,
Or the pennon above him streaming.
He hath reach'd his goal; — by a distant wave,
'Neath a sultry sun they 've laid him;
And stranger-forms bent o'er his grave,
When the last sad rites were paid him.

[1] Funeral hymn — verses in praise of the dead.

He should have died in his own lov'd land,
With friends and kinsmen near him:
Not have wither'd thus on a foreign strand,
With no thought, save heaven, to cheer him.
But what recks it now? Is his sleep less sound
In the port where the wild winds swept him,
Than if home's green turf his grave had bound,
Or the hearts he lov'd had wept him?

Then why repine? Can he feel the rays
That pestilent sun sheds o'er him?
Or share the grief that may cloud the days
Of the friends who now deplore him?
No — his bark's at anchor — its sails are furl'd —
It hath 'scaped the storm's deep chiding;
And, safe from the buffeting waves of the world,
In a haven of peace is riding.

A. A. WATTS.

THE LEGEND OF HORATIUS COCLES.

Out spoke the Consul [1] roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum [2] is lost,
Nought else can save the town."

* * * * *

[1] Valerius Publicola.

[2] One of the hills of Rome, from which it was separated by the Tiber. The fort of Janiculum was the first post attacked by Porsena, and having made himself master of the hill, he compelled the Romans to retire across the bridge into the city. This bridge, the first thrown across the Tiber, formed the passage from the Aventine Mount to the Janiculum. It was the work of Ancus Martius, and acquired the name of *Sublicius* from the wooden piles which supported it. After the achieve-

Then out spoke brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can men die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods.

* * * * *

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed you may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopp'd by three;
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian [1] proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Tatian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

ment of Cocles, the planks were laid across, without being fixed with nails, that they might be removed, in case of sudden danger. When the Tiber is low, the remains of the foundation of the Pons Sublicius are still to be seen.

[1] Romulus divided the people into three tribes, called Rhamnenses, from himself; Tatienses, from Tatius; and Lucerenses, from the lucus, or grove, where stood the asylum or place of refuge opened by Romulus for the reception of fugitives of every description, whom he afterwards admitted as citizens of Rome.

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou say'st, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spar'd neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man help'd the poor,
And the poor man lov'd the great:
Then lands were fairly portion'd;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

* * * * *

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe;
And Fathers mix'd with Commons,
Seiz'd hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loos'd the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came, flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measur'd tread,
And spears advanc'd, and ensigns spread,
Roll'd slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And look'd upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that mighty mass;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow pass:

Aunus, from green Tifernum [1],
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's [2] mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that grey crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum [3] lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clash'd in the bloody dust.

* * * * *

[1] A town in Umbria, on the Tiber, now Città di Castello.
[2] Elba, famous for its mines of copper, and subsequently of iron, with which it supplied the Romans.
[3] Nequinum—modern Narni—an ancient Umbrian city, situated on a lofty hill, commands the valley of the Nar. It was the birthplace of the Emperor Nero and of Pope John XVIII. The ruins of the magnificent bridge, built by Augustus, is its great object of interest.

But all Etruria's noblest
  Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
  In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance,
  Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who, unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair,
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
  Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
  To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
  And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
  Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
  Dies fitfully away.

* * * * *

But meanwhile axe and lever
  Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
  Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
  Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
  Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius
  Herminius darted back:
And, as they pass'd, beneath their feet
  They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turn'd their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have cross'd once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosen'd beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splash'd the yellow [1] foam.

And, like a horse unbroken,
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And toss'd his tawny mane;
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rush'd headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.

[1] The waters of the Tiber, from Perugia to the sea, are muddy and yellowish, a peculiarity which is expressed by the term *flavus* by the Roman poets. The current, as it enters the Mediterranean, retains its colour for a considerable distance from the shore, and contrasts with the generally blue tinge of the sea-water, with which it does not mix for some miles.

"Now yield thee," cried Lars[1] Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turn'd he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:—

"Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheath'd
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plung'd headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing when he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And ev'n the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swoln high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain;

[1] *Lars* — Etruscan for "mighty chief."

And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

* * * * *

"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore,
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And soon with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the river gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night:
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,[1]
  Plain for all folk to see,
Horatius in his harness,
  Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written,
  In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.

* * * * *

And in the nights of winter,
  When the cold north winds blow,
And the loud howling of the wolves
  Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
  Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus[2]
  Roar louder yet within.

When the oldest cask is open'd,
  And the largest lamp is lit,
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
  And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
  Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
  And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armour,
  And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
  Goes flashing through the loom;

[1] The hall in the Forum in which the assemblies of the people were held, for electing magistrates and all the public officers. The three beautiful columns, usually called those of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, are now considered to have been part of the Comitium.

[2] A mountain near Rome.

With weeping and with laughter
  Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.

MACAULAY.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S Love,—how sweet the name!
  What is a Mother's Love?
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
  Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that can grow cold;
  This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
  Then, while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
  And feel herself new-born;
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone;
  This is a Mother's Love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear;
  To cherish on her breast,
Feed it from love's own fountain there,
  And lull it there to rest;
Then while it slumbers watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death;
  This is a Mother's Love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
  Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
  Of intellectual fire:

To smile and listen while it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks;
  This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's Love grow cold?
  Can she forget her boy?
His pleading innocence behold,
  Nor weep for grief—for joy?—
A mother may forget her child
While wolves devour it on the wild;
  Is this a Mother's Love?

Ten thousand voices answer "No!"
  Ye clasp your babes, and kiss:
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow;
  Yet ah! remember this:
The infant, rear'd alone for earth,
May live, may die,—to curse his birth;
  Is this a Mother's Love?

A parent's heart may prove a snare;
  The child she loves so well,
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
  Down the smooth road to hell:
Nourish its frame—destroy its mind;
Thus do the blind mislead the blind.
  Ev'n with a Mother's Love.

Blest infant! whom his mother taught
  Early to seek the Lord,
And pour'd upon his dawning thought
  The day-spring of the Word;
This was the lesson to her son,—
Time is eternity begun:
  Behold that Mother's Love.[1]

[1] 2 Tim. 1. 5., iii. 14, 15.

Blest Mother! who, in wisdom's path,
By her own parent trod,
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
And know the fear, of God!
Ah! youth, like him enjoy your prime,
Begin eternity in time,
Taught by that Mother's Love.

That Mother's Love! — how sweet the name!
What was that Mother's Love?
The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
That kindles from above,
Within a heart of earthly mould,
As much of heaven as heart can hold,
Nor through eternity grows cold:
This was that Mother's Love!

J. MONTGOMERY.

SONG OF THE STARS.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were mov'd through their depths by his mighty breath;
And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame
From the void abyss by myriads came, —
In the joy of youth as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung: —

"Away, away, through the wide, wide sky, —
The fair blue fields that before us lie, —

Each sun with the worlds that round him roll,
Each planet, pois'd on her turning pole;
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

"For the Source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space;
And we drink as we go the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides:
Lo, yonder the living splendours play;
Away, on our joyous path, away!

"Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

"And see where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews;
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone the night goes round!

"Away, away! in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, Love is brooding, and Life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

"Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures the years;

Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent,
To the farthest wall of the firmament, —
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim."

BRYANT.

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.[1]

'TWAS a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup or bell,
In whose colour'd vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flow'd
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams —
When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old,
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles[2] of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary quest,
Hath sought, but still in vain.

[1] A dial or watch of Flora, is a table giving the hours of expansion and closing of different flowers, by which the time may be known.

[2] The Fortunate Islands, an account of which is to be found in Plutarch's Life of Sertorius.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Mark'd thus — ev'n thus — on earth.
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE AMBUSCADE.

"HAVE, then, thy wish!"—he whistled shrill,
And he was answer'd from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still:

Like the loose crags whose threat'ning mass
Lay tott'ring o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James — "How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, *I* am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave: — Though to his heart
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
Return'd the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly plac'd his foot before: —
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I." —
Sir Roderick mark'd — and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood — then wav'd his hand
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood
Sunk brand, and spear, and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seem'd as if their mother Earth
Had swallow'd up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had toss'd in air
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair, —
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide;

The sun's last glance was glinted back
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack[1],—
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold grey stone.

Fitz-James look'd round—yet scarce believ'd
The witness that his sight receiv'd;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied:
"Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest;—I pledg'd my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on;—I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."—
They mov'd:—I said Fitz-James was brave
As ever knight that belted glaive;
Yet dare not say, that now his blood
Kept on its wont and temper'd flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that to take his life

[1] The iron jack, or jacques de maille—a back and breast-plate of iron—was worn by the Highlanders as late as the 16th century. The jack or surcoat was made of various materials—linen, leather, silk, &c., and embroidered with the arms or badges of the different leaders. The English soldiers wore on their jacks the cross of St. George, the Scottish, that of St. Andrew; hence, after the union of the two nations, the flag bearing the two crosses was called the Union Jack.

Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonour'd and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eyes sought round
The vanish'd guardians of the ground,
And still, from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breath'd he free till far behind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush, nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

SCOTT.

HEAVEN.

OH, talk to me of Heaven! I love
To hear about my home above;
For there doth many a lov'd one dwell,
In light and joy ineffable.
Oh! tell me how they shine and sing,
While every harp rings echoing;
And every glad and tearless eye
Beams, like the bright sun, gloriously:
Tell me of that victorious palm
Each hand in glory beareth;
Tell me of that celestial calm
Each face in glory weareth.

Oh, happy, happy country! where
There entereth not a sin,
And death, who keeps its portals fair,
May never once come in.[1]

[1] Rev. xxi. 4.

No grief can change their day to night;
The darkness of that land is light.
Sorrow and sighing God hath sent
Far thence to endless banishment.
And never more may one dark tear
  Bedim their burning eyes:
For every one they shed while here,
  In fearful agonies,
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem,
In their immortal diadem.

Oh, lovely, blooming country! there
Flourishes all that we deem fair.
And tho' no fields nor forests green,
Nor bowery gardens there are seen,
  Nor perfumes load the breeze,
Nor hears the ear material sound,
Yet joys at God's right hand are found,
  The archetypes of these;
There is the home, the land of birth
Of all we highest prize on earth.
The storms that rack this world beneath
  Must there for ever cease;
The only air the blessed breathe
  Is purity and peace.

Oh, happy, happy land! in thee
Shines th' unveil'd Divinity,
Yielding through each adoring breast
A holy calm, a halcyon rest.
And those blest souls whom death did sever,
Have met to mingle joys for ever.
Oh! soon may Heaven unclose to me!
Oh! may I soon that glory see!
And my faint, weary spirit stand
Within that happy, happy land!

BOWLES.

THE FISHER'S COT.

Lo! yonder shed; observe its garden ground,
With the low paling, form'd of wreck, around.
There dwells a fisher; if you view his boat,
With bed and barrel—'tis his house afloat;
Look at his house, where ropes, nets, blocks abound,
Tar, pitch, and oakum—'tis his boat aground:
That space enclos'd but little he regards,
Spread o'er with relics of masts, sails, and yards:
Fish by the wall, on spit of elder, rest,
Of all his food the cheapest and the best,
By his own labour caught, for his own hunger drest.

* * * * *

There, fed by food they love, to rankest size,
Around the dwelling docks and wormwood rise;
Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root,
Here the dull nightshade hangs her deadly fruit;
On hills of dust the henbane's faded green,
And pencill'd flower of sickly scent is seen;
At the wall's base the fiery nettle springs,
With fruit globose, and fierce with poison'd stings;
Above (the growth of many a year) is spread
The yellow level of the stonecrop's bed;
In every chink delights the fern to grow
With glossy leaf and tawny bloom below.
These, with our sea-weeds rolling up and down,
Form the contracted Flora of the town.

CRABBE.

COUNSELS.

THOUGH bright thy morn of life may seem,
Remember, clouds may rise;
And trust not to the transient gleam
Of calm and sunny skies:
So tread life's path, in sunshine drest,
With lowly, cautious fear,
That, when grief's shadows o'er it rest,
Joy's memory may be dear.

If dark life's matin hours may be,
Despond not at their gloom,
Joy's cloudless sun may rise for thee,
And Hope's bright flow'rets bloom:
So trace thy pathway, thorn-bestrew'd,
That thou, in happier hours,
With pure and pangless gratitude
May'st bless its fragrant flowers.

Thro' cloud and sunshine, flower and thorn,
Pursue thine even way,
Nor let thy better hopes be born
Of things that must decay:
Rejoice with trembling, mourn with hope,
Take life as life is given;
Its rough ascent, its flowery slope,
May lead alike to heaven!

BARTON.

TWILIGHT.

OH! Twilight! spirit that doth render birth
To dim enchantment, melting heaven and earth,
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness, like the atmosphere of dreams:

Thy hour to all is welcome! faint and sweet
Thy light falls round the peasant's homeward feet,
Who, slow returning from his task of toil,
Sees the low sunset gild the cultur'd soil,
And though such radiance round him brightly glows,
Marks the small spark his cottage window throws:
Still as his heart press'd on his weary pace,
Fondly he dreams of each familiar face,
Recalls the treasures of his narrow life,
His rosy children and his sunburnt wife,
To whom his coming is the chief event
Of simple days in cheerful labour spent.
The rich man's chariot hath gone whirling past,
And those poor cottagers have only cast
One careless glance on all that show of pride,
Then to their tasks turn quietly aside.
But him they wait for, him they welcome home,
Fond sentinels look forth to see him come:
The fagot sent for when the fire grows dim,
The frugal meal prepar'd, are all for him;
For him the watching of that sturdy boy,
For him those smiles of tenderness and joy —
For him, — who plods with sauntering way along,
Whistling the fragment of some village song.

MRS. NORTON.

THE BIRD'S NEST ROBBED.

WHEN snowdrops die, and the green primrose leaves
Announce the coming flower, the blackbird's note,
Mellifluous, rich, deep-ton'd, fills all the vale
And charms his ravish'd ear. The hawthorn bush,

New budded, is his perch; there the gray dawn
He hails; and there, with parting light concludes
His melody. There, when the buds begin
To break, he lays the fibrous roots; and, see,
His jetty breast embrown'd; the rounded clay
His jetty breast has soil'd; but, now complete,
His partner, and his helper in the work,
Happy, assumes possession of her home;
While he, upon a neighbouring tree, his lay
More richly full, melodiously renews.
When twice seven days have run, the moment snatch,
That she has flitted off her charge, to cool
Her thirsty bill, dipt in the bubbling brook;
Then silently, on tiptoe rais'd, look in!
Admire! five cupless acorns, darkly speckled,
Delight the eye, warm to the cautious touch.
In seven days more expect the fledgeless young,
Five gaping bills. With busy wing and eye,
Quick-darting, all alert, the parent pair
Gather the sustenance which Heaven bestows;
But music ceases, save at dewy fall
Of eve, when nestling o'er her brood the dam
Has still'd them all to rest; or at the hour
Of doubtful dawning gray! then from his wing
Her partner turns his yellow bill, and chants
His solitary song of joyous praise.
From day to day, as blow the hawthorn flowers,
That canopy this little home of love,
The plumage of the younglings shoots and spreads,
Filling with joy the fond parental eye.
Alas! not long the parent's partial eye
Shall view the fledging wing; ne'er shall they see,
The timorous pinions' first essay at flight.
The truant school-boy's eager, bleeding hand,
Their house, their all, tears from the bending bush,
A shower of blossoms mourns the ruthless deed!

The piercing anguish'd note, the brushing wing,
The spoiler heeds not; triumphing, his way,
Smiling, he winds. The ruin'd, hopeless pair,
O'er many a field follow his townward steps,
Then back return; and perching on the bush,
Find nought of all they lov'd, but one small tuft
Of moss and wither'd roots. Drooping they sit,
Silent; afar at last they fly, o'er hill
And lurid moor, to mourn in other groves,
And sooth, in gentler grief, their hapless lot.
  Mean time the younger victims, one by one,
Drop off, by care destroy'd, and food unfit.
Perhaps one hardier than the rest survives;
And 'tween the wicker bars, with fading weeds
Entwin'd, hung at some lofty window, hops
From stick to stick, his small unwearied round!
While opposite, but higher still, the lark
Stands fluttering, or runs o'er his narrow field,
A span-breadth turf, tawny and parch'd, with wings
Quivering, as if to fly; his carol gay
Lightening the pale mechanic's tedious task.
  Poor birds! most sad the change, — of daisied fields,
Of hawthorn blooming sprays, of boundless air,
With melody replete, for clouds of smoke,
Through which the daw flies cawing, steeple high;
Or creak of grinding wheels, or skillet tongue,
Shrilly reviling, more discordant still.

GRAHAME.

FRIENDS.

Friend after friend departs:
  Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
  That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
  Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
  Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
  Where parting is unknown, —
A whole eternity of love,
  Form'd for the good alone!
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
  Till all are pass'd away, —
As morning high and higher shines
  To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

J. Montgomery.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-fac'd sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

BRYANT.

DEATH OF DE BOUNE.

A TALE OF BANNOCKBURN. [1]

Oh! gay, yet fearful to behold,
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
With plumes and pennons waving fair,
Was that bright battle-front! for there
Rode England's king [2] and peers:
And who, that saw that monarch ride,
His kingdom battled by his side,
Could then his direful doom foretell!—
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,
And in his sprightly eye was set
Some spark of the Plantagenet.

[1] The incident is thus related in Sir W. Scott's History of Scotland, where a most interesting account of the battle is given:—

The evening before the battle "Bruce himself, mounted upon a small horse or pony, was attentively marshalling the ranks of his vanguard. He carried a battle-axe in his hand, and was distinguished to friend and enemy by a golden coronet which he wore on his helmet. A part of the English vanguard made its appearance at this time; and a knight amongst them, Sir Henry de Bohun, conceiving he saw an opportunity of gaining himself much honour and ending the Scottish war at a single blow, couched his lance, spurred his powerful warhorse, and rode against the king at full career, with the expectation of bearing him to the earth by the superior strength of his charger and length of his weapon. The king, aware of his purpose, stood as if expecting the shock; but the instant before it took place, he suddenly moved his little palfrey to the left, avoided the unequal encounter, and striking the English knight with his battle-axe, as he passed him in his career, he dashed helmet and head to pieces, and laid Sir Henry de Bohun at his feet a dead man. * * * * The Scottish nobles remonstrated with Robert on the hazard in which he placed his person. The king looked at his weapon, and only replied, 'I have broken my good battle-axe.'"

[2] Edward II.

Though light and wandering was his glance,
It flash'd at sight of shield and lance.
"Know'st thou," he said, "De Argentine, [1]
You knight who marshals thus their line?" —
"The tokens on his helmet tell
The Bruce, my liege; I know him well." —
"And shall the audacious traitor brave
The presence where our banners wave?" —
"So please my liege," said Argentine,
"Were he but hors'd on steed like mine,
To give him fair and knightly chance,
I would adventure forth my lance." —
"In battle-day," the king replied,
"Nice tourney rules are set aside.
Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
Set on him — sweep him from our path!"
And, at king Edward's signal, soon
Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.
Of Hereford's high blood he came,
A race renown'd for knightly fame.
He burn'd before his monarch's eye
To do some deed of chivalry.

[1] Sir Egidius or Giles de Argentine was one of the most accomplished knights of the period. He had served in the wars of Henry of Luxembourg with such reputation, that he was, in the popular esteem, the third worthy of the age. Those to whom fame assigned precedence over him were, Henry of Luxembourg himself, and Robert Bruce.

Argentine had warred in Palestine, encountered thrice with the Saracens, and had slain two antagonists in each engagement — an easy matter, he said, for one christian knight to slay two pagan dogs. His death corresponded with his high character. With Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, he was appointed to attend immediately upon the person of Edward II. at Bannockburn. When the day was utterly lost, they forced the king from the field. De Argentine saw the king safe from immediate danger, and then took his leave of him; "God be with you, Sir," he said, "it is not my wont to fly." So saying, he turned his horse, cried his war-cry, plunged into the midst of the combatants, and was slain.

He spurr'd his steed, he couch'd his lance,
And darted on the Bruce at once.
— As motionless as rocks, that bide
The wrath of the advancing tide,
The Bruce stood fast. — Each breast beat high,
And dazzled was each gazing eye —
The heart had hardly time to shrink,
The eye-lid scarce had time to wink,
While on the king, like flash of flame,
Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse came!
The partridge may the falcon mock,
If that slight palfrey stand the shock —
But, swerving from the knight's career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the spear.
Onward the baffled warrior bore
His course — but soon his course was o'er!
High in his stirrups stood the king,
And gave his battle-axe the swing.
Right on De Boune, the whiles he pass'd,
Fell that stern dint — the first — the last! —
Such strength upon the blow was put,
The helmet crash'd like hazel-nut;
The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp.
Springs from the blow the startled horse,
Drops to the plain the lifeless corse;
First of that fatal field, how soon,
How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune?

SCOTT.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

ERE sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.

COLERIDGE.

A WINTER NIGHT.

A WINTER night! the stormy wind is high,
  Rocking the leafless branches to and fro;
  The sailor's wife shrinks as she hears it blow,
And mournfully surveys the starless sky:
The hardy shepherd turns out fearlessly
  To tend his fleecy charge in drifted snow;
  And the poor homeless, houseless child of woe
Sinks down, perchance, in dumb despair to die!
Happy the fire-side student; happier still
  The social circle round the blazing hearth,—
  If, while these estimate aright the worth
Of every blessing which their cup may fill,
Their grateful hearts with sympathy can thrill
  For every form of wretchedness on earth.

BARTON.

FUNERAL HYMN.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
  And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wip'd from every eye,
  And sorrow is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh,
  And from care and fear releas'd;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
  And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou st travell'd o'er,
  And borne the heavy load,
But Christ has taught thy languid feet
  To reach his blest abode;

Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
  Upon his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
  And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
  Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
  And the Holy Spirit fail:
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
  Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
  And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
  The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now,
  And seal thy narrow bed:
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
  Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
  And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
  Whom he hath left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
  As sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
  To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
  And the weary are at rest.

MILMAN.

THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.[1]

In sunset's light, o'er Afric thrown,
A wanderer proudly stood
Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,
Of Egypt's awful flood;
The cradle of that mighty birth
So long a hidden thing to earth!

He heard its life's first murmuring sound,
A low mysterious tone,
A music sought, but never found,
By kings and warriors gone;
He listen'd—and his heart beat high—
That was the song of victory!

The rapture of a conqueror's mood
Rush'd burning through his frame—
The depths of that green solitude
Its torrents could not tame;
Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile,
Round those far fountains of the Nile.

[1] A remarkable description of feelings thus fluctuating from triumph to despondency is given in Bruce's Abyssinian travels. The buoyant exultation of his spirits on arriving at the source of the Nile was almost immediately succeeded by a gloom, which he thus portrays: — "I was, at that very moment, in possession of what had for many years been the principal object of my ambition and wishes; indifference, which, from the usual infirmity of human nature, follows, at least for a time, complete enjoyment, had taken place of it. The marsh, and the fountains of the Nile, upon comparison with the rise of many of our rivers, became now a trifling object in my sight. I remembered that magnificent scene in my own native country, where the Tweed, Clyde, and Annan rise in one hill. I began, in my sorrow, to treat the inquiry about the source of the Nile as a violent effort of a distempered fancy."

Night came with stars—across his soul
  There swept a sudden change,
Ev'n at the pilgrim's glorious goal
  A shadow dark and strange
Breath'd from the thought, so swift to fall
O'er triumph's hour—and is this all?

No more than this! what seem'd it now
  First by that spring to stand?
A thousand streams of lovelier flow
  Bath'd his own mountain land!
Whence, far o'er waste and ocean track,
Their wild sweet voices call'd him back.

They call'd him back to many a glade,
  His childhood's haunt of play,
Where brightly through the beechen shade
  Their waters glanc'd away;
They call'd him, with their sounding waves,
Back to his father's hills and graves.

But, darkly mingling with the thought
  Of each familiar scene,
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught
  With all that lay between;
The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,
The whirling sands, the red simoom!

Where was the glow of power and pride?
  The spirit born to roam?
His alter'd heart within him died
  With yearnings for his home!
All vainly struggling to repress
That gush of painful tenderness.

He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven
Behold his bursting tears,
Ev'n on that spot where fate had given
The meed of toiling years!
Oh, happiness! how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

THE wall-flower—the wall-flower,
How beautiful it blooms!
It gleams above the ruin'd tower,
Like sunlight over tombs;
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of Time;
To beauty give the flaunting rose,
The wall-flower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place!
Gray ruin's golden crown!
That lendest melancholy grace
To haunts of old renown:
Thou mantlest o'er the battlement,
By strife or storm decay'd;
And fillest up each envious rent
Time's canker-tooth hath made.

Thy roots outspread the ramparts o'er,
Where, in war's stormy day,
The Douglases stood forth of yore,
In battle's grim array:
The clangour of the field is fled,
The beacon on the hill
No more through midnight blazes red—
But thou art blooming still!

Whither hath fled the choral band
That fill'd the abbey's nave?
Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand
O'er many a level grave;
In the belfry's crevices the dove
Her young brood nurseth well,
Whilst thou, lone flower, dost shed above
A sweet decaying smell.

In the season of the tulip cup,
When blossoms clothe the trees,
How sweet to throw the lattice up,
And scent thee on the breeze.
The butterfly is then abroad,
The bee is on the wing,
And on the hawthorn by the road
The linnets sit and sing.

Sweet wall-flower, sweet wall-flower!
Thou con urest up to me
Full many a soft and sunny hour
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee,
When joy from out the daisies grew,
In woodland pastures green,
And summer skies were far more blue
Than since they e'er have been.

Now autumn's pensive voice is heard
Amid the yellow bowers,
The robin is the regal bird,
And thou the Queen of Flowers!
He sings on the laburnum trees,
Amid the twilight dim,
And Araby ne'er gave the breeze
Such scents as thou to him.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,
The rose is summer's guest;
Bland are thy charms when these decay,
Of flowers, first, last, and best!
There may be gaudier on the bower,
And statelier on the tree,
But, wall-flower, loved wall-flower,
Thou art the flower for me!"

MOIR.

A BARREN TRACT OF LAND.

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its wither'd ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye:
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil:
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound.
And a sad splendour vainly shines around.

CRABBE.

A REMONSTRANCE,

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND WHO COMPLAINED OF BEING ALONE IN THE WORLD.

Oh! say not thou art all alone
  Upon this wide, cold-hearted earth;
Sigh not o'er joys for ever flown,
  The vacant chair,— the silent hearth:
Why should the world's unholy mirth
  Upon thy quiet dreams intrude,
To scare those shapes of heavenly birth
  That people oft thy solitude!

Though many a fervent hope of youth
  Hath pass'd, and scarcely left a trace;—
Though earthborn love, its tears and truth,
  No longer in thy heart have place:
Nor time, nor grief, can e'er efface
  The brighter hopes that now are thine,—
The fadeless love,— all-pitying grace,
  That makes thy darkest hours divine!

Not all alone — for thou canst hold
  Communion sweet with saint and sage,
And gather gems, of price untold,
  From many a pure, untravell'd page:—
Youth's dreams, the golden light of age,
  The poet's lore,— are still thine own:
Then, while such themes thy thoughts engage,
  Oh, how canst thou be all alone!

Not all alone;— the lark's rich note,
  As mounting up to heaven she sings;
The thousand silvery sounds that float
  Above — below — on morning's wings:

The softer murmurs twilight brings,—
  The cricket's chirp, cicala's glee: —
All earth — that lyre of myriad strings —
  Is jubilant with life for thee!

Not all alone: the whispering trees,
  The rippling brook, the starry sky,—
Have each peculiar harmonies,
  To soothe, subdue, and sanctify:
The low, sweet breath of evening's sigh,
  For thee hath oft a friendly tone,
To lift thy grateful thoughts on high,—
  To say, thou art not all alone!

Not all alone; a watchful eye,
  That notes the wandering sparrow's fall;
A saving hand is ever nigh,
  A gracious Power attends thy call;
When sadness holds thy heart in thrall,
  Is oft His tenderest mercy shown:
Seek then the balm vouchsaf'd to all,
  And thou canst never be ALONE.

A. A. WATTS.

THE SAILOR.

THE Sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
As all its lessening turrets bluely fade;
He climbs the mast to feast his eye once more,
And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now, each dear, domestic scene he knew,
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moon-light view;
Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Thro' all the horrors of the stormy main;
This, the last wish that would with life depart,
To meet the smile of her he loves again.

When morn first faintly draws her silver line,
Or eve's gray cloud descends to drink the wave;
When sea and sky in midnight-darkness join,
Still, still he sees the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
And, when the beating billows round him roar,
Whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled soul.

Carv'd is her name in many a spicy grove,
In many a plaintain-forest, waving wide;
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant palms o'er-arch the golden tide.

But lo, at last he comes with crowded sail!
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!
And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale!
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

—'Tis she, 'tis she herself! she waves her hand!
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvass furl'd;
Soon thro' the whitening surge he springs to land,
And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

ROGERS.

SUNSET.

DAY set on Norham's [1] castle steep,
And Tweed's fair river broad and deep,
  And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
  In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
  Seem'd forms of giant height:
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flash'd back again the western blaze,
  In lines of dazzling light.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray,
  Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
  So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
  The castle gates were barr'd;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
  The warder kept his guard;
Low humming, as he pac'd along,
Some ancient border gathering song.

SCOTT.

[1] The ruinous castle of Norham is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles from Berwick.

THE FALLING LEAF.

THE bright sun threw his glory all around,
And then the balmy, mild, autumnal breeze
Swept, with a musical and fitful sound,
Among the fading foliage of the trees;
And now and then, a playful gust would seize
Some falling leaf, and, like a living thing,
Which flits about wherever it may please,
It floated round in many an airy ring,
Till on the dewy grass it lost its transient wing.

BARTON.

TO A BUTTERFLY RESTING UPON A SKULL.

CREATURE of air and light,
Emblem of that which cannot die,
Wilt thou not speed thy flight,
To chase the south wind through the sunny sky?
What lures thee thus to stay
With silence and decay,
Fix'd on the wreck of dull mortality?

The thoughts once chamber'd there
Have gather'd up their treasures, and are gone:
Will the dust tell us where
They that have burst the prison-house are flown?
Rise, nursling of the day,
If thou wouldst trace their way;
Earth has no voice to make the secret known.

Who seeks the vanish'd bird
By the forsaken nest and broken shell?
Far hence he sings unheard,
Yet free and joyous, 'midst the woods to dwell.
Thou, of the sunshine born,
Take the bright wings of morn;
Thy hope calls heavenward from yon ruin'd cell.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages
That love of life increas'd with years,
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobson's wedding day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave, "You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you?" the hapless husband cried;
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd;
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-day, you know."

What more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet, calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke —
"Neighbour," he said, "farewell; no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And, farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have
Before you're summon'd to the grave:
Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve,
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleas'd the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,
The willing Muse shall tell:
He chaffer'd, then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass'd his hours in peace.
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,

Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
  Brought on his eightieth year.
And now one night, in musing mood,
  As all alone he sate,
  Th' unwelcome messenger of fate
Once more before him stood.
Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
"So soon return'd?" old Dobson cries:
"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies;
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
  Since I was here before
'Tis six and forty years at least,
  And you are now fourscore!"
"So much the worse," the clown rejoin'd;
"To spare the aged would be kind;
Beside, you promis'd me Three Warnings,
Which I have look'd for nights and mornings!"
"I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least:
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length:
I wish you joy, tho', of your strength!"
"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies;
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms must make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."
  "This is a shocking story, faith:
But there's some comfort still," says Death.
"Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cried he: "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."
"Nay, then;" the spectre stern rejoin'd,
"Cease, prythee, cease these foolish yearnings;
If you are deaf, and lame, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings;
So come along! no more we'll part:"
He said, and touch'd him with his dart:
And now old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate. So ends my tale.

MRS. THRALE.

FAREWELL TO A MISSIONARY.

HOME, kindred, friends, and country, — these
Are things with which we never part;
From clime to clime, o'er land and seas,
We bear them with us in our heart;
And yet 'tis hard to feel resign'd,
When they must all be left behind.

But when the pilgrim's staff we take,
And follow Christ from shore to shore,
Gladly for Him we all forsake,
Press on, and only look before;
Though humbled nature mourns her loss,
The spirit glories in the cross.

It is no sin, like man, to weep,
Ev'n Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead;
Or yearn for home beyond the deep, —
He had not where to lay his head;
The patriot's tears will he condemn,
Who griev'd o'er lost Jerusalem!

Take up your cross, and say — "Farewell:"
  Go forth without the camp to Him,
Who left heaven's throne with men to dwell,
  Who died his murderers to redeem:
Oh! tell his name in every ear,
Doubt not, — the dead themselves will hear, —

Hear, and come forth to life anew;
  Then, while the Gentile courts they fill,
Shall not your Saviour's words stand true?
  Home, kindred, friends, and country still,
In earth's last desert you shall find,
Yet lose not those you left behind.

J. MONTGOMERY.

CRESCENTIUS. [1]

I LOOK'D upon his brow, — no sign
    Of guilt or fear was there;
He stood as proud by that death-shrine
    As even o'er despair
He had a power; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
    A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

[1] In the minority of Otho III. the Romans made a bold attempt to shake off the yoke of the German emperors, and to recover their ancient form of government. Crescentius, a noble Roman, was their leader. He twice rose to the command of the city, under the title of consul, and, during the sixteen years that he administered affairs, Rome enjoyed comparative peace and security. Crescentius refused to acknowledge the authority of the emperor to interpose in the election of the popes; expelled John XV. until he had acknowledged the sovereignty of the people, and when, on his

He stood, the fetters on his hand, —
He rais'd them haughtily;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it wav'd now.
Around he look'd with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh;
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before; he rode
Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands throng'd the road,
And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breast-plate, were of gold,
And grav'd with many a dent, that told
Of many a soldier's deed;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danc'd his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chain'd and alone,
The headsman by his side,
The plume, the helm, the charger gone;
The sword which had defied
The mightiest lay broken near;
And yet no sign or sound of fear
Came from that lip of pride;
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than did his now.

death, Otho sent Gregory V. to succeed him, Crescentius chose one himself. In 998 Otho marched against Rome, besieged and took the city, and crushed all further resistance by the execution of Crescentius, who had shut himself in the castle of St. Angelo, and had surrendered himself only on the promise of safety. Such is the patriot hero Sismondi makes of Crescentius, but the annals of the tenth century are involved in obscurity, and the German historians represent him in different characters.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
With an uncover'd eye;
A wild shout from the numbers broke
Who throng'd to see him die.
It was a people's loud acclaim,
The voice of anger and of shame,
A nation's funeral cry,
Rome's wail above her only son,
Her patriot and her latest one.

MISS LANDON.

WRITTEN IN A SICK CHAMBER.

THERE, in that bed so closely curtain'd round,
Worn to a shade, and wan with slow decay,
A father sleeps! Oh, hush'd be every sound!
Soft may we breathe the midnight hours away!

He stirs — yet still he sleeps. May heavenly dreams
Long o'er his smooth and settled pillow rise;
Nor fly, till morning thro' the shutter streams,
And on the hearth the glimmering rushlight dies.

* * * * * *

ROGERS.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

THE closing year — a startling sound,
E'en when on youthful ear 'tis pealing,
For, oh! as time completes his round,
This thought must o'er the breast be stealing —
That from sweet Hebe's chaplet gay
Another rose has pass'd away.

The closing year — a louder note,
For manhood's stormier hour 'tis sounding;
Athwart the thousand schemes which float,
The hopes which in his heart are bounding,
The cares which vex him and enthrall,
It throws a dark funereal pall.

The closing year — to age, dim age,
A low and solemn dirge 'tis singing;
It sternly bids him disengage
Each hope, each thought, to earth that's clinging,
And opens to his waning eye
The grave where he so soon must lie.

The closing year — would that it found
Youth, manhood, age but meet for glory!
Then little recks it whether crown'd
With budding rose, or tresses hoary,
We sink to rest — years then will be
Merg'd in a bright eternity!

MRS. W. HEY.

A THUNDER STORM.

A THUNDER-STORM! — the eloquence of heaven,
When ev'ry cloud is from its slumber riven;
Who hath not paus'd beneath its hollow groan,
And felt Omnipotence around him thrown?
With what a gloom the ush'ring scene appears!
The leaves all flutt'ring with instinctive fears,
The waters curling with a fellow dread,
A breezeless fervour round creation spread,
And, last, the heavy rain's reluctant shower,
With big drops patt'ring on the tree and bower,
While wizard shapes the low'ring sky deform, —
All meet the coming of the thunder-storm!

Oh! now to be alone, on some still height,
When heaven's black curtains shadow all the sight,
And watch the swollen clouds their bosom clash,
While fleet and far the living lightnings flash,—
To make the caverns of the sky disclose
The furnace flames that in their depths repose,
And see the fiery arrows fall and rise,
In dizzy chase along the rattling skies,—
How stirs the spirit while the echoes roll,
And God, in thunder, rocks from pole to pole.

R. MONTGOMERY.

THE LAURUSTINUS.

FAIR tree of winter! fresh and flowering.
When all around is dead and dry;
Whose ruby buds, tho' storms are lowering,
Spread their white blossoms to the sky:
Green are thy leaves, more purely green
Through every changing period seen;
And when the gaudy months are past,
Thy loveliest season is the last.

Be thou an emblem — thus unfolding
The history of that maiden's mind,
Whose eye, these humble lines beholding,
In them her future lot may find:
Through life's mutations may she be
A modest evergreen like thee:
Though bless'd in youth, in age more bless'd,
Still be her latest days the best.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD.

WHEN red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dark and dun;
When the tir'd ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail, and sleeting rain,
Against the casement's tinkling pane;
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox,
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine;
Whistling and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid:
His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs and mountain sides,
Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star;—
Loses its feeble gleam, — and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale;
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,

Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may see the stiffen'd swain:
His widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail;
And close behind him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek to break his rest.

SCOTT.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

SOLDIER, go — but not to claim
Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name,
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
Dream not that the way is smooth,
Hope not that the thorns are roses;
Turn no wishful eye of youth
Where the sunny beam reposes; —
Thou hast sterner work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through:
Close behind thee gulfs are burning —
Forward! there is no returning.

Soldier, rest — but not for thee
Spreads the world her downy pillow;
On the rock thy couch must be,
While around thee chafes the billow:
Thine must be a watchful sleep,
Wearier than another's waking;
Such a change as thou dost keep
Brooks no moment of forsaking.
Sleep, as on the battle field,
Girded — grasping sword and shield:
Those thou canst not name nor number,
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise — the war is done:
Lo! the hosts of hell are flying;
'Twas thy Lord the battle won;
Jesus vanquish'd them by dying.
Pass the stream — before thee lies
All the conquer'd land of glory;
Hark what songs of rapture rise,
These proclaim the victor's story.
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword, and take the crown;
Triumph! all thy foes are banish'd
Death is slain, and earth has vanish'd.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

THE SOLITARY FISHERMAN.

ALAS for Peter! not a helping hand,
So was he hated, could he now command;
Alone he row'd his boat, alone he cast
His nets beside, or made his anchor fast;

* * * * *

Thus by himself compell'd to live each day,
To wait for certain hours the tide's delay;
At the same times the same dull views to see,
The bounding marsh-bank and the blighted tree;
The water only, when the tides were high,—
When low, the mud half-cover'd and half dry;
The sun-burnt tar that blisters on the planks,
And bank-side stakes in their uneven ranks;
Heaps of entangled weeds that slowly float,
As the tide rolls by the impeded boat.
When tides were neap, and, in the sultry day,
Through the tall bounding mud-banks made their way,

Which on each side rose swelling, and below
The dark warm flood ran silently and slow;
There anchoring, Peter chose from man to hide,
There hang his head, and view the lazy tide
In its hot slimy channel slowly glide;
Where the small eels that left the deeper way
For the warm shore, within the shallows play;
Where gaping mussels, left upon the mud,
Shape their slow passage to the fallen flood;—
Here dull and hopeless he'd lie down and trace
How sidelong crabs had scrawl'd their crooked race;
Or sadly listen to the tuneless cry
Of fishing gull or clanging golden-eye;
What time the sea-birds to the marsh would come,
And the loud bittern, from the bulrush home,
Gave from the salt-ditch side the bellowing boom:
He nurs'd the feelings these dull scenes produce,
And lov'd to stop beside the opening sluice;
Where the small stream, confin'd in narrow bound,
Ran with a dull, unvaried, sadd'ning sound;
Where all, presented to the eye or ear,
Oppress'd the soul with misery, grief, and fear. [1]

CRABBE.

IMITATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

LORD! who art merciful as well as just
Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust!
Not what I would, O Lord! I offer thee,
Alas! but what I can.
Father Almighty, who hast made me man,

[1] This description is a good specimen of what Mr. Jeffrey calls the "Chinese accuracy" of our author.

And bade me look to Heaven, for thou art there,
Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer
Four things which are not in thy treasury,
I say before thee, Lord, with this petition —
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.

SOUTHEY.

MOONLIGHT.

'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown
The cold, round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;
Who ever gaz'd upon them shining,
And turn'd to earth without repining,
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?
The waves on either shore lay there
Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
But murmur'd meekly as the brook.
The winds were pillow'd on the waves;
The banners droop'd along their staves,
And, as they fell around them furling,
Above them shone the crescent curling;
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke,
Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,
And echo answer'd from the hill,
And the wide hum of that wild host
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,

As rose the Muezzin's [1] voice in air
In midnight call to wonted prayer:
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
And take a long unmeasur'd tone,
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.

BYRON.

DIRGE OF RACHEL.

GENESIS, XXXV. 19.

AND Rachel lies in Ephrath's land,
Beneath her lonely oak of weeping;
With mouldering heart, and withering hand,
The sleep of death for ever sleeping.

The Spring comes smiling down the vale,
The lilies and the roses bringing;
But Rachel never more shall hail
The flowers that in the world are springing.

The Summer gives his radiant day,
And Jewish dames the dance are treading;
But Rachel in her couch of clay,
Sleeps all unheeded and unheeding.

The Autumn's ripening sunbeam shines,
And reapers to the field is calling;
But Rachel's voice no longer joins
The choral song at twilight's falling.

[1] The officer of the mosque whose duty it is to cry from the minaret balcony, five times a day, the invitation to prayer, as the Turks have no bells. On hearing the Muezzin's call, the Mussulmen turn their faces towards Mecca and recite their prayers.

The Winter sends his drenching shower,
And sweeps his howling blast around her;
But earthly storms possess no power
To break the slumber that hath bound her.

Thus round and round the seasons go,
But joy or grief no more betide her;
For Rachel's bosom could not know
Though friends were housed in death beside her.

Yet time shall come, as prophets say,
Whose dreams with glorious things are blended,
When seasons on their changeful way
Shall wend not as they long have wended.

Yes, time shall come, when flowers that bloom
Shall meet no storm their bloom to wither —
When friends, rejoicing from the tomb,
Have gone to heavenly climes together.

KNOX.

THE ROBIN IN WINTER.

BUT most of all subdued, or fearful least
Of man's society, with ruddy breast
Against the window beats, sagacious bird,
The robin! at the door, half open left,
Or by the gale unlatch'd, or narrow pass
Of air-admitting casement, or (to him
Sufficient port) the splinter'd aperture
Of attic pane demolish'd, with a flirt
Enters the fledg'd intruder. He has left
His haunt divine, the wood-house and the barn,
A feathery mendicant made bold by want;
And every little action asks aloud

Alms the most indigent might well afford —
A drop of water and a crumb of bread.
Timid and sleek upon the floor he hops,
His ev'ry feather clutch'd, all ear, all eye,
And springing swift at the first sound he hears,
Thumps for dismission on the healthy [1] pane.
Sweet beggar, no. Impenetrable glass
Has clos'd around thee its transparent cage,
Escape denying. Satisfy thy need,
And, having fed, be free! Beneath my chair
Sit budge [2], a feathery bunch; upon its staves
Polish thy clatt'ring beak; with head revers'd
Dress ev'ry plume that decks thy plain surtout,
And either pinion of thy slender wing;
With bridled bill thy ruddy bosom smooth;
And, all perform'd, delight me, if thou wilt,
With a faint sample of contented song,
Concise and sweet! then flit around the room
Cheerful though silent, seizing with an air
Each crumb diminutive, which the last meal
Dropt unperceiv'd, and the religious [3] broom
Unconscious left upon the woven floor,
Or which the hand of charity lets fall,
Not grudging. Banquet here, and sleep to-night,
And when thy morning meal is finish'd, fly;
Nothing unwelcome, if thou dare return,
And daily seek the hospitable feast,
Strew'd to invite thee on the casement ledge.

HURDIS.

[1] Sound, *i. e.* uncracked.
[2] Exact, strict. — (*Johnson.*)
[3] Stiff formal.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam;
And thou must go; but never, when there,
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright
It dazzles to lead astray:
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire:
'Twill burn, 'twill burn, for ever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
But when sails are shiver'd, and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home; —

And then, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright!
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quench'd its holy light.

The sun of fame, 'twill gild the name;
But the heart ne'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wint'ry day.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come!
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

MRS. HALE.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.[1]

CHAIN'D in the market-place he stood
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gath'ring multitude
That shrunk to hear his name—
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground:—
And silently they gaz'd on him,
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,
He was a captive now,
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow.
The scars his dark broad bosom wore,
Show'd warrior true and brave;
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake —
"My brother is a king;
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring,

[1] The story of the African Chief, related in this ballad, may be found in the African Repository for April, 1825. The subject of it was a warrior, the brother of Yarradee, king of the Solima nation, a people who inhabit a country adjoining those rivers of Western Africa which enter the sea at or to the north of Sierra Leone. He had been taken in battle, and was brought in chains for sale to the Rio Pongas, where he was exhibited in the market-place, his ankles still adorned with the massy rings of gold which he wore when captured. The refusal of his captor to listen to his offers of ransom drove him mad, and he died a maniac.

And send me where my brother reigns,
  And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
  And gold-dust from the sands."

" Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
  Will I unbind thy chain;
That bloody hand shall never hold
  The battle-spear again.
A price thy nation never gave,
  Shall yet be paid for thee;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
  In lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
  To shred his locks away;
And, one by one, each heavy braid
  Before the victor lay.
Thick were the plaited locks, and long,
  And deftly hidden there
Shone many a wedge of gold among
  The dark and crisped hair.

" Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold
  Long kept for sorest need;
Take it — thou askest sums untold,
  And say that I am freed.
Take it — my wife the long, long day
  Weeps by the cocoa-tree,
And my young children leave their play
  And ask in vain for me."

" I take thy gold — but I have made
  Thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween that by the cocoa-shade
  Thy wife will wait thee long."

Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look
Was chang'd to mortal fear.

His heart was broken — craz'd his brain:
At once his eye grew wild;
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whisper'd, and wept, and smil'd;
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
And once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands,
The foul hyena's prey.

BRYANT.

TIME.

"WHY sitt'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and grey?
Dost thou its former pride recal,
Or ponder how it pass'd away?"

"Know'st thou not me?" the deep voice cried,
"So long enjoy'd, so oft misus'd:
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desir'd, neglected, and accus'd?

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

"Redeem mine hours — the space is brief —
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver;
And measureless thy joy or grief
When Time and thou shall part for ever!"

SCOTT.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.[1]

The breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear.
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the surrounding aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd
This was their welcome home!

[1] New England was colonised by a body of Puritans, who left England, 1620, that they might enjoy the full exercise of their religion.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left undimm'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE BLIND CHILD.

WHERE'S the Blind Child, so admirably fair,
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair,
That waves in ev'ry breeze? he's often seen
Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,
With others match'd in spirit and in size,
Health on their cheeks and rapture in their eyes;
That full expanse of voice, to childhood dear,
Soul of their sports, is duly cherish'd here;
And, hark! that laugh is his, that jovial cry;
He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,
And runs the giddy course with all his might,
A very child in every thing but sight;

With circumscrib'd but not abated pow'rs; —
Play! the great object of his infant hours; —
In many a game he takes a noisy part,
And shows the native gladness of his heart;
But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
The new suggestion and the quick assent;
The grove invites, delight thrills every breast —
To leap the ditch and seek the downy nest
Away they start, leave balls and hoops behind,
And one companion leave — the boy is blind!
His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,
That childish fortitude awhile gives way;
He feels his dreadful loss — yet short the pain,
Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again;
Pond'ring how best his moments to employ,
He sings his little songs of nameless joy,
Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,
And plucks by chance the white and yellow flow'r;
Smoothing their stems, while resting on his knees,
He binds a nosegay which he never sees;
Alone the homeward path then feels his way,
Lifting his brow against the shining day,
And, with a playful rapture round his eyes,
Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

BLOOMFIELD.

MORNING.

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook bubbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheep-fold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide,
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
  Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and hark!
  Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
  Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
  The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tower

BEATTIE.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
  Was nurs'd in whirling storms,
  And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first question'd Winter's sway,
And dar'd the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
  Thee on this bank he threw
  To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
  Unnotic'd and alone,
  Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms; brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity, in some lone walk
  Of life she rears her head,
  Obscure and unobserv'd;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

KIRKE WHITE.

THE MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

THEN died, lamented, in the strength of life,
A valued mother, and a faithful wife:
Call'd not away, when time had loos'd each hold
On the fond heart, and each desire grew cold;
But when, to all that knit us to our kind,
She felt fast bound, as charity can bind; —
Not when the ills of age, its pain, its care,
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare;
And, each affection failing, leaves the heart
Loos'd from life's charm, and willing to depart: —
But all her ties the strong invader broke,
In all their strength, by one tremendous stroke!
Sudden and swift the eager pest came on,
And terror grew, till every hope was gone;
Still those around appear'd for hope to seek!
But view'd the sick, and were afraid to speak. —
Slowly they bore, with solemn step, the dead;
When grief grew loud, and bitter tears were shed,
My part began: a crowd drew near the place,
Awe in each eye, alarm in every face;
So swift the ill, and of so fierce a kind,
That fear with pity mingled in each mind;
Friends with the husband came, their griefs to blend;
For good-man Frankford was to all a friend.
The last-born boy they held above the bier;
He knew not grief, but cries express'd his fear;
Each different age and sex reveal'd its pain,
In now a louder, now a lower strain:

While the meek father, listening to their tones,
Swell'd the full cadence of the grief by groans.
The elder sister strove her pangs to hide,
And soothing words to younger minds applied:
"Be still, be patient;" oft she strove to stay;
But fail'd as oft, and weeping turn'd away.
Curious and sad, upon the fresh-dug hill,
The village lads stood melancholy still;
And idle children, wandering to and fro,
As nature guided, took the tone of woe.
Arriv'd at home, how then they gaz'd around,
In every place—where she—no more, was found:—
The seat at table she was wont to fill;
The fire-side chair, still set, but vacant still;
The garden-walks, a labour all her own;
The lattic'd bower, with trailing shrubs o'ergrown;
The Sunday pew she fill'd with all her race,—
Each place of her's, was now a sacred place,
That, while it call'd up sorrows in the eyes,
Pierc'd the full heart, and forc'd them still to rise.

CRABBE.

A STORM.

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And, with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us. . . . But to hear
The roaring of the raging elements. . . .
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not; . . . to look round, and only see
The mountain wave, incumbent with its weight
Of bursting waters, o'er the reeling bark, . . .

This is, indeed, a dread *and awful* thing!
And he who hath endur'd the horror once
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suff'ring mariner!

SOUTHEY

TO THE GNAT.

WHEN by the greenwood side, at summer eve,
Poetic visions charm my closing eye;
And fairy-scenes, that fancy loves to weave,
Shift to wild notes of sweetest minstrelsy;
'Tis thine to range in busy quest of prey,
Thy feathery antlers quivering with delight,
Brush from my lids the hues of heaven away,
And all is solitude, and all is night!

—Ah! now thy barbed shaft, relentless fly,
Unsheaths its terrors in the sultry air!
No guardian sylph, in golden panoply[1],
Lifts the broad shield, and points the glitt'ring spear.
Now near and nearer rush thy whirring wings,
Thy dragon-scales still wet with human gore.
Hark, thy shrill horn its fearful larum flings!
—I wake in horror, and dare sleep no more!

ROGERS.

[1] Complete armour.

POWER AND GENTLENESS;

OR,

THE CATARACT AND THE STREAMLET.

Noble the mountain stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage ground;
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness—thunder in its deafening sound!

Mark how its foamy spray,
Ting'd by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day,
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies.

Thence in summer-shower,
Steeping the rocks around. O tell me where
Could majesty and power
Be cloth'd in forms more beautifully fair?

Yet lovelier in my view
The streamlet, flowing silently serene;
Trac'd by the brighter hue
And livelier growth it gives—itself unseen!

It flows through flow'ry meads,
Gladd'ning the herds which on its margin browse;
Its quiet beauty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
The village churchyard—its low plaintive tone,
A dirge-like melody,
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small school-house, in the sunshine bright,
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
In characters which "they who run may read,"
The charms of gentleness,
Were but its still, small voice allow'd to plead?

What are the trophies gain'd
By power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
To that meek wreath unstain'd,
Won by the charities that gladden life?

Niagara's streams might fail,
And human happiness be undisturb'd;
But Egypt would turn pale
Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curb'd!

BARTON.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

ALAS! while health and hope were high,
And youth shone sparkling in his eye,
And scarce was manhood's spring begun —
Pass'd the destroying angel by,
And smote the widow's son!
She saw him — death's untimely prey,
Struck with the blight of slow decline;
She watch'd his vigour waste away,
His ardent spirit droop and pine.

The rose upon his cheek, she knew,
Bloom'd not with health's transparent hue;
It was a softer, fainter glow —
  A tint of fading loveliness,
Which told a canker lurk'd below: —
So gleams, o'er fields of wintry snow,
  The pale moon, cold and comfortless.
And oft she mark'd within his eye
A wild unwonted brilliancy —
The lovely but delusive ray
Of nature sinking to decay;
And oft she caught the stifled moan —
It breath'd a deep and hollow tone,
Which told of death ere life was gone.
At times, when fever's burning flush
Heighten'd consumption's hectic blush,
Fond hope — the latest still to leave,
The first to flatter and deceive —
Once more would brighten — but to fly
  When that false flush forsook his cheek,
  And spoke the pang he would not speak,
And froze her fears to certainty.
Nor deem it strange that hope had power
To soothe her soul in such an hour.

Where time has rent the lordly tower
  And moss entwines the arches grey,
Springs many a light and lovely flower
  That lends a lustre to decay.
Thus, while existence wanes away,
  Consumption's fever'd cheek will bloom,
And beauty's brightest beams will play,
  In mournful glory, o'er the tomb.

The spirit of her son to cheer
  With hopes she now had ceas'd to feel,
From that dread stroke which menac'd near
  A few short bitter days to steal;

To soothe the languor of decay
She strove — all other cares were fled;
And midnight's gloom, and morning's ray,
  Still found her watching by his bed,
To render, with unwearied hand,
All love could do, or pain demand.
The very firmness of despair
Had nerv'd her weaker heart to bear;
Or never had that mother borne
  To see him die — and thus to die —
Untimely wasting, ere the morn
  Of youth had pass'd unclouded by —
While art essay'd in vain to save,
Or smooth his passage to the grave.
Whate'er his inward pangs might be,
  He told not — mute, and meekly still,
  He bow'd him to Jehovah's will,
Nor murmur'd at the stern decree;
For gently falls the chastening rod
On him whose hope is in his God.
For her, too, who beside his bed
  Still watch'd with fond maternal care,
  For her he breath'd the pious prayer —
The tear of love and pity shed.
Oft would he bid her try to rest,
  And turn his pallid face away,
  Lest some unguarded look betray
The pangs, nor sigh nor sound express'd:
When torture rack'd his breast, 'twas known
By sudden shiv'ring starts alone;
Yet would her searching glance espy
The look of stifled agony —
For what can 'scape a mother's eye? —
She deem'd in health she lov'd him more
Than ever mother lov'd before;
But oh! when thus in cold decay,
So placid, so resign'd he lay,
And she beheld him waste away,

And mark'd that gentle tenderness
Which watch'd and wept for her distress; —
Then did her transient firmness melt
To tears of love, more deeply felt;
And dearer still he grew — and dearer —
E'en as the day of death drew nearer. —

DALE.

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

STRONG climber of the mountain's side,
Though thou the vale disdain,
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane.
High o'er the rusty springs of Don
The stormy gloom is roll'd;
The moorland hath not yet put on
His purple, green, and gold.
But here the titling [1] spreads his wing,
Where dewy daisies gleam;
And here the sunflower [2] of the spring
Burns bright in morning's beam.
To mountain winds the famish'd fox
Complains that Sol is slow,
O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
His royal robe to throw.
But here the lizard [3] seeks the sun,
Here coils, in light, the snake;
And here the fire-tuft [4] hath begun
Its beauteous nest to make.

[1] The hedge-sparrow.
[2] Dandelion.
[3] The land-newt.
[4] Golden-crested wren.

Oh! then, while hums the earliest bee
  Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
  The glories of the lane!
For, oh! I love these banks of rock,
  This roof of sky and tree,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock[1],
  And wakes the earliest bee!
As spirits from eternal day
  Look down on earth, secure,
Look here, and wonder, and survey
  A world in miniature;
A world not scorn'd by Him who made
  E'en weakness by His might;
And solemn in its depth of shade
  And splendid in His sight.

ELLIOTT.

HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Belov'd by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,

[1] Beetle.

There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow path of life;
In the clear heav'n of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamschatka's plains,
In pale Siberia's desolate domains;
Where the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,
The reindeer's spoil, the ermine's treasures shares,
And feasts his famine on the fat of bears:
Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,
Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
Plunging down headlong through the whirling main;
—His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye
Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky;
And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
His cavern shelter, and his cottage-home.
O'er China's garden-fields, and peopled floods;
In California's pathless world of woods;
Round Andes' heights, where winter, from his throne,
Looks down in scorn upon the summer gone;

By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles [1],
Where spring with everlasting verdure smiles;
On pure Madeira's vine-rob'd hills of health;
In Java's swamp of pestilence and wealth;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink;
'Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink;
On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's reverend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanish'd like a dream;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains, and dishonour'd vales;
Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
Around the beauteous isle of liberty;
— Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Belov'd by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

J. MONTGOMERY.

MAY.

COME hither, come hither, and view the face
Of nature, enrob'd in her vernal grace.
By the hedgerow wayside flowers are springing;
On the budding elms the birds are singing;
And up — up — up to the gates of heaven
Mounts the lark, on the wings of her rapture driven:

[1] The climate of the Bermudas is a perpetual spring; snow seldom falls, and the fields and trees are always green.

The voice of the streamlet is fresh and loud;
On the sky there is not a speck of cloud:
Come hither, come hither, and join with me,
In the season's delightful jubilee:
Why tarry at home? the swarms of air
Are about — and o'erhead — and every where —
The little moth opens its silken wings,
And from right to left like a blossom flings,
And from side to side, like a thistle seed,
Uplifted by winds from September meed:
The midge and the fly from their long dull sleep
Venture again in the light to peep,
Over lake and land abroad they flee,
Filling air with their murmuring ecstacy:
The hare leaps up from his brushwood bed,
And limps, and turns its timid head;
The partridge whirrs from the glade; the mole
Pops out from the earth of its wint'ry hole;
And the perking squirrel's small nose you see
From the fungous nook of its own beech tree.
Come, hasten ye hither — our garden bowers
Are green with the promise of budding flowers —
The crocus, and, Spring's first messenger,
The fairy snowdrop, are blooming here;
The taper-leav'd tulip is sprouting up;
The hyacinth speaks of its purple cup;
The jonquil boasteth, "Ere few weeks run,
My golden sunlet I'll show the sun;"
The gillyflower shoots its stem on high,
And peeps on heaven with its pinky eye;
Primroses, an Iris-hued multitude,
By the hissing winds are wooing and woo'd;
While the wallflower threatens, with bursting bud,
To darken its blossoms with winter's blood.
Come hither, come hither, and mark how swell
The fruit buds of the jargonelle;

O'er its yet but leaflet greening boughs,
The apricot open its blossom throws;
The delicate peach-tree's branches run
O'er the warm wall, glad to feel the sun;
And the cherry proclaims of cloudless weather,
When its fruit and the blackbirds will toy together.
See, the gooseberry bushes their riches show,
And the currant bush hangs its leaves below,
And the damp-loving rasp saith, "I'll win your praise,
With my grateful coolness on harvest days."
Come hither, come hither, and guess with me,
How fair and how fruitful the year will be!
Look into the pasture-grounds o'er the pale,
And behold the foal with its switching tail;
About and abroad, in its mirth it flies,
With its long black forelocks about its eyes;
Or bends its neck down with a stretch,
The daisy's earliest flowers to reach.
See, as on by the hawthorn's fence we pass,
How the sheep are nibbling the tender grass,
Or holding their heads to the sunny ray,
As if their hearts, like its smile, were gay;
While the chattering sparrows, in and out,
Fly the shrubs, and the trees, and the roofs about;
And sooty rooks, loudly cawing, roam,
With sticks and straws, to their woodland home.
Out upon in-door cares — rejoice
In the thrill of Nature's bewitching voice!
The finger of God hath touched the sky,
And the clouds, like a vanquish'd army, fly,
Leaving a rich, wide, azure bow,
O'erspanning the works of His hand below:—
The finger of God hath touch'd the earth,
And it starts from slumber in smiling mirth;
Behold it awake in the bird and the bee,
In the springing flower, and the sprouting tree,

And the leaping trout, and the lisping stream,
And the south wind soft, and the warm sunbeam:—
From the sward beneath, and the boughs above,
Come the scent of flowers, and the sound of love;
Then haste thee hither, and join thy voice,
With a world's, which shouts, "Rejoice! rejoice!"

MOIR.

DIRGE ON LORD NELSON.

WITH seemliest dirge to soothe thine ear,
If yet thy spirit hover near,
No melancholy verse,
O Nelson, shall the generous muse,
No trophies of sad import choose,
To hang thy laureate hearse!

I mourn thee not: tho' short the day,
Circled by glory's brightest ray,
Thy giant course was run;
And Victory her sweetest smile
Reserv'd, to bless thy evening toil,
And gild thy setting sun.

If mighty nations' hosts subdued;
If, 'mid the wasteful scene of blood,
Fair deeds of mercy wrought;
If thy fond country's joint acclaim;
If Europe's blessing on thy name
Be bliss, I mourn thee not.

That name from Indian Cuba sounds
To grateful Naples' oliv'd mounds,
And Ten'riffe's mountain isle;
That name the thund'ring Baltic roars,
And Freedom hails on Egypt's shores
The Hero of the Nile.

Oft as Britannia's navies ride,
Where from old Ocean's straiten'd tide
Thy cliffs, Gibraltar, swell;
That name shall fill th' impassion'd thought,
And fond remembrance point the spot,
Where Nelson, conq'ring, fell.

His deeds shall veteran valour speak,
And beardless youth with kindling cheek
Burn at the wond'rous tale;
The theme shall piety pursue,
And, as she bids the sea-worn crew
His nobler virtues hail,

Show how in conquest's dazzling hour
He bow'd before that unseen Pow'r,
By whom the fight is won;
Serenely how he smil'd in death,
And pray'd, with calm expiring breath,
"O God, thy will be done!"

MANT.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Order'd by an intelligence so wise,
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralise;
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserv'd and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away.
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

SOUTHEY.

MORNING.

It was an hour of universal joy.
The lark was up and at the gate of heaven,
Singing, as sure to enter when he came;
The butterfly was basking in my path,
His radiant wings unfolded. From below
The bell of prayer rose slowly, plaintively;
And odours, such as welcome in the day,
Such as salute the early traveller,
And come and go, each sweeter than the last,
Were rising. Hill and valley breath'd delight;
And not a living thing but bless'd the hour!
In every bush and brake there was a voice
Responsive!

ROGERS.

THE ENGLISH PEASANT.

A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died. —
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;

Yet while the serious thought his soul approv'd,
Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he lov'd:
To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,
And with the firmest had the fondest mind.
Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none:
Good he refus'd with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caus'd reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd:
(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind,
To miss one favour, which their neighbours find:)
Yet far was he from stoic pride remov'd;
He felt humanely, and he warmly lov'd;
I mark'd his action, when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried.
The still tears, trickling down that furrow'd cheek,
Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride:
Nor pride in learning — though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed; —
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few: —
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd;
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train'd;
Pride, in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride, in a life that slander's tongue defied;
In fact, a noble passion, misnam'd pride.

* * * * *

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there:
I see no more those white locks, thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honour'd head;

No more that awful glance on playful wight,
Compell'd to kneel and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,
Till mister Ashford soften'd to a smile;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force) are there:
But he is bless'd, and I lament no more
A wise good man, contented to be poor.

CRABBE.

CORONACH.[1]

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, re-appearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory;
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

[1] The Coronach of the Highlander, like the Ululoo of the Irish, was a wild expression of lamentation poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend.

Fleet foot on the correi [1],
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray [2],
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

SCOTT.

FAITH.

FAITH, like a simple, unsuspecting child,
Serenely resting on its mother's arm,
Reposing ev'ry care upon her God,
Sleeps in his bosom, and expects no harm:

Receives with joy the promises he makes,
Nor questions of his purpose or his pow'r:
She does not doubting ask, "Can this be so?"
The Lord has said it, and there needs no more.

However deep be the mysterious word,
However dark, she disbelieves it not;
Where reason would examine, Faith obeys,
And "It is written" answers ev'ry doubt.

In vain, with rude and overwhelming force,
Conscience repeats her tale of misery;
And pow'rs infernal, wakeful to destroy,
Urge the worn spirit to despair and die.

[1] The hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.
[2] A plundering expedition.

As evening's pale and solitary star
But brightens while the darkness gathers round,
So faith, unmov'd amidst surrounding storms,
Is fairest seen in darkness most profound.

MISS CAROLINE FRY.

THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.[1]

WHEN spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murder'd traveller's bones were found
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch above him hung
Her tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead,
And fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

[1] Some years since, the remains of a human body, partly devoured by wild animals, were found in a woody ravine, near Stockbridge, a village of Massachusets. It was supposed that the person came to his death by violence, but no traces could be discovered of his murderers. It was only recollected that in the course of the previous winter a traveller had stopped at an inn in the village; and that, in paying the innkeeper, it appeared that he had a considerable sum of money in his possession. Two ill-looking men were present, and went out about the same time that the traveller proceeded on his journey. Several years afterward, a criminal, about to be executed, confessed that he had been concerned in murdering a traveller in Stockbridge for the sake of his money. Nothing was ever discovered respecting the name or residence of the person murdered.

But there was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Were sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who lov'd him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarm'd, and hard beset;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole
To banquet on the dead;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dress'd the hasty bier,
And mark'd his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoisten'd by a tear.

But long they look'd, and fear'd, and wept,
Within his distant home;
And dream'd, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

So long they look'd — but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died
Far down that narrow glen.

BRYANT.

A BIRTHDAY THOUGHT

MY birthday of nature I've oftentimes kept,
And rejoic'd in the revels of youth;
Yet 'twas all but a dream, for I slumber'd and slept,
Quite a stranger to God and his truth.

But he pitied my soul — I awoke from my sleep,
And he sav'd me in infinite love:
A new birthday my Saviour then taught me to keep,
For again I was born from above.

And now I believe that the God of all peace
Will be mine till with age I am hoary;
But if angels rejoic'd at my birthday of grace,
How they'll sing on my birthday of glory!

LEGH RICHMOND.

THE SUNBEAM.

THOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall:
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea —
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles;
Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
And gladden'd the sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades;
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I look'd to the mountains — a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array:
Thou breakest forth — and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot —
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;
But a gleam of thee on its lattice fell,
And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st thro' the dim church-aisles thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day:
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bath'd in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave:
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! oh! what is like thee,
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea?
One thing is like thee to mortals given —
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven!

MRS. HEMANS.

BIRDS' NESTS.

THE cavern-loving wren sequester'd seeks
The verdant shelter of the hollow stump;
And with congenial moss, harmless deceit,
Constructs a safe abode. On topmost boughs
The glossy raven and the hoarse-voic'd crow,
Rock'd by the storm, erect their airy nests.
The ousel, lone frequenter of the grove,

Of fragrant pines in solemn depth of shade,
Finds rest. Or, 'mid the holly's shining leaves,
A simple bush the piping thrush contents,
Though in the woodland contest, he aloft,
Trills from his spotted throat a powerful strain,
And scorns the humbler quire. The lark, too, asks
A lowly dwelling hid beneath a turf,
Or hollow, trodden by the sinking hoof:
Songster of heaven! who to the sun such lays
Pours forth as earth ne'er rous'd. Within the hedge
The sparrow lays her sky-stain'd eggs. The barn,
With eaves o'er-pendant, holds the chattering tribe.
Secret the linnet seeks the tangled copse,
The white owl seeks some antique ruin'd wall,
Fearless of rapine; or in hollow trees,
Which age has cavern'd, safely courts repose.
The thievish pie, in twofold colours clad,
Roofs o'er her curious nest with firm-wreath'd twigs,
And sidelong forms her cautious door: she dreads
The talon'd kite or pouncing hawk; savage
Herself. With craft, suspicion ever dwells.

BIDLAKE.

MORAL OF FLOWERS.

FLOWERS of the field, how meet ye seem,
Man's frailty to pourtray,
Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
Passing at eve away;
Teach this, and oh! though brief your reign,
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

Go, form a monitory wreath
For youth's unthinking brow;
Go, and to busy manhood breathe
What most he fears to know [1];
Go, strew the path where age doth tread,
And tell him of the silent dead.

But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay
Ye breathe these truths severe,
To those who droop in pale decay,
Have ye no word of cheer?
Oh, yes, ye weave a double spell,
And death and life betoken well.

Go, then, where wrapt in fear and gloom —
Fond hearts and true are sighing,
And deck with emblematic bloom
The pillow of the dying;
And softly speak, nor speak in vain,
Of your long sleep and broken chain;

And say, that He, who from the dust
Recalls the slumb'ring flower,
Will surely visit those who trust
His mercy and His power,
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,
And roll, ere long, the stone away.

MRS. W. HEY.

[1] Death.

FORBEARANCE.

With mild complacency to hear,
Though somewhat long the tale appear;
The dull relation to attend,
Which mars the story you could mend:
'Tis more than wit, 'tis moral beauty,
'Tis pleasure rising out of duty;
Nor vainly think the time you waste,
When temper triumphs over taste.

MRS. H. MORE.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Amid the pompous crowd
Of rich adorers, came a humble form;
A widow, meek as poverty doth make
Her children! with a look of sad content
Her mite within the treasure-heap she cast:
Then, timidly as bashful twilight, stole
From out the Temple. But her lowly gift
Was witness'd by an eye, whose mercy views
In motive, all that consecrates a deed
To goodness: — so He bless'd the widow's mite
Beyond the gifts abounding wealth bestow'd.—
Thus is it, Lord! with Thee: the heart is Thine,
And all the world of hidden action there
Works in thy sight, likes waves beneath the sun
Conspicuous! and a thousand nameless acts
That lurk in lovely secrecy, and die
Unnotic'd, like the trodden flowers which fall
Beneath a proud man's foot— to thee are known,
And written with a sunbeam in the Book
Of Life, where mercy fills the brightest page!

R. MONTGOMERY.

LIFE.

Days of my youth! ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth! ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth! your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth! ye are furrow'd all o'er;
Strength of my youth! all your vigour is gone;
Thoughts of my youth! your gay visions are flown;
Days of my youth! I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth! I'm content you should fall;
Eyes of my youth! ye much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth! bath'd in tears have ye been;
Thoughts of my youth! ye have led me astray;
Strength of my youth! why lament your decay?
Days of my age! ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age! but a while can ye last;
Joys of my age! in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age! be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age! dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age! be you fix'd on your God!

St. George Tucker.

FLIGHT OF XERXES.

I saw him on the battle eve,
When like a king he bore him —
Proud hosts in glitt'ring helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs before him!
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds,
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds; —
No daunting thoughts came o'er him:
He look'd around him, and his eye
Defiance flash'd to earth and sky!

He look'd on ocean, — its broad breast
  Was cover'd with his fleet;
On earth,— and saw from east to west
  His banner'd millions meet;
While rock, and glen, and cave, and coast,
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
  The thunder of their feet!
He heard the imperial echoes ring —
He heard, and felt himself a king!

I saw him next alone: — nor camp
  Nor chief his steps attended;
Nor banner blaz'd, nor courser's tramp,
  With war-cries proudly blended.
He stood alone, whom fortune high
So lately seem'd to deify;
  He, who with Heaven contended,
Fled, like a fugitive and slave;
Behind, the foe! — before, the wave!

He stood; — fleet, army, treasure, gone,—
  Alone, and in despair!
While wave and wind swept ruthless on,
  For they were monarchs there;
And Xerxes in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
  Must all their fury dare!
What a revenge! — a trophy this,
For thee, immortal Salamis!

MISS M. A. JEWSBURY.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its woe;
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow;
To meet the meek uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
Yet can but tell of agony —
This is a Mother's grief.

Through dreary days and darker nights,
To trace the march of death;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shorten'd breath;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close —
This is a Mother's grief!

To see, in one short hour, decay'd
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears;
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasur'd joys of earth —
This is a Mother's grief!

Yet when the first wild throb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of Faith to heaven,
And think, "My child is there!"
This best can dry the gushing tears,
This yields the heart relief;
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a Mother's grief.

DALE.

TO THE SNOWDROP.

LIKE pendent flakes of vegetating snow,
The early herald of the infant year,
Ere yet the adventurous crocus dares to blow,
Beneath the orchard boughs thy buds appear.

While still the cold north-east ungenial lowers,
And scarce the hazle in the leafless copse,
Or sallows show their downy powder'd flowers,
The grass is spangled with thy silver drops.

Yet when those pallid blossoms shall give place
To countless tribes, of richer hue and scent,
Summer's gay blooms, and Autumn's yellow race,
I shall thy pale inodorous bells lament.

So journeying onward in life's varying track,
Ev'n while warm youth its bright illusion lends,
Fond memory often with regret looks back
To childhood's pleasures, and to infant friends.

MRS. C. SMITH.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH

IT matters little at what hour o' the day
The righteous falls asleep; death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die;
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven,
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

MILMAN.

A THOUGHT.

" Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing."
COWPER.

THE stillest streams lend life and light
To fairest meads of spring;
The bird that flutters least in sight
Is longest on the wing.

The sweetest flowers their odours shed
In silence, and alone;
And wisdom's hidden fount is fed
By minds to fame unknown.

But soon or late the time will come,
Though long it seem deferr'd,
When loudest talkers shall be dumb,
And silent doers heard.

Then shall a meed surpassing fame
To lowly worth be given,
Whose toil hath sought, with humble aim,
To guide the soul to Heaven!

BARTON.

LOCH KATRINE.

THE western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bath'd in floods of living fire.

But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravine below,
Where twin'd the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret [1],
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair;
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drops sheen,
The briar-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Wav'd in the west-wind's summer sighs.
Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.

[1] From the Arabic *menarah*, a lantern. In Eastern architecture the slender and lofty turrets with projecting balconies, used by the Mahomedans for the purpose of calling the people to prayers.

With boughs that quak'd at every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanc'd,
Where glist'ning streamers wav'd and danc'd,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

SCOTT.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.[1]

"SERVANT of God! well done;
Rest from thy lov'd employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
— The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierc'd his frame:
He fell — but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield;

[1] Occasioned by the sudden death of a clergyman, after having declared in his last sermon, on a preceding evening, that he hoped to die as an old soldier of Jesus Christ, with his sword in his hand.

His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight;
Ready that moment at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edg'd blade,
Of heavenly temper keen;
And double were the wounds it made
Where'er it smote between:
'Twas death to sin; — 'twas life
To all that mourn'd for sin,
It kindled and it silenc'd strife,
Made war and peace within.

Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quell'd the foe,
And laid, resistless, in his course,
The alien-armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke, — and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer
His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its encumbering clay!
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are pass'd,
Labour and sorrow cease,
And, life's long warfare clos'd at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE WATER PARTY.

SOMETIMES a party, row'd from town, will land
On a small islet form'd of shelly sand,
Left by the water when the tides are low,
But which the floods, in their return, o'erflow:
There will they anchor, pleas'd awhile to view
The watery waste, a prospect wild and new;
The now receding billows give them space
On either side the growing shores to pace;
And then returning, they contract the scene,
Till small and smaller grows the walk between;
As sea to sea approaches, shore to shores,
Till the next ebb the sandy isle restores.
  Then what alarm! what danger and dismay,
If all their trust, their boat should drift away;
And once it happen'd — Gay the friends advanc'd,
They walk'd, they ran, they play'd, they sang, they danc'd;
The urns were boiling, and the cups went round,
And not a grave or thoughtful face was found;
On the bright sand they trod with nimble feet,
Dry shelly sand, that made the summer-seat;
The wondering mews flew fluttering o'er the head,
And waves ran softly up their shining bed.
  Some form'd a party from the rest to stray,
Pleas'd to collect the trifles in their way;
These to behold they call their friends around;
No friends can hear, or hear another sound:
Alarm'd, they hasten, yet perceive not why,
But catch the fear that quickens as they fly.

For lo! a lady sage, who pac'd the sand
With her fair children, one in either hand,
Intent on home, had turn'd, and saw the boat
Slipp'd from her moorings, and now far afloat;
She gaz'd, she trembled, and though faint her call,
It seem'd, like thunder, to confound them all.
Their sailor guides, the boatman and his mate,
Had drunk, and slept regardless of their state.
"Awake!" they cried aloud! "Alarm the shore!
Shout all, or never shall we reach it more!"
Alas! no shout the distant land can reach,
Nor eye behold them from the foggy beach:
Again they join in one loud powerful cry,—
Then cease, and eager listen for reply;
None came — the rising wind blew sadly by:
They shout once more, and then they turn aside,
To see how quickly flow'd the coming tide;
Between each cry they find the waters steal
On their strange prison, and new horrors feel;
Foot after foot on the contracted ground
The billows fall, and dreadful is the sound;
Less and yet less the sinking isle became,
And there was wailing, weeping, wrath, and blame.

Had one been there, with spirit strong and high,
Who could observe, as he prepar'd to die,
He might have seen of hearts the varying kind,
And trac'd the movement of each different mind:
He might have seen, that not the gentle maid
Was more than stern and haughty man afraid;
Such, calmly grieving, will their fears suppress,
And silent prayers to Mercy's throne address;
While fiercer minds, impatient, angry, loud,
Force their vain grief on the reluctant crowd.
The party's patron, sorely sighing, cried,
"Why would you urge me? I at first denied."
Fiercely they answer'd:—"Why will you complain,
Who saw no danger, or were warn'd in vain?"

A few essay'd the troubled soul to calm,
But dread prevail'd, and anguish, and alarm.
Now rose the water through the lessening sand,
And they seem'd sinking, while they yet could stand;
The sun went down, they look'd from side to side,
Nor aught except the gathering sea descried;
Dark and more dark, more wet, more cold it grew,
And the most lively bade to hope adieu;
Children, by love then lifted from the seas,
Felt not the waters at the parents' knees,
But wept aloud; the wind increas'd the sound,
And the cold billows, as they broke around.
"Once more, yet once again, with all our strength
Cry to the land — we may be heard at length!"
Vain hope, if yet unseen! — but hark! — an oar —
That sound of bliss! comes dashing to their shore;
Still, still the water rises; "Haste!" they cry,
"Oh, hurry, seamen; in delay we die!"
(Seamen were these, who in their ship perceiv'd
The drifted boat, and thus her crew reliev'd.)
And now the keel just cuts the cover'd sand,
Now to the gunwale stretches every hand:
With trembling pleasure all confus'd embark,
And kiss the tackling of their welcome ark:
While the most giddy, as they reach the shore,
Think of their danger, and their God adore.

CRABBE.

A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

How meekly pil'd, how venerably grac'd,
This hamlet fane! by mellowing age imbrown'd,
And freckled like a rock of sea-worn hue.
No marble tombs of agonising pomp
Are here; but turf-graves of unfading green,
Where lov'd, yet lowly generations sleep:

And o'er them many a sabbath sigh is heav'd
From hearts that live on sadness from the tomb. —
And such is thine, lone muser! by yon grave
Now ling'ring with a soul-expressive eye
Of sorrow. Corn-fields glowing brown, and bright
With promise, sumptuous in the noon-glare seen;
The meadows, speckled with a homeward tribe
Of village matrons, sons, and holy sires, —
The hymning birds, all music as they soar;
And those twin brooks, so beautifully glad,
That whisper happy secrets to the wind,
Such life and beauty by the landscape breath'd,
And yet, — a tomb-shade overclouds it all,
A churchyard! 'tis a homely word, yet full
Of feeling; and a sound that o'er the heart
Might shed religion. In the gloom of graves
I read the curse primeval, and the Voice
That wreak'd it, seems to whisper by these tombs
Of village quiet, that around me lie
In green humility: can life, the dead
Among, be musing, nor to me advance
The spirit of her thought? True, Nature wears
No rustic mourning here: in golden play
Her sprightly grass-flowers wave; the random breeze
Hums in the noon, or with yon froward boughs
A murm'ring quarrel wakes: and yet how oft
In such a haunt, the insuppressive sigh
Is heard, while feelings that may pilot years
To glory, spring from out a minute's gloom!

R. MONTGOMERY.

MOONLIGHT.

How calmly gliding through the dark-blue sky
The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams,
Through thinly scatter'd leaves, and boughs grotesque,

Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
Here, o'er the chestnut's fretted foliage, gray
And massy, motionless they spread; here shine
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills, and oh! how awfully
Into that deep and tranquil firmament
The summits of Ausiva rise serene!
The watchman on the battlement partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the earth; the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,
Which, in that brightest moon-light well-nigh quench'd,
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence
Toward eternity the attemper'd mind.

SOUTHEY.

FLODDEN FIELD.

'Twas on a sultry summer noon,
The sky was blue, the breeze was still,
And nature with the robes of June
Had cloth'd the slopes of Flodden hill;
As rode we slowly o'er the plain,
'Mid wayside flowers and sprouting grain;
The leaves on every bough seem'd sleeping,
And wild bees murmur'd in their mirth
So pleasantly, it seem'd as earth
A jubilee was keeping!

And canst thou be, unto my soul
I said, that dread Northumbrian field,
Where war's terrific thunder-roll
Above two banded kingdoms peal'd?
From out the forest of his spears,
Ardent imagination hears
The crash of Surrey's onward charging;
While curtal-axe and broadsword gleam
Oppos'd, a bright, wide, coming stream,
Like Solway's tide enlarging.

Hark to the turmoil and the shout,
The war-cry and the cannon's boom!
Behold the struggle and the rout,
The broken lance, and draggled plume!
Borne to the earth, with deadly force,
Comes down the horseman and his horse;
Round boils the battle like an ocean:
While stripling blithe and veteran stern,
Pour forth their life-blood on the fern,
Amid its fierce commotion!

Mown down like swaths of summer flowers,
Yes! on the cold earth there they lie,
The lords of Scotland's banner'd towers,
The chosen of her chivalry!
Commingled with the vulgar dead,
Perhaps lies many a mitred head;
And thou, the vanguard onwards leading,
Who left the sceptre for the sword,
For battle-field the festal board,
Liest low amid the bleeding!

Yes! here thy life-star knew decline,
Though hope, that strove to be deceiv'd,
Shap'd thy long course to Palestine,
And what it wish'd full oft believ'd: —

An unhewn pillar on the plain
Marks out the spot where thou wast slain;
There, pondering as I stood, and gazing
On its grey top, the linnet sang,
And o'er the slopes where conflict rang
The quiet sheep were grazing.

And were the nameless dead unsung,
The patriot and the peasant train,
Who like a phalanx round thee clung,
To find but death on Flodden plain?
No! many a mother's melting lay
Mourn'd o'er the bright flowers wede away:
And many a maid, with tears of sorrow,
Whose locks no more were seen to wave,
Wept for the beauteous and the brave,
Who came not on the morrow!

MOIR.

THE SUN FLOWER.

EAGLE of flowers! I see thee stand,
And on the sun's noon-glory gaze;
With eye like his thy lids expand,
And fringe their disk with golden rays;
Though fix'd on earth, in darkness rooted there,
Light is thine element, thy dwelling air,
Thy prospect heaven.

So would mine eagle-soul descry,
Beyond the path where planets run,
The light of immortality,
The splendour of creation's sun; [tomb,
Though sprung from earth, and hastening to the
In hope a flower of paradise to bloom,
I look to heaven.

J. MONTGOMERY.

WOMAN.

PLACE the white man on Afric's coast,
Whose swarthy sons in blood delight,
Who of their scorn to Europe boast,
And paint their very demons white:
There, while the sterner sex disdains
To soothe the woes they cannot feel,
Woman will strive to heal his pains,
And weep for those she cannot heal:
Hers is warm pity's sacred glow;
From all her stores, she bears a part,
And bids the spring of hope reflow,
That languish'd in the fainting heart.

"What though so pale his haggard face,
So sunk and sad his looks,"—she cries;
"And far unlike our nobler race,
With crisped locks and rolling eyes;
Yet misery marks him of our kind;
We see him lost, alone, afraid;
And pangs of body, griefs in mind,
Pronounce him man, and ask our aid.

"Perhaps in some far distant shore,
There are who in these forms delight;
Whose milky features please them more,
Then ours of jet thus burnish'd bright:
Of such may be his weeping wife,
Such children for their sire may call,
And if we spare his ebbing life,
Our kindness may preserve them all."

Thus her compassion Woman shows,
Beneath the Line her acts are these;
Nor the wide waste of Lapland-snows
Can her warm flow of pity freeze:

" From some sad land the stranger comes,
  Where joys like ours are never found;
Let's soothe him in our happy homes,
  Where freedom sits, with plenty crown'd.

" 'Tis good the fainting soul to cheer,
  To see the famish'd stranger fed;
To milk for him the mother-deer,
  To smooth for him the furry bed.
The Powers above our Lapland bless
  With good no other people know,
T' enlarge the joys that we possess,
  By feeling those that we bestow!"

Thus in extremes of cold and heat,
  Where wandering man may trace his kind;
Wherever grief and want retreat,
  In Woman they compassion find;
She makes the female breast her seat,
  And dictates mercy to the mind.

Man may the sterner virtues know,
  Determin'd justice, truth severe;
But female hearts with pity glow,
  And Woman holds affliction dear:
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
  And suffering vice compels her tear,
'Tis hers to soothe the ills below,
  And bid life's fairer views appear.
To Woman's gentler kind we owe
  What comforts and delights us here;
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
  And care they soothe, and age they cheer.

CRABBE.

HEAVENLY-MINDEDNESS.

THE bird let loose in eastern skies [1],
When fondly hastening home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idler wanderers roam:
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from *earthly care*,
From pride and passion free,
Aloft, through *faith and love's pure* air,
To wing my course to Thee.
No *lure* to tempt, no *art* to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

MOORE.

A WINTER'S MORNING.

THE morning vapour rests upon the heights,
Lurid and red, while growing gradual shades
Of pale and sickly light spread o'er the sky.
Then slowly from behind the southern hills,
Enlarg'd and ruddy, comes the rising sun,
Shooting askance the hoary waste his beams
That gild the brow of ev'ry ridgy bank,
And deepen ev'ry valley with a shade.

[1] The carrier pigeon flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

The crusted window of each scatter'd cot,
The icicles that fringe the thatched roof,
The new-swept slide upon the frozen pool,
All keenly glance, new kindled with his rays;
And ev'n the rugged face of scowling winter
Looks somewhat gay. But only for a time
He shows his glory to the brightening earth,
Then hides his face behind a sullen cloud.

The birds now quit their holes and lurking sheds,
Most mute and melancholy, where through night,
All nestling close to keep each other warm,
In downy sleep they had forgot their hardships;
But not to chant and carol in the air,
Or lightly swing upon some waving bough,
And merrily return each others' notes.
No; silently they hop from bush to bush,
Can find no seeds to stop their craving want,
Then bend their flight to the low smoking cot,
Chirp on the roof, or at the window peck,
To tell their wants to those who lodge within.
The poor lank hare flies homeward to his den,
But little burthen'd with his nightly meal
Of wither'd coleworts from the farmer's garden;
A wretched, scanty portion, snatch'd in fear;
And fearful creatures, forc'd abroad by hunger,
Are now to every enemy a prey.

MRS. JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE PALM-TREE.

IT wav'd not through an Eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby;
It was not fann'd by southern breeze
In some green isle of Indian seas,

Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Afric, long and deep.

But fair the exil'd Palm-tree grew
'Midst foliage of no kindred hue;
Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange look'd it there! — the willow stream'd
Where silvery waters near it gleam'd;
The lime-bough lur'd the honey-bee
To murmur by the Desert's Tree,
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours —
Rich music fill'd that garden's bowers:
Lamps, that from flowery branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colours flung,
And bright forms glanc'd — a fairy show —
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, 'midst the throng,
Seem'd reckless all of dance or song;
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been,
Of crested brow, and long black hair,
A stranger, like the Palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, mov'd his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms:
He pass'd the pale-green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut flowers his eye;
But when to that sole Palm he came,
There shot a rapture through his frame.

To him, to him its rustling spoke;
The silence of his soul it broke!
It whisper'd of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile;
Ay, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan!

His mother's cabin-home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fringe the bay;
The dashing of his brethren's oar,
The conch-note heard along the shore;
All through his wakening bosom swept:
He clasp'd his country's tree, and wept!

Oh! scorn him not! — the strength, whereby
The patriot girds himself to die,—
The unconquerable power, which fills
The freeman battling on his hills, —
These have one fountain deep and clear —
The same whence gush'd that child-like tear.

MRS. HEMANS.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER.

THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom!

Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
We tried the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died!

Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;
But the mild rays of paradise beam'd on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the Seraphim's song!

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!

HEBER.

THE CHASE.[1]

THE Stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danc'd the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;

[1] The places mentioned in this piece are in the vicinity of Loch Katrine, in the Western Highlands. The Teith flows from Loch Katrine through the Trosachs pass, by the foot of Ben Venue, and passes through the small lakes of Achray and Vennachar to Callender.

But when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled o'er Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

As chief who hears his warder's call,
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"
The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky;
A moment gaz'd adown the dale,
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,
A moment listen'd to the cry,
That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yell'd on the view the opening pack,
Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awaken'd mountain gave response.
An hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,
Clatter'd an hundred steeds along,
Their peals the merry horns rung out,
An hundred voices join'd the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cower'd the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,

Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Return'd from cavern, cliff, and linn [1],
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
Disturb'd the heights of Uam-Var,
And rous'd the cavern, where 'tis told
A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stay'd per-force,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
And of the trackers of the deer
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly on the mountain side,
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

The noble Stag was pausing now
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended far beneath
The varied realms of fair Menteith.
With anxious eye he wander'd o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And ponder'd refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copse-wood gray,
That wav'd and wept on Loch-Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Ben-venue.
Fresh vigour with the hope return'd,
With flying foot the heath he spurn'd,
Held westward the unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

[1] Pool beneath a cataract.

Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more;
What reins were tighten'd in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air;
Who flagg'd upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunn'd to stem the flooded Teith,—
For twice, that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant Stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reach'd the lake of Vennachar;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;
For, jaded now, and spent with toil,
Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The labouring Stag strain'd full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's[1] breed,
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toil'd the blood-hounds staunch;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

The Hunter mark'd that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deem'd the Stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barr'd the way;

[1] The patron saint of hunting, became bishop of Maestricht in 708, the see of which he transferred to Liege, where he died, in 721.

Already glorying in the prize,
Measur'd his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound, and death-halloo,
Muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew;—
But, thundering, as he came prepar'd,
With ready arm and weapon bar'd,
The wily quarry shunn'd the shock,
And turn'd him from the opposing rock;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There while, close couch'd, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain
Chiding the rocks that yell'd again.

Close on the hounds the Hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanish'd game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretch'd his stiff limbs to rise no more;
Then touch'd with pity and remorse,
He sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse.
"I little thought, when first thy rein
I slack'd upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant gray!"—

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limp'd, with slow and crippled pace,
The sulky leaders of the chase:

Close to their master's side they press'd,
With drooping tail and humbled crest;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolong'd the swelling bugle-note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answer'd with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seem'd an answering blast;
And on the Hunter hied his way,
To join some comrades of the day.

W. Scott.

THE FISHERMAN.

A perilous life, and sad as life may be,
Hath the lone fisher on the lonely sea,
In the wild waters labouring, far from home,
For some bleak pittance e'er compell'd to roam:
Few friends to cheer him through his dangerous life,
And none to aid him in the stormy strife:
Companion of the sea and silent air,
The lonely fisher thus must ever fare;
Without the comfort, hope — with scarce a friend,
He looks through life, and only sees — its end!

Eternal Ocean! old majestic Sea!
Ever love I from shore to look on thee,
And sometimes on thy billowy back to ride,
And sometimes o'er thy summer breast to glide:
But let me live on land — where rivers run,
Where shady trees may screen me from the sun;
Where I may feel, secure, the fragrant air;
Where (whate'er toil or wearying pains I bear)
Those eyes which took away all human ill,
May shed on me their still, sweet constant light,
And the little hearts I love may (day and night)
Be found beside me, safe and clustering still!

Barry Cornwall.

LOVE OF THE COUNTRY.

Welcome silence! welcome peace!
O most welcome, holy shade!
Thus I prove, as years increase,
My heart and soul for quiet made.
Thus I fix my firm belief,
While rapture's gushing tears descend,
That every flower and leaf
Is moral truth's unerring friend.

I would not for a world of gold
That nature's lovely face should tire;
Fountain of blessings yet untold;
Pure source of intellectual fire!
Fancy's fair buds, the germs of song,
Unquicken'd midst the world's rude strife,
Shall sweet retirement render strong,
And morning silence bring to life.

Then tell me not that I shall grow
Forlorn, that fields and woods will cloy;
From Nature and her changes flow
An everlasting tide of joy.
I grant that summer heats will burn,
That keen will come the frosty night,
But both shall please; and each in turn
Yield reason's most supreme delight.

Build me a shrine, and I could kneel
To rural gods, or prostrate fall;
Did I not see, did I not feel,
That one Great Spirit governs all.
O Heav'n permit that I may lie
Where o'er my corse green branches wave;
And those who from life's tumult fly
With kindred feelings press my grave.

Bloomfield.

ALEXANDER AND PHILIP.

He stood by the river's side,
A conqueror and a king,
None match'd his step of pride
Amid the armed ring.
And a heavy echo rose from the ground,
As a thousand warriors gather'd round.

And the morning march had been long,
And the noontide sun was high,
And weariness bow'd down the strong,
And heat clos'd every eye;
And the victor stood by the river's brim,
Whose coolness[1] seem'd but made for him.

The cypress spread their gloom
Like a cloak from the noontide beam,
He flung back his dusty plume,
And plung'd in the silver stream;
He plung'd like the young steed, fierce and wild,
He was borne away like the feeble child.

They took the king to his tent
From the river's fatal banks,
A cry of terror went
Like a storm through the Grecian ranks:
Was this the fruit of their glories won?
Was this the death for Ammon's son?

[1] The river Cydnus was celebrated for its coolness in the summer heats, coming, in rapid course, from snow-topped mountains. The anecdote which forms the subject of this poem is too well known to repeat.

Many a leech heard the call,
But each one shrank away;
For heavy upon all
Was the weight of fear that day:
When a thought of treason, a word of death,
Was in each eye, and on each breath.

But one with the royal youth
Had been from his earliest hour,
And he knew that his heart was truth,
And he knew that his hand was power;
He gave what hope his skill might give,
And bade him trust to his faith, and live.

Alexander took the cup,
And from beneath his head a scroll,
He drank the liquor up,
And bade Philip read the roll;
And Philip look'd on the page, where shame,
Treason, and poison, were nam'd with his name.

An angry flush rose on his brow,
And anger darken'd his eye:
What I have done I would do again now!
If you trust my fidelity.
The king watch'd his face, he felt he might dare
Trust the faith that was written there.

Next day the conqueror rose,
From a greater conqueror free;
And again he stood amid those
Who had died his death to see:
He stood there proud of the lesson he gave,
That faith and trust were made for the brave.

MISS LANDON.

THE ARCTIC HUNTSMAN.

Gone is the long, long winter night,
  Look, my beloved one!
How glorious, through his depths of light,
  Rolls the majestic sun!
The willows, wak'd from winter's death,
Give out a fragrance like thy breath —
  The summer is begun!

Ay, 'tis the long bright summer day:
  Hark, to that mighty crash!
The loosen'd ice-ridge breaks away —
  The smitten waters flash.
Seaward the glittering mountain rides,
While, down its green translucent sides,
  The foamy torrents dash.

See, love, my boat is moor'd for thee,
  By ocean's weedy floor —
The petrel does not skim the sea
  More swiftly than my oar.
We'll go, where, on the rocky isles,
Her eggs the screaming sea-fowl piles
  Beside the pebbly shore.

Or, bide thou where the poppy blows,
  With wind-flowers frail and fair,
While I, upon his isle of snows,
  Seek and defy the bear.
Fierce though he be, and huge of frame,
This arm his savage strength shall tame,
  And drag him from his lair.

When crimson sky and flamy cloud
  Bespeak the summer o'er,
And the dead valleys wear a shroud
  Of snows that melt no more,
I'll build of ice thy winter home,
With glistening walls and glassy dome,
  And spread with skins the floor.

The white fox by thy couch shall play;
  And, from the frozen skies,
The meteors of a mimic day
  Shall flash upon thine eyes.
And I — for such thy vow — meanwhile
Shall hear thy voice and see thy smile,
  Till that long midnight flies.

BRYANT.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

HER by her smile how soon the Stranger knows;
How soon by this the glad discovery shows!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Lock'd in her arms, his arms across her flung,
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue)
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!

But soon a nobler task demands her care,
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
Telling of Him who sees in secret there! —
And now the volume on her knee has caught
His wandering eye — now many a written thought
Never to die, with many a lisping sweet
His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.

Releas'd, he chases the bright butterfly;
Oh he would follow — follow through the sky!
Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,
And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane!
Then runs, and, kneeling by the fountain-side,
Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,
A dangerous voyage! or, if now he can,
If now he wears the habit of a man,
Flings off the coat so long his pride and pleasure,
And, like a miser digging for his treasure,
His tiny spade in his own garden plies,
And in green letters sees his name arise!
Where'er he goes, for ever in her sight,
She looks, and looks, and still with new delight.

ROGERS.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

PILGRIM, burden'd with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till mercy let thee in,
Knock and weep, and watch and wait.
Knock! — He knows the sinner's cry,
Weep! — He loves the mourner's tears,
Watch! — for saving grace is nigh,
Wait! — till heavenly light appears.

Hark! it is the Bridegroom's voice!
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest."
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe and seal'd, and bought and bless'd;
Safe — from all the lures of vice,
Seal'd — by signs the chosen know,
Bought — by love, and life the price,
Bless'd — the mighty debt to owe!

Holy pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remain?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear and shame, and doubt and pain.
Fear — the hope of heaven shall fly,
Shame — from glory's view retire,
Doubt — in certain rapture die,
Pain — in endless bliss expire.

CRABBE.

LIFE.

MAN'S uncertain life
Is like a rain-drop hanging on the bough,
Amongst ten thousand of its sparkling kindred,
The remnants of some passing thunder shower,
Which have their moments, dropping one by one;
And which shall soonest lose its perilous hold,
We cannot guess.

MRS. J. BAILLIE.

BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS. [1]

THE COMBAT BETWEEN HERMINIUS AND MAMILIUS.

HERMINIUS beat his bosom;
But never a word he spake.
He clapp'd his hand on Auster's mane;
He gave the reins a shake.
Away, away, went Auster,
Like an arrow from the bow:
Black Auster was the fleetest steed
From Aufidus [2] to Po.

* * * * *

Mamilius spied Herminius,
And dash'd across the way.
"Herminius! I have sought thee
Through many a bloody day.
One of us two, Herminius,
Shall never more go home.
I will lay on for Tusculum [3],
And lay thou on for Rome!"
All round them paus'd the battle,
While met in mortal fray
The Roman and the Tusculan,
The horses black and gray.

[1] A lake called the Cornufelle, near Frascati, is supposed to be the site of the Lake Regillus, the scene of this memorable battle (B. C. 496) in which the Romans, under the Dictator Aulus Posthumius (assisted miraculously by Castor and Pollux) defeated the powerful confederation of the Latin tribes under the Tarquins and Mamilius, the chief of Tusculum.

[2] A river of Apulia.

[3] Tusculum was destroyed at the end of the 12th century, and its unfortunate inhabitants were obliged to shelter themselves in huts of branches (fraschi), from which circumstance the modern town of Frascati, built near Tusculum, derives its name.

Herminius smote Mamilius
  Through breast-plate and through breast;
And fast flow'd out the purple blood
  Over the purple vest.
Mamilius smote Herminius
  Through head-piece and through head;
And side by side those chiefs of pride
  Together fell down dead.

* * * * *

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
  The dark-gray charger fled:
He burst through ranks of fighting men;
  He sprang o'er heaps of dead.
His bridle far out-streaming,
  His flanks all blood and foam,
He sought the southern mountains,
  The mountains of his home.
The pass was steep and rugged,
  The wolves they howl'd and whin'd;
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
  And he left the wolves behind.
Through many a startled hamlet
  Thunder'd his flying feet:
He rushed through the gate of Tusculum,
  He rush'd up the long white street,
He rush'd by tower and temple,
  And paus'd not from his race,
Till he stood before his master's door
  In the stately market place.
And straightway round him gather'd
  A pale and trembling crowd,
And when they knew him, cries of rage
  Brake forth, and wailing loud:
And women rent their tresses
  For their great prince's fall;
Aud old men girt on their old swords,
  And went to man the wall.

But like a graven image,
  Black Auster kept his place,
And ever wistfully he look'd
  Into his master's face.
The raven mane that daily,
  With pats and fond caresses,
The young Herminia wash'd and comb'd,
  And twin'd in even tresses;
And deck'd with colour'd ribands
  From her own gay attire,
Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse
  In carnage and in mire.

* * * * *

And Aulus the Dictator
  Stroked Auster's raven mane,
With heed he look'd unto the girths,
  With heed unto the rein.
"Now bear me well, black Auster,
  Into yon thick array;
And thou and I will have revenge
  For thy good Lord this day."

MACAULAY.

THE STRANGER'S HEART.

THE stranger's heart! Oh! wound it not!
A yearning anguish is its lot!
In the green shadow of thy tree,
The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou think'st the vine's low rustling leaves
Glad music round thy household eaves;
To him, that sound hath sorrow's tone —
The stranger's heart is with his own.

Thou think'st thy children's laughing play
A lovely sight at fall of day; —
Then are the stranger's thoughts oppress'd —
His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.

Thou think'st it sweet when friend with friend
Beneath one roof in prayer may blend;
Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim —
Far, far are those who pray'd with him.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land —
The voices of thy kindred band —
Oh! 'midst them all when blest thou art,
Deal gently with the stranger's heart.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE THUNDER STORM.

LET coward Guilt, with pallid fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate
That thunders through the sky.

Protected by that Hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
The true believer smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick clouds' tremendous gloom,
The lightning's lurid glare,
He views the same all-gracious Power
That breathes the vernal air.

Through nature's ever-varying scene,
By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of Heaven
Is universal good.

With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming ether glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

By reason taught to scorn those fears
That vulgar minds molest,
Let no fantastic terrors break
My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tenderest care
Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round
Their guardian wings extend.

When through creation's vast expanse
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul;

Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day.

MRS. CARTER.

THE IVY.

DOST thou not love, in the season of spring,
To twine thee a flowery wreath,
And to see the beautiful birch-tree fling
Its shade on the grass beneath?
Its glossy leaf, and its silvery stem;
Oh! dost thou not love to think on them?

And dost thou not love, when leaves are greenest,
And summer has just begun,
When in the silence of moonlight thou leanest,
Where glist'ning waters run,
To see, by that gentle and peaceful beam,
The willow bend down to the sparkling stream?

And oh! in a lovely autumnal day,
When leaves are changing before thee,
Do not Nature's charms, as they slowly decay,
Spread their own mild influence o'er thee?
And hast thou not felt, as thou stood'st to gaze,
The touching lesson such scene displays?

It should be thus, at an age like thine;
And it has been thus with me;
When the freshness of feeling and heart were mine,
As they never more can be:
Yet think not I ask thee to pity my lot,
Perhaps I see beauty where thou dost not.

Hast thou seen, in winter's stormiest day,
The trunk of a blighted oak,
Not dead, but sinking in slow decay,
Beneath time's resistless stroke,
Round which a luxuriant ivy had grown,
And wreath'd it with verdure no longer its own?

Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,
As I, at thy years, might do,
Pass'd carelessly by, nor turn'd again
That scathed wreck to view:
But now I can draw from that mould'ring tree,
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.

O smile not! nor think it a worthless thing,
If it be with instruction fraught;
That which will closest and longest cling,
Is alone worth a serious thought:
Should aught be unlovely which thus can shed
Grace on the dying, and leaves not the dead?

Now, in thy youth, beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be unforgot;
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
Greenness and beauty and strength to thee!

BARTON.

CLOSE OF A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

—— THE day declines, and to his couch
The sun is wheeling. What a world of pomp
The heavens put on in homage to his power!
Romance hath never hung a richer sky, —
Or sea of sunshine, o'er whose aureate deep
Triumphal barks of beauteous form career, —
As though the clouds held festival, to hail
Their god of glory to his western home.
And now the earth is mirror'd on the skies!
While lakes and valleys, drown'd in dewy light,
And rich delusions, dazzlingly array'd,
Form, float, and die in all their phantom joy.
At length the sun is thron'd; but from his face
A flush of beauty o'er creation flows,
That brightens into rapturous farewell!
Then faints to paleness; for the day hath sunk
Beneath the waters, dash'd with ruby dyes,
And twilight in her nun-like meekness comes;

The air is fragrant with the soul of flowers,
The breeze comes panting like a child at play,
While birds, day-worn, are couch'd in leafy bowers,
And, calm as clouds, the sunken billows sleep:
The dimness of a dream o'er nature steals,
Yet hallows it; a hush'd enchantment reigns;
The mountains to a mass of mellowing shade
Are turn'd, and stand like temples of the night;
While field, and forest, fading into gloom,
Depart, and rivers whisper sounds of fear. —

R. MONTGOMERY.

MY LIBRARY.

My days amid the dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

SOUTHEY.

LAMENT.

"AND art thou cold, and lowly laid,
Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!
For thee shall none a requiem say?
— For thee, — who lov'd the minstrel's lay,
For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
The shelter of her exil'd line,
E'en in this prison-house of thine,
I'll wail for Alpine's honour'd pine!

"What groans shall yonder valleys fill!
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!
There breathes not clansman of thy line,
But would have given his life for thine. —
O woe for Alpine's honour'd pine!

"Sad was thy lot on mortal stage! —
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The prison'd eagle dies for rage.
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
And, when its notes awake again,
Ev'n she, so long belov'd in vain,

Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honour'd pine."

SCOTT.

THE ALPS AT DAYBREAK.

THE sun-beams streak the azure skies,
And line with light the mountain's brow;
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
And chase the roebuck thro' the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant-bound,
High on their iron poles they pass;
Mute, lest the air, convuls'd by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass. [1]

The goats wind slow their wonted way
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;
Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
Perch'd, like an eagle's nest, on high.

ROGERS.

[1] There are passes in the Alps, where travellers are obliged to move on in silence, and even, it is said, to muffle the bells of their mules, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye,
Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy winged speed,
I may not mount on thee again, thou art sold, my Arab steed;
Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy wind —
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind.
The stranger hath thy bridle rein — thy master hath his gold —
Fleet-limb'd and beautiful! farewell: thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold.
Farewell! these free untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky, which clouds the stranger's home.
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare —
The silky mane I braided once, must be another's care.
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths where we were wont to be.
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy plain,
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again;
Yes, thou must go, the wild free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's home, from all of these, my exil'd one must fly.

Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step
become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's
hand to meet.
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing
bright;
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and
light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm, to check or
cheer thy speed,
Then must I starting wake to feel, thou'rt sold, my
Arab steed.
Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand
may chide,
'Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy
panting side,
And the rich blood that is in thee, swells in thy
indignant pain;
'Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count
each started vein.
Will they ill-use thee? If I thought — but no, it
cannot be —
Thou art so swift, yet easy curb'd, so gentle, yet so
free.
And yet, if haply when thou'rt gone, my lonely
heart should yearn,
Can the hand which cast thee from it, now command
thee to return.
Return, alas! my Arab steed, what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hath vanish'd
from his view;
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through
the gathering tears,
Thy bright form for a moment like the false mirage
appears;
Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary foot
alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft
hast borne me on.

And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause, and sadly think,
It was here he bow'd his glossy neck when last I saw him drink.
When last I saw thee drink? Away! the fever'd dream is o'er,
I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no more.
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong,
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have lov'd too long.
Who said that I had giv'n thee up? — who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false, 'tis false, my Arab steed, — I fling them back their gold;
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains, —
Away, who overtakes us now, shall claim thee for his pains.

MRS. NORTON.

THE VAIN REGRET.

OH! had I nurs'd, when I was young,
The lessons of my father's tongue,
(The deep laborious thoughts he drew
From all he saw and others knew,)
I might have been — ah, me!
Thrice sager then I e'er shall be.
For what saith Time?
Alas! he only shows the truth
Of all that I was told in youth!

The thoughts now budding in my brain —
The wisdom I have bought with pain —
The knowledge of life's brevity —
Frail friendship — false philosophy,

And all that issues out of woe,
Methinks, were taught me long ago!
Then what saith Time?
Alas! he but brings back the truth
Of all I heard (and lost) in youth.

Truths! hardly learn'd and lately brought
From many a far, forgotten scene;
Had I but listen'd, as I ought,
To your voices, sage, — serene,
Oh! what might I not have been
In the realms of thought!

BARRY CORNWALL.

TIME.

TIME moveth not; our being 'tis that moves;
And we, swift gliding down life's rapid stream,
Dream of swift ages, and revolving years,
Ordain'd to chronicle our passing days: —
So the young sailor, in the gallant bark,
Scudding before the wind, beholds the coast
Receding from his eye, and thinks the while,
Struck with amaze, that he is motionless,
And that the land is sailing.

KIRKE WHITE.

SPRING FLOWERS.

WELCOME! sweet time of buds and bloom, renewing
The earliest objects of delight, and wooing
The notice of the grateful heart; for then
Long-hidden, beauteous friends are seen again;

From the cleft soil, like babes from cradle peeping,
At the glad light, where soundly they've been sleeping;
Like chickens in their downy coats, just freeing
From the chipp'd shell, their new-found active being;
Like spotted butterfly, its wings uprearing,
Half from the bursting chrysalis appearing:
Sweet season, so bedight, so gay, so kind,
Right welcome to the sight and to the mind!

Now many a thing that pretty is, delays
The wanderer's steps beneath the sun's soft rays.
Gay daffodils, bent o'er the watery gleam,
Doubling their flickered image in the stream;
The woody nook where bells of brighter blue
Have cloth'd the ground in heaven's ethereal hue;
The lane's high sloping bank, where pale primrose
With hundreds of its gentle kindred blows;
And speckled daisies that on uplands bare
Their round eyes opening, scatter gladness there.
Man looks on nature with a grateful smile,
And thinks of Nature's bounteous Lord the while.

MRS. J. BAILLIE.

HUMILITY.

HUMILITY! the sweetest, loveliest flower
That bloom'd in Paradise, and the first that died,
Has rarely blossom'd since on mortal soil.
It is so frail, so delicate a thing,
'Tis gone if it but look upon itself;
And she who ventures to esteem it hers,
Proves by that single thought she has it not. [1]

CAROLINE FRY.

[1] "Le plus sage est celui qui ne pense point de l'être." — *Boileau.*

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.[1]

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried:
Not a soldier discharg'd his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclos'd his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow:
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

[1] He was killed at Corunna, where he fell in the arms of victory, 1809. With his dying breath he faltered out a message to his mother. Sir John Moore had often said, that if he were killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there, by a party of the 9th regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for, about eight in the morning, some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
The foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk o the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, —
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carv'd not a line, and we rais'd not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory!

WOLFE.

THE LIVING LOST.

MATRON! the children of whose love,
Each to his grave, in youth hath pass'd,
And now the mould is heap'd above
The dearest and the last!
Bride! who dost wear the widow's veil
Before the wedding flowers are pale!
Ye deem the human heart endures
No deeper, bitterer grief than yours.

Yet there are pangs of keener woe,
  Of which the sufferers never speak,
Nor to the world's cold pity show
  The tears that scald the cheek,
Wrung from their eyelids by the shame
And guilt of those they shrink to name,
Whom once they lov'd with cheerful will,
And love, though fallen and branded, still.

Weep, ye who sorrow for the dead,
  Thus breaking hearts their pain relieve;
And graceful are the tears ye shed,
  And honour'd ye who grieve.
The praise of those who sleep in earth,
The pleasant memory of their worth,
The hope to meet when life is past,
Shall heal the tortur'd mind at last.

But ye, who for the living lost
  That agony in secret bear,
Who shall with soothing words accost
  The strength of your despair?
Grief for your sake is scorn for them
Whom ye lament and all condemn;
And o'er the world of spirits lies
A gloom from which ye turn your eyes.

BRYANT.

MORNING.

It was a lovely morning! all was calm,
As if creation, thankful for repose,
In renovated beauty, breathing balm,
And blessedness around, from slumber rose;

Joyful once more to see the east unclose
Its gates of glory : — yet subdued and mild,
Like the soft smile of patience amid woes
By hope and resignation reconcil'd,
That morning's beauty shone, that landscape's charm
beguil'd.

The heavens were mark'd by many a filmy streak,
Ev'n in the orient; and the sun shone through
Those lines, as hope upon a mourner's cheek
Sheds, meekly chasten'd, her delightful hue.
From groves and meadows, all empearl'd with dew,
Rose silvery mists, — no eddying wind swept by:
The cottage chimneys, half conceal'd from view
By their embowering foliage, sent on high
Their pallid wreaths of smoke, unruffled, to the sky.

And every gentle sound which broke the hush
Of morning's still serenity, was sweet;
The skylark overhead ; the speckled thrush,
Who now had taken with delight his seat
Upon the slender larch, the day to greet;
The starling, chattering to her callow young ;
And that monotonous lay, which seems to fleet
Like echo through the air, — the cuckoo's song,
Was heard at times far off the leafy woods among.

BARTON.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

O LADY, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree !
Too lively glows the lily's light,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright,

The may-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine;
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress-tree!

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due;
The myrtle bough bid lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear;
Let Albin[1] bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew;
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
The flow'rs she loves of emerald green.—
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell;
But, when you hear the passing bell,
Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough:
But, O Matilda, twine not now!
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have look'd and lov'd my last!

[1] The Gaelic appellation of Scotland.

When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue —
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress-tree.

SCOTT.

ON SEEING A REGIMENT MARCHING TO EMBARK FOR FOREIGN SERVICE.

MARCH on, in all your proud attire,
Ye blooming band, with souls of fire,
Ye, that to glory's wreath aspire,
On danger's height hung dreadfully.

March on, march on in long array;
With glittering arms, and banners gay,
With plumes that on the breezes play,
And music clashing martially.

Strange joyance thro' the gazing throng
Ye scatter, as ye pass along;
They hear in yon loud cymbals' song
The glorious sounds of victory.

They see in all this gorgeous light,
Of steel, and gold, and trappings bright,
Your glad return from conquering fight,
And hail its prospect joyfully.

Alas! through almost blinding tears,
I see ye on your dreadful biers;
That music to my shuddering ears,
Plays but your dirges dismally!

To me like victims dress'd ye go,
For tho' in youthful strength ye glow,
Yet ah! behind the pageant show,
Death follows pale and silently.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN CREATION.

PSALM LXXIV. 16, 17.

THOU art, oh God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven —
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes —
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreaths
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

MOORE.

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

Our task is done! o'er Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And, moor'd beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.
With furled sail, and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride:
Upon her deck, mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams;
While, all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.
Come, walk with me the jungle through; —
If yonder hunter tells us true,
Far off, in desert dank and rude
The tiger holds his solitude;
For (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun),
A dreadful guest, but rarely seen,
Returns, to scare the village green. —
Come boldly on! no venom'd snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake;
Child of the sun! he loves to lie
Mid nature's embers, parch'd and dry,
Where o'er some tower, in ruin laid,
The peepul[1] spreads its haunted shade,
Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
Fit warder in the gate of death!

[1] Peepul — *Ficus religiosa* — is a large tree planted in India near houses for the sake of the dark and extensive shade which it affords. It is held in superstitious veneration by the Hindoos, because their deity Vishnoo is fabled to have been born under its branches. The leaves are heartshaped, on long slender footstalks, which causes them to tremble like those of the aspen tree.

Come on! yet pause! behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough;
Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glows the geranium's [1] scarlet bloom;
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower: —
The ceiba's [2] crimson pomp display'd
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly blade;
While, o'er the brake so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air.
With pendent train, and rushing wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes [3],
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize. —
So rich a shade, — so green a sod, —
Our English fairies never trod;
Yet who in Indian bower has stood,
But thought on England's "good green wood;"
And bless'd, beneath the palmy shade
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade;
And breath'd a prayer (how oft in vain!)
To gaze upon her oaks again.
A truce to thought! the jackal's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry;
And, through the trees, yon failing ray
Will scantly serve to guide our way.
Yet mark! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes: —
Before, beside us, and above
The firefly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the night exploring;

[1] A shrub with scarlet flowers, thence called the Indian geranium.
[2] The silk-cotton tree. [3] The Mucharunga.

While, to this cooler air confest,
The broad dhatura bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night!
Still as we pass, in soften'd hum,
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, — the horn, — the drum. —
Still as we pass, from bush and briar,
The shrill cigala strikes his lyre;
And, what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane!
I know the soul-entrancing swell!
It is — it must be — Philomel!
Enough! enough! the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze. —
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream
From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
And we must early sleep, to find,
Betimes, the morning's healthy wind.
But, oh! with thankful hearts confess
E'en here there may be happiness;
And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
His peace on earth — his hope of heaven!

HEBER.

IDOLATRY.

WHATEVER passes as a cloud between
The mental eye of faith and scenes unseen,
Causing that brighter world to disappear,
Or seem less lovely, and its hope less dear; —
This is our world, — our idol, though it bear
Affection's impress, or devotion's air!

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

REFLECTED in the lake, I love
To mark the star of evening glow,
So tranquil in the heaven above,
So restless in the waves below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

TOWNSEND.

FAREWELL.

NAY, shrink not from that word "Farewell!"
As if 'twere friendship's final knell;
Such fears may prove but vain:
So changeful is life's fleeting day,
Whene'er we sever — Hope may say
We part, to meet again!

E'en the last parting earth can know,
Brings not unutterable woe.
To souls that heavenward soar;
For humble Faith, with stedfast eye
Points to a brighter world on high,
Where hearts, that here at parting sigh,
May meet — to part no more.

BARTON.

PART III.

PART III.

TO THE EVENING WIND.

Spirit, that breathest through my lattice, thou
  That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
  Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
  Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorch'd land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone — a thousand bosoms round
  Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
  Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
  Lies the vast inland stretch'd beyond the sight.
Go forth, into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breath'd upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
  Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
  Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast:
  Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head,
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moisten'd curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go — but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odours in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

BRYANT.

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

How beautiful on yonder casement panes
The mild moon gazes, — mark!
With what a lovely and majestic step
She treads the heavenly hills!
And oh! how soft, how silently she pours
Her chasten'd radiance on the scene below;
And hill, and dale, and tower
Drink the pure flood of light!
Roll on — roll thus, Queen of the midnight hour,
For ever beautiful!

NEELE.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel!
Silence is on thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate;
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore?
That fire from Heaven which led thee
Now lights thy paths no more.

Lord, thou didst love Jerusalem!
Once she was all thine own;
Thy love, her fairest heritage[1],
Her power, thy glory's throne[2],
Till evil came and blighted
Thy long-lov'd olive tree[3],
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than Thee.

Then sank the star of Solyma,
Then pass'd her glory's day;
Like heath that in the wilderness[4]
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers
Where Baal reign'd as God!

"Go," said the Lord, "ye conquerors!
Steep in her blood your swords;
And raze to earth her battlements,
For they are not the Lord's;

[1] Jeremiah, xii. 7.
[2] Jeremiah, xiv. 21.
[3] Jeremiah, xi. 16.
[4] Jeremiah, xvii. 6.

Tell Zion's mournful daughter,
O'er kindred bones she'll tread;
And Hinnom's hall of slaughter
Shall hide but half her dead."

But soon shall other pictur'd scenes,
In brighter visions rise,
When Zion's sun shall sevenfold shine
O'er all her mourners' eyes;
And on her beauteous mountain stand
The messenger of peace;
"Salvation by the Lord's right hand!"
They shout, and never cease.

MOORE.

POMPEII.

LET us turn the prow,
And in the track of him who went to die [1],
Traverse this valley of waters, landing where
A waking dream awaits us. At a step
Two thousand years roll backward, and we stand,
Like those so long within that awful place [2],
Immovable, nor asking, can it be?
Once did I linger there alone, till day
Clos'd, and at length the calm of twilight came,
So grateful, yet so solemn! At the fount,

[1] The Elder Pliny. See the letters in which his nephew relates to Tacitus the circumstances of his death. (A. D. 79.)—In the morning of that day Vesuvius was covered with the most luxuriant vegetation; every elm had its vine, every vine (for it was in the month of August) its clusters; nor in the cities below was there a thought of danger, though their interment was so soon to take place. In Pompeii, if we may believe Dion Cassius, the people were sitting in the theatre when the work of destruction began.

[2] Pompeii.

Just where the three ways meet, I stood and look'd,
('Twas near a noble house, the house of Pansa [1])—
And all was still as in the long, long night
That follow'd when the shower of ashes fell,
When they that sought Pompeii, sought in vain;
It was not to be found. But now a ray,
Bright and yet brighter, on the pavement glanc'd,
And on the wheel-track worn for centuries [2],
And on the stepping-stones from side to side,
O'er which the maidens, with their water-urns,
Were wont to trip so lightly. Full and clear,
The moon was rising, and at once reveal'd
The name of every dweller, and his craft [3];
Shining throughout with an unusual lustre,
And lighting up this City of the Dead.
Mark, where within, as though the embers liv'd,
The ample chimney-vault is dun with smoke.
There dwelt a miller [4]; silent and at rest
His mill-stones now. In old companionship
Still do they stand as on the day he went,

[1] The house of Pansa the edile is one of the largest yet discovered in Pompeii, and is handsomely decorated with marbles and mosaics. It is in the Via Consularis, the principal street. It is remarkable that Cicero, when on his way to Cilicia, was the bearer of a letter to Atticus from Pansa the Pompeian. "That this was the house in question, and that in the street, as we passed along, we might have met Cicero, coming or going, every pilgrim to Pompeii must wish to believe." Delighting in the beauties of the Neapolitan coast, Cicero could be no stranger in this city.

[2] The carriage wheels have worn deep traces in the pavement.

[3] The houses are all numbered and named.

[4] In this building there are four corn mills, and a stable for the donkeys, who were blindfolded, when employed in grinding the corn, as they still are in the south of Italy. Heaps of corn were found here. Amphoræ, or earthen jars for flour, the oven for baking, varying so little from those made at present, that it might easily be restored to its original use. Cato praises the skilful millers of Pompeii.

Each ready for its office — but he comes not.
And here, hard by, (where one in idleness
Has stopt to scrawl a ship, an armed man;
And in a tablet on the wall we read
Of shows ere long to be,) a sculptor wrought,
Nor meanly; blocks, half-chisell'd into life,
Waiting his call. Here long, as yet attests
The trodden floor, an olive-merchant drew
From many an earthen jar, no more supplied;
And here from his a vintner serv'd his guests
Largely, the stain of his o'erflowing cups
Fresh on the marble.[1] On the bench, beneath,
They sate, and quaff'd, and look'd on them that pass'd,
Gravely discussing the last news from Rome.
But lo, engraven on a threshold-stone,
That word of courtesy, so sacred once,
Hail![2] At a master's greeting we may enter.
And lo, a fairy-palace! every where,
As through the courts and chambers we advance,
Floors of mosaic, walls of arabesque,
And columns clustering in Patrician splendour.
But hark, a footstep! May we not intrude?
And now, methinks, I hear a gentle laugh,
And gentle voices mingling as in converse!
— And now a harp-string as struck carelessly,
And now — along the corridor it comes —
I cannot err, a filling as of baths!
— Ah, no, 'tis but a mockery of the sense,
Idle and vain! We are but where we were;
Still wandering in a City of the Dead!

ROGERS.

[1] On the marble dresser are stains evidently made by the contents of the cups having been spilled. Each shop has a stove, which was requisite, as the ancients were accustomed to boil their wines.

[2] On the door-sill of one of the apartments in the house of the Vestals is the word "Salve" wrought in mosaic.

THE FALCON'S REWARD.

AN EASTERN STORY.

BENEATH the fiery cope of middle day
The youthful Prince, his train left all behind,
With eager ken gaz'd round him every way,
If springing well he any where might find.

His favourite falcon, from long aëry flight
Returning, and from quarry struck at last,
Told of the chase, which with its keen delight
Had thus allur'd him on so far and fast, —

Till gladly he had welcom'd in his drought
The dullest pool that gather'd in the rain;
But such, in fount of clearer wave, he sought
Long through that land of barrenness in vain.

What pleasure when, slow stealing o'er a rock,
He spied the glittering of a little rill,
Which yet, as if his burning thirst to mock,
Did its rare treasures drop by drop distil.

A golden goblet from his saddle-bow
He loos'd, and from his steed alighted down
To wait until that fountain, trickling slow,
Shall in the end his golden goblet crown.

When set beside the promise of that draught,
How poor had seem'd to him the costliest wine,
That ever with its beaded bubbles laugh'd,
When set beside that nectar more divine.

The brimming vessel to his lips at last
He rais'd, when, lo! the falcon on his hand,
With beak's and pinion's sudden impulse, cast
That cup's rare treasure all upon the sand.

Long was it ere that fountain, pulsing slow,
Caus'd once again that chalice to run o'er;
When, thinking no like hindrance now to know,
He rais'd it to his parched lips once more: —

Once more, as if to cross his purpose bent,
The watchful bird — as if on this one thing,
That drink he should not of that stream, intent —
Struck from his hand the cup with eager wing.

But when this new defeat his purpose found,
Swift penalty this time the bird must pay:
Hurl'd down with angry force upon the ground,
Before her master's feet in death she lay:

And he, twice baffled, did meantime again
From that scant rill to slake his thirst prepare;
When, down the crags descending, of his train
One cried, "O Monarch, for thy life forbear!

"Coil'd in these waters at their fountain head,
And causing them so feebly to distil,
A poisonous snake of hugest growth lies dead,
And doth with venom all the streamlet fill."

Dropp'd from his hand the cup: — one look he cast
Upon the faithful bird before his feet,
Whose dying struggles now were almost past,
For whom a better guardian had been meet;

Then homeward rode in silence many a mile;
But if such thoughts did in his bosom grow,
As did in mine the painfulness beguile,
Of that his falcon's end, what man can know?

I said, "Such chalices the world fills up
For us, and bright and without bale they seem—
A sparkling potion in a jewell'd cup,
Nor know we drawn from what infected stream.

"Our spirit's thirst they promise to assuage,
And we those cups unto our death had quaff'd,
If Heaven did not in dearest love engage
To dash the chalice down, and mar the draught.

"Alas for us, if we that love are fain
With wrath and blind impatience to repay,
Which nothing but our weakness doth restrain,
As he repaid his faithful bird that day;

If an indignant eye we lift above,
To lose some sparkling goblet ill content,
Which, but for that keen watchfulness of love,
Swift certain poison through our veins had sent."

TRENCH.

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

UNHAPPY White![1] while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just wav'd her joyous wing,
The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When science' self destroy'd her favourite son!
Yes, she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit,
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.

[1] Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge, in 1806, in consequence of over-study.

'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart:
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nurs'd the pinion which impell'd the steel;
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

BYRON.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the Desert I love to ride
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;
And the eye is suffus'd with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And the shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory that vanish'd too soon, —
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon, —
Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft, —
Companions of early days lost or left, —
And my native land, whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame!
The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime, —
All the passions and scenes of that rapt'rous time,
When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
Like fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view!

All — all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone!
And I — a lone exile remember'd of none —
My high aims abandon'd, and good acts undone;
Aweary of all that is under the sun;
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the Desert afar from man.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife, —
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,
And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,
The malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh, —
Oh, then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed;
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand,
(The only law of the Desert land) —
But 'tis not the innocent to destroy,
For I hate the huntsman's savage joy.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
Away — away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt and the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote, where the oribi [1] plays;
Where the gnoo [2], the gazelle, and the hartebeest [3] graze,

[1] Antilope Pygmæa
[2] Antilope Gnu.
[3] Antilope Bubalis.

And the gemsbok [1] and eland [2] unhunted recline;
By the skirts of gray forests o'ergrown with wild vine;
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood;
And the river-horse [3] gambols unscar'd in the flood;
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the vlei [4], where the wild-ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
O'er the brown Karroo [5] where the bleating cry
Of the spring-bok's [6] fawn sounds plaintively;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane
In fields seldom cheer'd by the dew or the rain;
And the stately koodoo [7] exultingly bounds,
Undisturb'd by the bay of the hunter's hounds;
And the tim'rous quagha's [8] wild whistling neigh
Is heard, by the fountain, at fall of day;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;
For she hies away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scoop'd their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view,
In the pathless depths of the parch'd Karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
Away — away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never pass'd,

[1] Antilope Oryx.
[2] Antilope Oreas.
[3] Hippopotamus.
[4] A marsh or small lake.
[5] The great Karroo is an uninhabitable wilderness, about 300 miles long by 80 broad, forming an elevated plain, or tract of table-land, between the great ridges of the Zwartbergen (Black Mountains) and Sneeuwbergen (Snow-Mountains).
[6] Antilope Pygarga.
[7] Antilope Strepsiceros.
[8] Equus Quagga.

And the quiver'd Coranna, or Bechuan,
Hath rarely cross'd with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandon'd, from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight but from the old hollow stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt-lake's brink [1]:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osier'd sides,
Where reedy pool, nor massy fountain,
Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capp'd mountain,

[1] In the extensive tracts of arid, uninhabitable desert, which occupy so large a portion of the interior of southern Africa, there is found growing a species of wild melon, nauseous and bitter to the taste, but capable of assuaging, in some degree, the cravings of thirst and hunger. I met with some of this fruit while crossing the Great Karroo, an extensive desert tract, within the boundaries of the colony; but it is said to be much more abundant in the immense desert of Kalleghany, (or Challaheugah, as Mr. Thompson has it,) on the north of the Orange River, insomuch that the roving bands of Bechuan marauders, and Coranna huntsmen, who sometimes cross the wilderness, are able to subsist for weeks together solely upon this vegetable. In the midst of those desolate regions, large lakes or reservoirs of native salt are frequently found; formed apparently by the heavy rains, which, falling once perhaps in three or four years, wash into hollow places the saline particles with which the neighbouring soil was impregnated. During the long droughts which ensue, the water is exhaled, and the dry crystallized salt remains, white as a frozen lake in the bosom of the dry parched land. One of those salt lakes visited by Mr. Thompson, in the country of the Bushmen, is described by him as being apparently from 30 to 40 miles in circumference. A smaller one near Algoa Bay, which I have myself visited, and which has been often described, supplies a great part of the salt used in the colony for culinary purposes.

Is found to refresh the aching eye,
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon round and round,
Without a living sight or sound,
Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,
That this — is Nature's solitude.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the cavern'd stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
And feel as a moth[1] in the mighty hand
That spread the heavens and heav'd the land, —
A "still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying, — "Man is distant, but God is near!"

PRINGLE.

A PERSIAN PRECEPT.

FORGIVE thy foes; — not that alone;
Their evil deeds with good repay;
Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
And kiss the hand uprais'd to slay.

So does the fragrant Sandal bow
In meek forgiveness to its doom;
And o'er the axe, at every blow,
Sheds in abundance rich perfume!

KNOWLES.

[1] Job iv. 19.

THE RHINE.

'Twas morn; and beauteous on the mountain's brow,
Hung with the heavy clusters of the vine,
Stream'd the blue light, when on the sparkling Rhine
We bounded, and the white waves round the prow.
In murmurs parted. Varying as we go,
Lo! the woods open, and the rocks retire,
Some convent's ancient walls, or glist'ning spire,
'Mid the bright landscape's track unfolding slow.
Here dark, with furrow'd aspect, like Despair,
Frowns the bleak cliff — there, on the woodland's side,
The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide;
Whilst hope, enchanted with the scene so fair,
Would wish to linger many a summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

Bowles.

THE PRIMROSE.

Welcome, pale Primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak, that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney[1] through,
Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground:
How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank, and wood's warm side.
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,

[1] Provincialism — a hedge-row thicket, — a young coppice.

The school-boy roams enchantedly along,
  Plucking the fairest with a rude delight;
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
  To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoy'd to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

CLARE.

THE DROUGHT.

HOSEA ii. 21, 22.

WHAT strange, what fearful thing hath come to pass?
The ground is iron, and the skies are brass;
Man on the withering harvest casts his eye,
"Give me your fruits in season, or I die;"
The timely fruits implore their parent earth,
"Where is thy strength to bring us forth to birth?"
The earth, all prostrate, to the clouds complains —
"Send to my heart your fertilising rains;"
The clouds invoke the heavens — "collect, dispense
Through us your quick'ning, healing influence;"
The heavens to Him that made them raise their moan,
"Command thy blessing, and it shall be done."
The Lord is in his temple: — hush'd and still [1],
The suppliant universe awaits His will.
  He speaks; and to the clouds the heavens dispense,
With lightning speed, their genial influence;
The gathering, breaking clouds pour down the rains,
Earth drinks the bliss through all her eager veins;
From teeming furrows start the fruits to birth,
And shake their riches on the lap of earth;
Man sees the harvests grow beneath his eye,
Turns, and looks up with rapture to the sky;

[1] Habakkuk, ii. 20.

All that have breath and being now rejoice;
All Nature's voices blend in one great voice,
" Glory to God, who thus himself makes known!"
— When shall all tongues confess Him God alone?
Lord! as the rain comes down from heaven, — the rain
Which waters earth, nor thence returns again,
But makes the tree to bud, the grass to spring,
And feeds and gladdens every living thing, —
So may thy word, upon a world destroy'd,
Come down in blessing, and return not void;
So may it come in universal showers,
And fill earth's dreariest wilderness with flowers,
— With flowers of promise, fill the world within
Man's heart, laid waste and desolate by sin;
When thorns and thistles curse the infested ground,
Let the rich fruits of righteousness abound;
And trees of life, for ever fresh and green,
Flourish, where trees of death alone have been;
Let truth look down from heaven, hope soar above,
Justice and mercy kiss, faith work by love;
Nations new-born, their fathers' idols spurn;
The Ransom'd of the Lord with songs return;
Heralds the year of jubilee proclaim;
Bow every knee at the Redeemer's name;
O'er lands with darkness, thraldom, guilt, o'erspread,
In light, joy, freedom, be the Spirit shed;
Speak Thou the word: to Satan's power say, "Cease,"
But to a world of pardon'd sinners, "Peace."
— Thus, in thy grace, Lord God, Thyself make known;
Then shall all tongues confess Thee God alone.

J. MONTGOMERY

PISA.

If many a noble monument is gone,
That said how glorious in her day she was,
There is a sacred place within her walls,
Sacred and silent, save when they that die,
Come there to rest, and they that live, to pray,
For then are voices heard, crying to God,
Where yet remain, apart from all things else,
Four [1], such as no where on the earth are seen
Assembled; and at even, when the sun
Sinks in the west, and in the east the moon
As slowly rises, her great round displaying
Over a city now so desolate —
Such is the grandeur, such the solitude,
Such their dominion in that solemn hour,
We stand and gaze and wonder where we are,
In this world or another.

ROGERS.

TO THE LARK.

O THOU sweet lark, that in the heaven so high
Twinkling thy wings dost sing so joyfully,
I watch the soaring with no mean delight;
And when at last I turn mine aching eye
That lags, how far below that lofty flight,
Still silently receive thy melody.

[1] Viz. the Cathedral, Baptistery, Campanile or Leaning Tower, and the Campo Santo or ancient burial place; the walls of which are decorated with frescoes of the 14th and 15th centuries.

O thou sweet lark, that I had wings like thee!
Not for the joy it were in yon blue light
Upward to plunge, and from my heavenly height
Gaze on the creeping multitude below,
But that I soon would wing my eager flight
To that lov'd home where Fancy even now
Hath fled, and Hope looks onward through a tear,
Counting the weary hours that keep her here.

SOUTHEY.

THE SHIPWRECK.

ALONE upon the leaping billows, lo!
What fearful image works its way? A ship!
Shapeless and wild * * *
Her sails dishevell'd, and her massy form
Disfigur'd, yet tremendously sublime:
Prowless and helmless through the waves she rocks,
And writhes, as if in agony! Like he,
Who to the last, amid o'erwhelming foes,
Sinks with a bloody struggle into death, —
The vessel combats with the battling waves,
Then fiercely dives below! — the thunders roll
Her requiem, and whirlwinds howl for joy!
And where are they, who from the breezy deck
Beheld the sun in orient glory rise
Like a divinity, and breath'd a prayer
For the fresh promise of a placid sea!
Float they in lifeless masses through the deep?
Look! — where a lash of lightning stripes the sea, —
Like straw upon the wind, a bark is whirl'd
From wave to wave; within, a pale-fac'd crew
Sit dumb as phantoms; with their eyes bedimm'd,
Their locks all foamy, and their lips unclos'd;
And when the clouds unsheath their fires, against

The wizard glare their upturn'd faces gleam
In one despairing row! — Their doom is seal'd
Above! — Death howls in every wolfish blast,
And rides on each gigantic wave! the sea
Shall be their sepulchre, their coffins be
Her caves, until the summon'd ocean hear
The death-trump, and her bosom'd dead arise.

R. MONTGOMERY.

THE CRUSADES.

WHEN coward Asia shook in trembling woe,
And bent appall'd before the Bactrian bow [1];
From the moist regions of the western star
The wand'ring hermit [2] wak'd the storm of war.
Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
A countless host, the red-cross warriors came!
E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
And cloth'd in steel the palsied arm of age;
While beardless youths and tender maids assume
The weighty morion and the glancing plume.
In bashful pride the warrior virgins wield
The ponderous falchion, and the sun-like shield,
And start to see their armour's iron gleam
Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's [3] stream.

[1] The civilised parts of Asia were at this time overrun by the Seljukian Turks, who had established themselves in Khorasan, (the ancient Bactria,) whence they extended their dominion over the Caliphat, from the Caspian Sea to Arabia Felix, made themselves masters of Bagdad (1055), and in 1065, took Jerusalem and expelled the Saracens from Palestine.

[2] Peter the Hermit. Council of Clermont, 1095.

[3] Tabaria, a corruption of Tiberias, is the name used for the Sea of Galilee in the old romances.

The blood-red banners floating o'er their van,
All madly blithe the mingled myriads ran:
Impatient Death beheld his destin'd food,
And hov'ring vultures snuff'd the scent of blood.
Not such the numbers, nor the host so dread,
By northern Brenn [1] or Scythian Timur [1] led,
Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore
United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore!
There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien advance,
Form the long line [2], and shake the cornel [3] lance;
Here, link'd with Thrace, in close battalions stand
Ausonia's [4] sons, a soft inglorious band;
There the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,
And the dark tribes of late-reviving [5] Spain;
Here in black files, advancing firm and slow,
Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow: —
Albion, — still prompt the captive's wrong to aid,
And wield in freedom's cause the freeman's generous blade!

HEBER.

[1] Brennus and Tamerlane.

[2] The line (*combat à la haye*) according to Sir Walter Raleigh, was characteristic of French tactics; as the column (*herse*) was of the English. At Creçy, the English were drawn up thirty deep.

[3] *Cornus sanguinea*, the dogwood or cornel tree, the wood of which was used for lances.

[4] Italy.

[5] There were no Spaniards in the first Crusade, the kings of Castile and Aragon being engaged in a perpetual crusade at home against the infidels in Spain.

TWILIGHT IN ITALY.

THE moon is up, and yet it is not night —
Sunset divides the sky with her — a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's [1] mountains; heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be,
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air — an island of the blest!

A single star is at her hand, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhætian [2] hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order: — gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta [3], where their hues instil
The odorous purple [4] of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows,

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:

[1] The most eastern province of Italy, forming that part of the Lombardo-Venetian territory called "Delegazione di Udine." Udina is the capital.

[2] That chain of the Alps which extends from the sources of the Rhine to the valley of the Adige. Its length is about eighty miles, and the Splugen is one of its passes.

[3] A river that, after passing by Bassano and Padua, falls into the Adriatic near Venice.

[4] "The setting sun produced the richest variety of tints; among them was a lovely violet glow, rarely, if ever, seen in England." — *Dallaway's Travels.*

And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains: parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till — 'tis gone — and all is gray.

BYRON.

BRING BACK THE CHAIN.

IT was an aged man, who stood
Beside the blue Atlantic sea;
They cast his fetters by the flood,
And hail'd the time-worn captive free;
From his indignant eye there flash'd
A gleam his better nature gave,
And while his tyrants shrank abash'd,
Thus spoke the spirit-stricken slave:

"Bring back the chain, whose weight so long
These tortur'd limbs have vainly borne;
The word of freedom from your tongue,
My weary ear rejects with scorn!
'Tis true, there was — there was a time,
I sigh'd, I panted to be free;
And, pining for my sunny clime,
Bow'd down my stubborn knee.

"Then I have stretch'd my yearning arms,
And shook in wrath my bitter chain; —
Then, when the magic word had charms,
I groan'd for liberty in vain!
That freedom ye, at length, bestow,
And bid me bless my envied fate:
Ye tell me I am free to go —
Where? — I am desolate!

"The boundless hope — the spring of joy
Felt when the spirit's strength is young;
Which slavery only can alloy, —
The mockeries to which I clung;
The eyes, whose fond and sunny ray
Made life's dull lamp less dimly burn,
The tones I pin'd for day by day, —
Can ye bid them return?

"Bring back the chain; its clanking sound
Hath then a power beyond your own;
It brings young visions smiling round,
Too fondly lov'd — too early flown!
It brings me days when these dim eyes
Gaz'd o'er the wild and swelling sea,
Counting how many suns must rise
Ere one might hail me free!

"Bring back the chain! that I may think
'Tis that which weighs my spirit so;
And, gazing on each galling link,
Dream — as I dreamt — of bitter woe!
My days are gone; — of hope, of youth,
These traces now alone remain;
(Hoarded with sorrow's sacred truth)
Tears, and my iron chain!

"Freedom! though doom'd in pain to live,
The freedom of the soul is mine;
But all of slavery you could give
Around my steps must ever twine.
Raise up the head which age hath bent:
Renew the hopes that childhood gave;
Bid all return kind Heaven once lent, —
Till then — I am a slave!"

MRS. NORTON.

THE OPENING OF THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Amid the torch-lit gloom of Aachen's[1] aisle
Stood Otho, Germany's imperial lord,
Regarding, with a melancholy smile,
A simple stone, where, fitly to record
A world of action by a single word,
Was graven "Carlo Magno." Regal style
Was needed none; that name such thoughts restor'd
As sadden, yet make nobler, men the while.
They roll'd the marble back. With sudden gasp,
A moment o'er the vault the Kaiser bent,
Where still a mortal monarch seem'd to reign:
Crown'd on his throne, a sceptre in his grasp,
Perfect in each gigantic lineament,
Otho look'd face to face on Charlemagne.

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

[1] The German name for Aix-la-chapelle, so called from "the chapel" erected by Charlemagne as a burial-place for himself, after the design of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The original church was destroyed by the Normans, and rebuilt in 983 by Otho III., who, in 997, opened the vault in which were found the remains of Charlemagne. He found the body, not reclining in his coffin, but seated in his throne as one alive, clothed in the imperial robes, bearing the sceptre in his hand, and on his knees a copy of the Gospels. On his brow was the crown; the imperial mantle covered his shoulders; the sword Joyeuse by his side; and the pilgrim's pouch, which he had borne always while living, was still fastened to his girdle. The throne or marble arm-chair is still in the cathedral; the other relics were removed, and used in the coronation ceremonies of succeeding emperors of Germany. They are now deposited at Venice.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

FLOWERS!—when the Saviour's calm, benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty; when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew,
Eternal, universal, as the sky;
Then, in the bosom of your purity
A voice he set, as in a temple-shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by,
Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle divine.
And though too apt its low, celestial sound
By the harsh notes of work-day care is drown'd,
And the loud steps of vain, unlistening haste;
Yet the great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul in thought's hush'd hour,
Than yours, meek lilies!—chosen thus and grac'd.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD REVISITED.

TWILIGHT'S soft dews steal o'er the village-green,
With magic tints to harmonise the scene.
Still'd is the hum that thro' the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flock'd to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols clos'd the busy day.
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasur'd tales, and legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.

All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear?
Mark yon old Mansion frowning thro' the trees,
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven convey'd.
The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleas'd, for life itself was new,
And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew.
See, thro' the fractur'd pediment reveal'd,
Where moss inlays the rudely sculptur'd shield,
The marten's old, hereditary nest.
Long may the ruin spare its hallow'd guest!
As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall!
That hall, where once, in antiquated state,
The chair of justice held the grave debate.
Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
When round yon ample board, in due degree,
We sweeten'd every meal with social glee.
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest;
And all was sunshine in each little breast.
'Twas here we chas'd the slipper by the sound;
And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.
'Twas here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring;
And Fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing.
Giants and genii chain'd each wondering ear;
And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.
Oft with the babes we wander'd in the wood,
Or view'd the forest-feats of Robin Hood:
Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
With startling step we scal'd the lonely tower;
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murder'd by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.

* * * * *

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the wilder'd sight;
And still, with heraldry's rich hues imprest,
On the dim window glows the pictur'd crest.
The screen unfolds its many-colour'd chart.
The clock still points its moral to the heart.
That faithful monitor 'twas heaven to hear,
When soft it spoke a promis'd pleasure near;
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of Time?
That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
Whence the cag'd linnet sooth'd my pensive thought;
Those muskets, cas'd with venerable rust;
Those once-lov'd forms, still breathing thro' their dust,
Still, from the frame in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the past!
As thro' the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove!
How oft, when purple evening ting'd the west,
We watch'd the emmet to her grainy nest;
Welcom'd the wild-bee home on weary wing,
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring!
How oft inscrib'd, with friendship's votive rhyme,
The bark now silver'd by the touch of time;
Soar'd in the swing, half pleas'd, and half afraid,
Thro' sister elms that wav'd their summer-shade;
Or strew'd with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat!
Childhood's lov'd group revisits every scene!
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green;
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Cloth'd with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below
To sooth and sweeten all the cares we know;

Whose just suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm;
Thee would the Muse invoke!—to thee belong
The sage's precept, and the poet's song.
What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape time's meek twilight steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play;
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resign'd
Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind.
The School's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn;
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions, and romantic dreams!
Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blaz'd
The Gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gaz'd;
Gaz'd on her sunburnt face with silent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
Whose dark eyes flash'd thro' locks of blackest shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd:—
And heroes fled the Sibyl's mutter'd call,
Whose elfin prowess scal'd the orchard-wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And trac'd the line of life with searching view,
How throbb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the colour of my future years! . . . . . -

Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my
breast;
This truth once known—To bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way,
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray)
Sooth'd the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And sigh'd to think that little was no more,
He breath'd his prayer, "Long may such goodness
live!"
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.
Angels, when mercy's mandate wing'd their flight,
Had stopt to dwell with pleasure on the sight.
But hark! thro' those old firs, with sullen swell,
The church-clock strikes! ye tender scenes, farewell!
It calls me hence, beneath their shade, to trace
The few fond lines that time may soon efface.
On yon gray stone, that fronts the chancel-door,
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble thro' the ring,
When the heart danc'd, and life was in its spring;
Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
That faintly echo'd to the voice of mirth.
The glow-worm loves her emerald-light to shed,
Where now the sexton rests his hoary head.
Oft, as he turn'd the greensward with his spade,
He lectur'd every youth that round him play'd;
And, calmly pointing where our fathers lay,
Rous'd us to rival each, the hero of his day.
Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush! while here alone
I search the records of each mouldering stone.
Guides of my life! Instructors of my youth!
Who first unveil'd the hallow'd form of truth!
Whose every word enlighten'd and endear'd;
In age belov'd, in poverty rever'd;
In friendship's silent register ye live,
Nor ask the vain memorial art can give.

But when the sons of peace, of pleasure sleep,
When only sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,
What spells entrance my visionary mind
With sighs so sweet, with transports so refin'd?
Ethereal Power! who at the noon of night
Recall'st the far-fled spirit of delight;
From whom that musing, melancholy mood
Which charms the wise, and elevates the good;
Blest Memory, hail! Oh grant the grateful Muse,
Her pencil dipt in Nature's living hues,
To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll,
And trace its airy precincts in the soul.

ROGERS

ODE ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

COME, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chast'ning rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resign'd thy peaceful cypress twine.

Tho' Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation, in her cell,
Hears with faint eye, the ling'ring knell,
That tells her hopes are dead;
And tho' the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile, and say, "My all was not laid here."

Come, Disappointment, come!
Tho' from hope's summit hurl'd,
Still, rigid nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from heaven,
To wean me from the world:
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun — a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

Oh, what is beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies:
Will the cold earth its silence break,
And tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all,
O'er beauty's fall,
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

The most belov'd on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form belov'd is laid.

Then, since this world is vain,
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts, where moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still?

Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me;
Sad Monitress! I own thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
I bend my knee to thee,
From sun to sun
My race will run,
I only bow, and say, "My God, thy will be done!

KIRKE WHITE.

MORNING ON THE PERSIAN GULF.

THE morn hath risen clear and calm,
And o'er the Green Sea [1] palely shines,
Revealing Bahrein's [2] groves of palm,
And lighting Kishma's [3] amber vines.

[1] The Persian Gulf.
[2] Islands in the Gulf celebrated for their pearl fishery.
[3] A large island in the gulf, not far from Ormuz. The Sultana raisin of commerce is the grape of Kishma.

Fresh smell the shores of Araby,
While breezes from the Indian sea
Blow round Selama's [1] sainted cape,
And curl the shining flood beneath, —
Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
Which pious seamen as they pass'd,
Had tow'rd that holy headland cast —
Oblations to the Genii there
For gentle skies and breezes fair!
The nightingale now bends her flight
From the high trees, where all the night
She sung so sweet, with morn to listen;
And hides her from the morning star
Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
In the clear dawn — bespangled o'er
With dew, whose night drops would not stain
The best and brightest scimitar [2]
That ever youthful Sultan wore
On the first morning of his reign!

MOORE

THE SPANISH ARMADA:

ATTEND all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise,
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,

[1] The genuine name of the headland at the entrance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Musseldom. The Indians, when they pass the promontory, throw cocoa-nuts, fruits, or flowers into the sea, to secure a propitious voyage.

[2] In speaking of the climate, an author says, "The dew is of such a pure nature, that if the brightest scimitar should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust."

When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's [1] isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile;
At sunrise she escap'd their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta [2], till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was plac'd along the wall;
The beacon blaz'd upon the roof of Edgecumb's [3] lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
While, his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums;
His yeomen, round the market-cross, make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.

[1] Alderney. [2] One of the Spanish ships.
[3] Near Plymouth.

Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalk'd he when he turn'd to fight, on that fam'd Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield:
So glar'd he when at Agincourt in wrath he turn'd to bay,
And crush'd and torn beneath his claws the princely hunter lay.
Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, sir knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously — ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious Semper Eadem [1] — the banner of our pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurl'd that banner's massy fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kiss'd that haughty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon that dusky beach, and on the purple sea, —
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the warning radiance spread;
High on St. Michael's Mount [2] it shone — it shone on Beachy Head. [3]

[1] The motto of Queen Elizabeth.

[2] A remarkable insulated rock opposite the town of Marazion in Cornwall, connected with the mainland by a causeway over the sands.

[3] Sussex.

Far on the deep the Spaniards saw, along each
southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire;
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's [1] glit-
tering waves,
The rugged miners pour'd to war from Mendip's [2]
sunless caves.
O'er Longleat's [3] towers, o'er Cranbourn's [4] oaks, the fiery herald flew,
He rous'd the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers
of Beaulieu. [5]
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out
from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on
Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall Gate look'd forth into
the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of
bloodshed light;
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like
silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city
woke:
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering
fires;
At once the wild alarum clash'd from all her reeling
spires;

[1] Rises in Cornwall and flows into Plymouth Sound, forming, almost entirely throughout its course, the boundary between Cornwall and Devonshire.

[2] The Mendip hills contain zinc, calamine, and other minerals, and are celebrated for the cavern at Wokey, which yields only in extent to the Peak.

[3] Near Warminster, Wilts, the seat of the Marquis of Bath.

[4] Cranbourne chase, Dorsetshire.

[5] New Forest, Hampshire.

From all the batteries of the Tower peal'd loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes dash'd down each roaring street:
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in:
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went,
And rous'd in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untir'd they bounded still,
Till the proud Peak [1] unfurl'd the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales —
Till like volcanoes flar'd to heaven the stormy hills of Wales —
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's [2] lovely height —
Till stream'd in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's [3] crest of light —
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane [4],
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;

[1] The castle built by Peveril in the reign of the Conqueror: is now a ruin on the verge of the rocky precipice which forms the roof of the Peak cavern.
[2] Worcestershire. [3] Shropshire. [4] The Cathedral.

Till Belvoir's lordly terraces [1] the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wild vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw [2] saw the fire that burn'd on Gaunt's embattled pile [3],
And the red glare of Skiddaw rous'd the burghers of Carlisle.

MACAULAY.

DEATH.

IN the pride
Of youth and health, by sufferings yet untried,
We talk of death as something which 'twere sweet,
In glory's arms, exultingly to meet;
A closing triumph, a majestic scene,
Where gazing nations watch the hero's mien.
As, undismay'd, amidst the tears of all,
He folds his mantle, regally to fall—
Hush, fond enthusiast! still obscure and lone,
Yet not less terrible because unknown,
Is the last hour of thousands: they retire
From life's throng'd path, unnotic'd to expire.
As the light leaf, whose fall to ruin bears
Some trembling insect's little world of cares,
Descends in silence, while around heaves on
The mighty forest, reckless what is gone!
Such is man's doom — and ere an hour be flown,
Start not, thou trifler; such may be thine own!

MRS. HEMANS.

[1] Leicestershire. [2] Cumberland.
[3] The castle (now the county gaol) of Lancaster, was partly built by John of Gaunt, to whom the duchy was given by his father.

INDOLENCE.

'Tis hard to say who greater ills endure,
The listless rich, or the o'erlabouring poor.
Indolence sits a night-mare on the breast;
And night or day her victims cannot rest.
Since man was never born to live alone,
How can he be that wretched thing — a drone!

LEIGH.

DECEMBER MORNING.

I LOVE to rise ere gleams the tardy light,
Winter's pale dawn; and as warm fires illume,
And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
Through misty windows bend my musing sight,
Where round the dusky lawn, the mansions white,
With shutters clos'd, peer faintly through the gloom,
That slow recedes; while yon gray spires assume,
Rising from their dark pile, an added height
By indistinctness given. Then to decree
The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold
To friendship or the Muse, or seek with glee
Wisdom's rich page. O hours more worth than gold,
By whose blest use we lengthen life, and, free
From drear decays of age, outlive the old.

MISS SEWARD.

THE POETRY OF EARTH.

THE Poetry of Earth is never dead!
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the grasshopper's! He takes the lead
In summer luxury; he has never done
With his delights; for when tir'd out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The Poetry of Earth is ceasing never!
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence — from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

KEATS.

GINEVRA.[1]

SHE was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
* * * * * *
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.

[1] This story is, I believe, founded on fact; though the time and place are uncertain. Many old houses in England lay claim to it, and it is the subject of a pretty ballad, called "The Misseltoe Bough."

But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preach'd decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And fill'd his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas, she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could any thing be guess'd,
But that she was not!—Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long might'st thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remain'd awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.
Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was notic'd; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden-clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Ginevra."—There then had she found a grave!

Within that chest had she conceal'd herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fasten'd her down for ever!

ROGERS.

THE VIEW.

THE golden sun has colour'd all the woods!
Fresh views succeed; each brighter than the last:
There barren rocks are channell'd by the floods,
Here Flora's beauties cannot be surpast.
Lausanne, a universe of charms thou hast!
There Winter's fetter'd in his icy bed:
Steeps rise o'er steeps immeasurably vast;
While the rude crags projecting overhead,
Strike in the stoutest hearts a momentary dread!

The ambitious rhododendron[1] climbs the snow;
Pines darken round the mountain's sides, behold!
A thousand rills from icy caverns flow,
Rushing o'er rocks irregularly bold,
Where the tenacious sapling keeps its hold;
Below the dark stream with collected force,
Still rolling on as it has ever roll'd,
Through the wide plains shapes its resistless course,
As rude as Ocean's self—as grand as in its source.

Look on these glorious wonders: think of Him,
Lord of a million worlds, that have, perchance,
Greater phenomena!—mine eyes grow dim;

[1] *Rhododendron ferrugineum* and *hirsutum* decorate the rocks from June to August with their brilliant flowers. They are seldom found at a lower elevation than from 2000 to 3000 feet.

With gazing on these heights as we advance:
Now all things seem envelop'd in a trance:
Save when at times the avalanche doth fall,
Startling the ear; still at a vast distance
The masses of thick-ribbed ice appal
The soul, as if they form'd the world's extremest wall!

The prospect lengthens: far and far beneath
See cities, mansions, beautifully plac'd,
While the smoke rises in a frequent wreath
From cottages by greenest arbours grac'd.
These, like man's proudest works, may be defac'd
By war's unsparing hand; but yonder trees,
Self-planted, by thick-woven shrubs embrac'd,
They with their towering grandeur long will please:
How can the spoiler's axe fell forests such as these?

LEIGH.

EVENING.

'Tis gone, that bright and orbed blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quiv'ring light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.

When round thy wondrous works below
My searching, rapturous glance I throw,

Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove; —

Or, by the light thy words disclose,
Watch time's full river as it flows,
Scanning thy gracious providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense: —

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold; —
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn to eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

* * * * *

If some poor wand'ring child of thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere thro' the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

KEBLE.

VENICE.

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs[1];
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, thron'd on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was; her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she rob'd, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increas'd.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling on the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear;

[1] The communication between the ducal palace and the prisons of Venice is by a gloomy bridge, or covered gallery, divided by a stone wall into a passage and a cell. The state dungeons were sunk in the thick walls of the palace, and the prisoner when taken out to die, was conducted across the gallery to the other side, and being then led back into the other compartment, or cell, upon the bridge, was there strangled.

Those days are gone — but beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade — but nature both not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

* * * * * *

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord!
And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestor'd,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
Over the proud place where an emperor sued,
And monarchs gaz'd and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequall'd dower.

The Suabian sued[1], and now the Austrian reigns—
An emperor tramples where an emperor knelt;
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt
From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
The sunshine for a while, and downward go
Like lauwine loosen'd from the mountain's belt;
Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo!
Th' octogenarian chief[2], Byzantium's conquering foe.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
But is not Doria's menace come to pass?[3]

[1] Frederic Barbarossa, in 1177, when Pope Alexander III. solemnly absolved him in St. Mark's church from the excommunication pronounced against him.

[2] Dandolo was 97 years old when he commanded the Venetians at the taking of Constantinople.

[3] After their defeat by the united armament of Genoa

Are they not bridled? — Venice, lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose!

* * * * *

Statues of glass — all shiver'd — the long file
Of her dead Doges are declin'd to dust;
But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile
Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;
Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,
Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what enthrals,
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls.

BYRON.

THE FACTORY CHILD.

EVER a toiling child doth make us sad:
'Tis an unnatural and mournful sight,
Because we feel their smiles should be so glad,
Because we know their eyes should be so bright.
What is it, then, when, task'd beyond their might,
They labour all day long for others' gain, —
Nay, trespass on the still and pleasant night,
While uncompleted hours of toil remain?
Poor little factory slaves — for you these lines complain!

and Padua, 1379, the Venetians sent an embassy to sue for peace, but Peter Doria, the commander-in-chief, returned as answer, that the Venetians should have no peace until he had put a rein upon the unbridled horses that were upon the porch of St. Mark.

Beyond all sorrow which the wanderer knows
Is that these little pent-up wretches feel,
Where the air thick and close and stagnant grows,
And the low whirring of the incessant wheel
Dizzies the head and makes the senses reel:
There, shut for ever from the gladdening sky,
Vice premature and care's corroding seal
Stamp on each sallow cheek their hateful dye,
Line the smooth open brow, and sink the sadden'd eye.

For them the fervid summer only brings
A double *share* of stifling withering heat;
For them no flowers spring up, no wild bird sings,
No moss-grown walks refresh their weary feet; —
No river's murmuring sound; — no wood-walk, sweet
With many a flower the learned slight and pass: —
Nor meadow, with pale cowslips thickly set
Amid the soft leaves of its tufted grass, —
Lure them a childish stock of treasures to amass.

Have we forgotten our own infancy,
That joys so simple are to them denied? —
Our boyhood's hopes, — our wand'rings far and free
Where yellow gorse-bush left the common wide
And open to the breeze? — the active pride
Which made each obstacle a pleasure seem;
When, rashly glad, all danger we defied,
Dash'd thro' the brook by twilight's fading gleam,
Or scorn'd the tottering plank, and leapt the narrow stream.

In lieu of this, — from short and bitter night,
Sullen and sad the infant labourer creeps;
He joys not in the glow of morning's light,
But with an idle yearning stands and weeps,
Envying the babe that in its cradle sleeps;

And ever, as he slowly journeys on,
His listless tongue unbidden silence keeps;
His fellow-labourers (playmates hath he none)
Walk by, as sad as he, nor hail the morning's sun.

MRS. NORTON.

COLUMBUS.[1] (1.)

THE crimson sun was sinking down to rest,
Pavilion'd on the cloudy verge of heaven;
And ocean, on her gently heaving breast,
Caught, and flash'd back, the varying tints of even;
When, on a fragment from the tall cliff riven,
With folded arms, and doubtful thoughts oppress'd,
Columbus sat; till sudden hope was given:
A ray of gladness, shooting from the West.
O what a glorious vision for mankind
Then dawn'd above the twilight of his mind;
Thoughts shadowy still, but indistinctly grand!
There stood his Genius, face to face; and sign'd
(So legends tell) far seaward with her hand:
Till a new world sprang up, and bloom'd beneath
her wand.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

COLUMBUS. (2.)

HE was a man whom danger could not daunt,
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue:
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,
And steel'd the path of honour to pursue:

[1] Columbus always considered that he was inspired, and chosen for the great service of discovering a new world and conveying to it the light of salvation.

So, when by all deserted, still he knew
How best to soothe the heartsick, or confront
Sedition; school'd with equal eye to view
The frowns of grief, and the base pangs of want.
But when he saw that promis'd land arise
In all its rare and bright varieties,
Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod;
Then softening nature melted in his eyes;
He knew his fame was full, and bless'd his God:
And fell upon his face, and kiss'd the virgin sod!

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

COLUMBUS. (3.)

BEAUTIFUL realm beyond the western main,
That hymns thee ever with resounding wave!
Thine is the glorious sun's peculiar reign;
Fruit, flowers, and gems, in rich mosaic pave
Thy paths: like giant altars o'er the plain
Thy mountains blaze, loud thundering, 'mid the rave
Of mighty streams, that shoreward rush amain,
Like Polypheme from his Etnean cave.
Joy, joy, for Spain! a seaman's hand confers
These glorious gifts, and half the world is hers!
But where is he?—that light, whose radiance glows
The load-star of succeeding mariners!
Behold him! crush'd beneath o'ermastering woes—
Hopeless, heart-broken, chain'd[1], abandon'd to his foes!

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

[1] When the officer appointed to conduct him back to Spain would have taken off his chains, Columbus refused his offer, and said, "I will wear them till the king orders otherwise, and will preserve them as memorials of his gratitude." He hung them up in his cabinet, and desired they should be buried in his grave.

TO MY MOTHER.

THEY tell us of an Indian tree [1]
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot, and blossom, wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life, that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.

'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee!

MOORE.

ROME.

THE Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

[1] The Banyan tree (*Ficus Indica*) the branches of which spread to a great extent, and throw out roots which descend to the earth, where they fix themselves, and increase rapidly in size, till they become as large as the parent trunk. In this manner they cover an immense extent of ground, sufficient to shelter a regiment of cavalry, and used by the Indians as a natural canopy under which to hold their great public meetings.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and
Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climb'd the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

BYRON.

THE SEA NETTLE.

Now is it pleasant in the summer-eve,
When a broad shore retiring waters leave,
Awhile to wait upon the firm fair sand,
When all is calm at sea, all still at land;
And there the ocean's produce to explore,
As floating by, or rolling on the shore;
Those living jellies which the flesh inflame,[1]
Fierce as a nettle, and from that its name;
Some in huge masses, some that you may bring
In the small compass of a lady's ring;
Figur'd by hand divine—there's not a gem
Wrought by man's art to be compar'd to them;
Soft, brilliant, tender, through the wave they glow;
And make the moonbeam brighter where they flow.
Involved in sea-wrack, here you find a race,
Which science, doubting, knows not where to place;

[1] The various species of Medusa, popularly named sea-nettles, from their causing when touched a disagreeable stinging sensation.

On shell or stone is dropp'd the embryo-seed,
And quickly vegetates a vital breed.

While thus with pleasing wonder you inspect
Treasures the vulgar in their scorn reject,
See, as they float along, th' entangled weeds
Slowly approach, upborne on bladdery beads[1];
Wait till they land, and you shall then behold
The fiery sparks those tangled fronds infold,
Myriads of living points; th' unaided eye
Can but the fire, and not the form descry.
And now your view upon the ocean turn,
And there the splendour of the waves discern;
Cast but a stone, or strike them with the oar,
And you shall flames within the deep explore;
Or scoop the stream phosphoric as you stand,
And the cold flames shall flash along your hand;
When, lost in wonder, you shall walk, and gaze
On weeds that sparkle, and on waves that blaze.[2]

CRABBE.

[1] *Fucus vesiculosus* and other species (sea wrack, kelp), the stems of which are furnished with a number of air-bladders, which make a cracking noise when trodden upon, and which cause the weed to float upon the surface of the water.

[2] Few points in natural history have given rise to greater discussion than the luminous appearance of the ocean; but all that has been precisely determined upon the subject is, that many mollusca, when alive, have the power to emit a phosphoric light; the light in the sea is, in some degree, imparted by these *living* animals, and also by the infinite quantity of decomposed *dead* mollusca, which are in some places so abundant as to render the ocean like a gelatinous fluid, nauseous to the taste, but nourishing to fishes. The sea becomes more luminous at the approach of storms, but is little affected by any variation of the temperature.

DEATH.

DEATH is the dark and universal doom;
The past hath brav'd it, and the future shall;
Though little deem we, as we laugh the hours
Along, like echoes dandled by the wind,
How swift our path is verging to the tomb,
Terrific power! how often in the hush
Of midnight, when the thoughtless learn to think,
The gay grow solemn, and the guilty wise,
Visions of thee come floating o'er the mind,
Like exhalations from a grave! How oft
We feel an awfulness o'ershade the soul,
As if 'twere soaring to the throne of God,
Till, in one thought of heaven, we bury all
This mighty world of life and being!
A death-cloud rises with the star of life,
And ere the heart can open on the world
In happiness and joy, a voice from death
Is heard, as Nature whispers to the soul
We live to die, and die to live! there is
A spirit home in unimagin'd worlds:—
Yes, swift and awful rolls the mighty tide
Of human being to the final goal!
First, Infancy, without a thought,—a dream!
Next, Childhood, full of beauty, health, and joy,—
A spring for ever breathing in the soul;—
Then, Manhood, most majestic! piercing through
The heavens with haughty eye, and printing earth
With kingly steps,—ambition, love, and care,
Some smiles, and many tears,—the mind within
For ever wrestling like a wave of fire,—
And such is manhood!—then comes feeble Age,
That droops, and drops into the silent grave;—
Here ends the scene of life,—a moment wept,
The next forgotten;—let the curtain fall;
Oblivion has our tale,—we lived, and died!

R. MONTGOMERY.

THE CHARITIES OF THE POOR.

"BEG FROM A BEGGAR."—*Irish Proverb.*

THERE is a thought so purely blest,
That to its use I oft repair,
When evil breaks my spirit's rest,
And pleasure is but varied care;
A thought to gild the stormiest skies,
To deck with flowers the bleakest moor,—
A thought whose home is paradise,—
The charities of poor to poor.

It were not for the rich to blame,
If they, whom fortune seems to scorn,
Should vent their ill-content and shame
On others less or more forlorn:
But, that the veriest needs of life
Should be dispens'd with freer hand,
Than all their stores and treasures rife—
Is not for them to understand.

To give the stranger's children bread,
Of your precarious board the spoil,—
To watch your helpless neighbour's bed,
And sleepless meet the morrow's toil;—
The gifts, not proffer'd once alone,
The daily sacrifice of years,—
And when all else to give is gone,
The precious gifts of love and tears!

* * * * *

Therefore, lament not, honest soul!
That Providence holds back from thee
The means thou might'st so well control—
Those luxuries of charity.[1]

[1] "The luxury of doing good."—*Goldsmith*

Manhood is nobler, as thou art;
And, should some chance thy coffers fill,
How art thou sure to keep thine heart,
To hold unchang'd thy loving will?

Wealth, like all other power, is blind,
And bears a poison in its core,
To taint the best, if feeble, mind,
And madden that debas'd before.
It is the battle, not the prize,
That fills the hero's breast with joy;
And industry the bliss supplies,
Which mere possession might destroy.

MILNES.

THE CID'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.

THE Moor had beleagur'd Valencia's towers,
And lances gleam'd up through her citron bowers,
And the tents of the desert had girt her plain,
And camels were trampling the vines of Spain,
For the Cid was gone to rest.

[1] The adventures of this Castilian hero are involved in nearly as much fable as those of our king Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. They are contained in the Chronicle supposed to have been written in the 13th century, and in an immense number of romances and ballads, besides an ancient epic poem, in which the wonderful achievements of Bernardo del Carpio, Ferran Gonzalez, and the other twelve peers of Spain, are interwoven with those of the Cid.

The Cid (from the Arabic El Seid, "the Lord,") so called by the Moors, whom he subjugated by his victories, was born at Burgos, about 1040. His real name was Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar. He attached himself to Sancho II., king of Castile, whose life he once saved in battle. At the siege of Zamora, Sancho was treacherously murdered, and his brother Alphonso, his successor, was suspected of the

There were men from wilds where the death-wind
sweeps,
There were spears from hills where the lion sleeps,
There were bows from sands where the ostrich
runs,
For the shrill horn of Afric had call'd her sons
To the battles of the West.

The midnight bell o'er the dim seas heard,
Like the roar of waters, the air had stirr'd;
The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,
And the camp lay hush'd as a wizard's cave,
But the Christians woke that night.

deed. The Cid insisted that, before taking possession of the vacant throne, Alphonso should take an oath of his innocence of his brother's murder; and when the other nobles hung back, Rodrigo alone exacted the oath and made him repeat it three times. After such a step, he could expect little court favour; and he retired from Castile, and occupied himself in expeditions against the Moors. He defeated five Moorish kings, and imposed upon them a tribute in the name of the king of Castile. Recalled to court, he received, in the presence of Alphonso, the Moorish deputies, who saluted him with the title of *Seid*, by which he was afterwards designated. Again banished by the unforgiving Alphonso, he attacked the Moors in Aragon, and there fixed himself in a strong fortress in a rock, which is still called "La Peña de el Cid," (The Rock of the Cid.) After a long siege, he took Valencia, where he established himself, and held it till his death, 1099. Too modest to take the title of king, he never forgot that he was born a subject to the king of Castile, and never ceased to give homage to Alphonso, although he had exiled him. The love of military renown never made him insensible to the dictates of justice, and he must ever be considered as a model of a true knight and of a faithful subject. On the news of his death the Moors besieged Valencia, but were repulsed by his widow, and the troops sent by Alphonso to her assistance; but, according to the legend which forms the subject of this ballad, the Moors besieged the town while he lay on his death-bed, and he directed that his corpse should be led out, in the manner described, when the garrison should make a sally.

They rear'd the Cid on his barbed steed,
Like a warrior mail'd for the hour of need,
And they fix'd the sword in the cold right hand,
Which had fought so well for his fathers' land,
And the shield from his neck hung bright.

There was arming heard in Valencia's halls,
There was vigil kept on the rampart walls;
Stars had not faded, nor clouds turn'd red,
When the knights had girded the noble dead,
And the burial train mov'd out.

With a measur'd pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun;
With a silent step went the cuirass'd bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands,
And they gave no battle shout.

When the first went forth, it was midnight deep,
In heaven was the moon, in the camp was sleep;
When the last through the city's gates had gone,
O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,
With a sun-burst from the sea.

There were knights five hundred went arm'd before,
And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore;
To its last fair field, with the break of morn,
Was the glorious banner in silence borne,
On the glad wind streaming free.

And the Campeador [1] came stately then,
Like a leader circled with steel-clad men!
The helmet was down o'er the face of the dead,
But his steed went proud, by a warrior led,
For he knew that the Cid was there. [2]

[1] A title of the Cid.

[2] Bavieca, the favourite charger of the Cid, is scarcely less celebrated than Bucephalus. He is mentioned in almost every one of the hundred ballads concerning the Cid, and was buried near his master under the trees in front of the convent of San Pedro de Cardeña.

He was there, the Cid, with his own good sword,
And Ximena [1] following her noble lord;
Her eye was solemn, her step was slow,
But there rose not a sound of war or woe,
Not a whisper on the air.

The halls in Valencia were still and lone,
The churches were empty, the masses done;
There was not a voice through the wide streets far,
Not a foot-fall heard in the Alcazar [2],
So the burial train mov'd out.

With a measur'd pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun;
With a silent step went the cuirass'd bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands,
And they gave no battle shout.

But the hills peal'd with a cry ere long,
When the Christians burst on the Paynim throng!
With a sudden flash of the lance and spear,
And a charge of the war-steed in full career.
It was Alvar Fanez [3] came!

He that was wrapt with no funeral shroud,
Had pass'd before, like a threat'ning cloud!
And the storm rush'd down on the tented plain,
And the Archer-Queen [4] with her bands lay slain,
For the Cid upheld his fame.

[1] The Cid's wife.— The Chimène of Corneille's celebrated tragedy of "Le Cid."

[2] The market-place.

[3] One of the Cid's bravest warriors, and governor of Valencia after his death.

[4] A Moorish princess, who accompanied King Bucar with a band of female archers.

Then a terror fell on the king Bucar [1],
And the Libyan [2] kings who had join'd his war:
And their hearts grew heavy and died away,
And their hands could not wield an assagay [3],
For the dreadful things they saw!

For it seem'd where Minaya [4] his onset made,
There were seventy thousand knights array'd,
All white as snow, on Nevada's [5] steep,
And they came like the foam of a roaring deep;
'Twas a sight of fear and awe!

And the crested form of a warrior tall,
With a sword of fire went before them all;
With a sword of fire and a banner pale,
And a blood-red cross on his shadowy mail,
He rode in the battle's van.

There was fear in the path of his dim white horse,
There was death in the giant-warrior's course!
Where his banner stream'd with its ghastly light,
Where his sword blaz'd out, there was hurrying flight,
For it seem'd not the sword of man!

The field and the river grew darkly red,
As the kings and leaders of Afric fled;
There was work for the men of the Cid that day!
They were weary at eve, when they ceas'd to slay,
As reapers whose task is done!

[1] The Moorish king that had invaded Spain.
[2] African.
[3] A Moorish weapon.
[4] Alvaro Fanez Minaya.
[5] A lofty mountain in Spain.

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled!
The sails of their galleys in haste were spread;
But the sea had its share of the Paynim slain,
And the bow of the desert was broke in Spain,
So the Cid to his grave pass'd on.

MRS. HEMANS.

INSTABILITY OF FRIENDSHIP.

ALAS! — how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heav'n was all tranquillity!
A something light as air — a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken —
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds — or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods that part for ever.

MOORE.

CONTENTMENT.

We live not in our moments or our years—
  The Present we fling from us like the rind
  Of some sweet Future, which we after find
Bitter to taste, or bind that in with fears,
And water it beforehand with our tears—
  Vain tears for that which never may arrive:
  Meanwhile, the joy whereby we ought to live,
Neglected or unheeded, disappears.
Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
  Whate'er of good, though small, the present brings;
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and flowers,
  With a child's pure delight in little things[1];
And of the griefs unborn to rest secure,
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

TRENCH.

[1] "Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict great pain, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an under-growth of small pleasures."—*Sharp's Letters and Essays.*

"Thrice happy is he who acquires the habit of looking every where for excellences and not for faults—whether in art or in nature—whether in a picture, a poem, or a character. Like the bee in its flight, he extracts the sweet and not the bitter wherever he goes; till his mind becomes a dwelling-place for all that is beautiful, receiving, as it were by instinct, what is congenial to itself, and rejecting every thing else almost as unconsciously as if it was not there."—*Rogers.*

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth the silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gaz'd upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranc'd in prayer,
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.
  Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are list'ning to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blend'ing with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfus'd
Into the mighty vision passing—then,
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to heaven.
  Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstacy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!
  Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,

Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?
And you, ye five wild torrents[1] fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shelter'd, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest;
Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue[2], spread garlands at your feet!
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God;
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!

[1] Besides the rivers Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources at the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides.

[2] Within a few paces of the glaciers, the gentian grows in immense numbers.

Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds;
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!
Thou too, hoar mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling, with dim eyes suffus'd with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me,—Rise, O ever, rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit, thron'd among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

COLERIDGE.

THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

YES, Salem, thou shalt rise: thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound his chast'ning hand has made;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.[1]
Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring [2],
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys, sing!
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;
The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.

[1] Psalm ii. 3. and cvii. 16. [2] Ezekiel, xxxvi.

E'en now, perhaps, wide waving o'er the land,
The mighty Angel lifts his golden wand;
Courts the bright vision of descending power [1],
Tells ev'ry gate, and measures every tower [2];
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destin'd reign.
And who is he? the vast, the awful form [3],
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm?
A western cloud around his limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head.
To highest heaven he lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land;
And hark! his voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more!
Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo! thrones are set, and every saint is there [4];
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
The mountains worship, and the isles obey;
Nor sun, nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night;—
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light [5];
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home?
On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again.[6]
Hark! white-rob'd crowds their deep hosannas raise,
And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise;
Ten thousand harps attune their mystic song,
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong; –
"Worthy the Lamb! omnipotent to save,
Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave!"

HEBER.

[1] Rev. xxi. 10.
[2] Rev. x.
[3] Rev. xxi. 22.
Ezekiel, xl.
[4] Rev. xx.
[6] Ezekiel, xxxvii.

CRANMER.

Too feebly nerv'd for so severe a trial,
  Wert thou, O Cranmer! yet thy heart was true,
  And the church owes thee much and loves thee too.
If thou didst faint beneath the fiercest vial
That wrath could pour, O let no harsh decrial
  Tarnish the martyr's fame! The Saviour knew
  How weak are even the best!—'ere the cock crew,
Peter thrice utter'd the foretold denial!
Think not of Cranmer to his chains descending,
  Fear-palsied, and his mind scarce half awake;
But Cranmer, with the faithful Ridley, bending
  Over the liturgy; Cranmer as he spake
From his last pulpit; Cranmer when extending
  His hand through flame, undaunted, at the stake!

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

A STARLIGHT NIGHT

YE quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
While half the world is lapp'd in downy dreams,
And round the lattice creep your midnight beams,
How sweet to gaze upon those placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies!
And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
At dead of night along some noiseless way,
How the heart mingles with a moon-lit hour,
As if the starry heavens suffus'd a power.
See! not a cloud careers yon pensile sweep,
A waveless sea of azure, still as sleep;
Full in her dreamy light the Moon presides,
Shrin'd in a halo, mellowing as she rides;

And far around, the forest and the stream
Bathe in the beauty of her emerald beam.
The lull'd winds, too, are sleeping in their caves,
No stormy murmurs roll upon the waves;
Nature is hush'd, as if her works ador'd,
Still'd by the presence of her living Lord!

R. MONTGOMERY.

THE WEAVER'S SONG.

WEAVE, brothers, weave! Swiftly throw
The shuttle athwart the loom,
And show us how brightly your flowers grow,
That have beauty, but no perfume!
Come, show us the rose, with a hundred dyes,
The lily, that hath no spot;
The violet, deep as your true love's eyes,
And the little forget-me-not!
Sing — sing, brothers! weave and sing!
'Tis good both to sing and to weave;
'Tis better to work than live idle:
'Tis better to sing than to grieve.

Weave, brothers, weave! — Weave, and bid
The colours of sunset glow!
Let grace in each gliding thread be hid!
Let beauty about ye blow!
Let your skein be long, and your silk be fine,
And your hands both fine and sure,
And time nor chance shall your work untwine;
But all, — like a truth, — endure!
So, sing, brothers, &c.

Weave, brothers, weave! — Toil is ours;
But toil is the lot of men:
One gathers the fruit, one gathers the flowers,
One soweth the seed again!
There is not a creature, from England's king,
To the peasant that delves the soil,
That knows half the pleasures the seasons bring,
If he have not his share of toil!
So, sing, brothers, &c.

BARRY CORNWALL.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS ELDEST SON.

THOUGH short thy space, God's unimpeach'd decrees,
Which made that shorten'd space one long disease;
Yet, merciful in chast'ning, gave thee scope
For mild redeeming virtues, faith and hope,
Meek resignation, pious charity;
And, since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path remov'd, with partial care,
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare,
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fix'd on heav'n thine unreverted eye!
Oh! mark'd from birth, and nurtur'd for the skies!
In youth with more than learning's wisdom wise!
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure!
Simple as unwean'd infancy, and pure!
Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away!)
By mortal suff'rings now no more oppress'd,
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destin'd rest!
While I — revers'd our nature's kindlier doom —
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.

CANNING.

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

NIGHT was again descending, when my mule,
That all day long had climb'd among the clouds,
Higher and higher still, as by a stair
Let down from heaven itself, transporting me,
Stopp'd, to the joy of both, at that low door,
That door which ever, as self-open'd, moves
To them that knock, and nightly sends abroad
Ministering spirits. Lying on the watch,
Two dogs of grave demeanour welcom'd me,
All meekness, gentleness, though large of limb;
And a lay-brother of the Hospital,
Who, as we toil'd below, had heard by fits
The distant echoes gaining on his ear,
Came and held fast my stirrup in his hand
While I alighted. Long could I have stood,
With a religious awe contemplating
That house, the highest in the Ancient World [1],
And destin'd to perform from age to age
The noblest service, welcoming as guests
All of all nations and of every faith;
A temple, sacred to humanity [2]!
It was a pile of simplest masonry,

[1] The Hospice of St. Bernard is the highest habitation in the old world, being 8200 feet above the level of the sea. It stands in the canton of the Vallais, and was founded in 962, by Bernard, who was born of a noble family in Savoy, and who lived there forty years. It soon acquired great celebrity and opulence. In the 15th century, the monastery possessed extensive domains in Sicily, the Neapolitan States, Low Countries, and even, it is said, in England; but of these the monks have been gradually deprived, and now their resources are so small that collections are annually made for the monastery in the Swiss Cantons.

[2] In the course of the year, they entertain from thirty to thirty-five thousand travellers.

With narrow windows and vast buttresses,
Built to endure the shocks of time and chance;
Yet showing many a rent, as well it might,
Warr'd on for ever by the elements,
And in an evil day, nor long ago,
By violent men — when on the mountain-top
The French and Austrian banners met in conflict. [1]
On the same rock beside it stood the church,
Reft of its cross, not of its sanctity;
The vesper-bell, for 'twas the vesper-hour,
Duly proclaiming through the wilderness,
"All ye who hear, whatever be your work,
Stop for an instant — move your lips in prayer!"
And, just beneath it, in that dreary dale,
If dale it might be called, so near to heaven,
A little lake, where never fish leap'd up,
Lay like a spot of ink amid the snow;
A star, the only one in that small sky,
On its dead surface glimmering. 'Twas a place
Resembling nothing I had left behind,
As if all worldly ties were now dissolv'd; —
And, to incline the mind still more to thought,
To thought and sadness, on the eastern shore
Under a beetling cliff stood half in gloom
A lonely chapel destin'd for the dead,
For such as, having wander'd from their way,
Had perish'd miserably. Side by side,
Within they lie, a mournful company,
All in their shrouds, no earth to cover them;
Their features full of life, yet motionless,
In the broad day, nor soon to suffer change,

[1] In 1799. The battle lasted a whole day, at the end of which, the French remained masters of the mountain. Between 1798 and 1801, more than 150,000 soldiers crossed St. Bernard. In 1800, Napoleon made his memorable passage, and, on his descent, defeated the Austrians on the plains of Marengo, where General Desaix fell, and was buried in the chapel of the hospice.

Though the barr'd windows, barr'd against the wolf,
Are always open! — But the North blew cold:
And, bidden to a spare but cheerful meal,
I sat among the holy brotherhood
At their long board. The fare indeed was such
As is prescrib'd on days of abstinence,
But might have pleas'd a nicer taste than mine;
And through the floor came up an ancient crone,
Serving unseen below; while from the roof
(The roof, the floor, the walls of native fir,)
A lamp hung flickering, such as loves to fling
Its partial light on Apostolic heads,
And sheds a grace on all. Theirs time as yet
Had chang'd not.[1] Some were almost in the prime;
Nor was a brow o'ercast. Seen as they sat,
Rang'd round their ample hearth-stone in an hour
Of rest, they were as gay, as free from guile,
As children; answering, and at once, to all
The gentler impulses, to pleasure, mirth;
Mingling, at intervals, with rational talk
Music; and gathering news from them that came,
As of some other world. But when the storm[2]

[1] The monks are of the order of St. Augustine. They are all young men, who enter upon this devoted service at eighteen, and few remain, if they survive, the term of their vow, fifteen years; the severity of the winter impairing their health, so that they are obliged to retire to a more genial climate.

[2] These *tourmentes*, as they are called, are of frequent occurrence, and almost every year are attended with loss of life. They consist of a kind of whirlwind, which is either accompanied by a fall of snow, or fills the air with that recently falling, while the flakes are still dry, and tosses them in the air like dust. In an instant, the atmosphere is obscured with snow, and earth, sky, mountain, landmark, every thing, is obliterated from the view of the unfortunate traveller. Sometimes these gusts sweep the rock, in some places, bare of snow, heaping it up in others, perhaps, to a height of 20 feet across the path, so that at every step the wayfarer fears to fall

Rose, and the snow roll'd on in ocean-waves,
When on his face the experienc'd traveller fell,
Sheltering his lips and nostrils with his hands,
Then all was chang'd; and, sallying with their pack
Into that blank of nature, they became
Unearthly beings. "Anselm, higher up,
Just where it drifts, a dog howls loud and long,
And now, as guided by a voice from Heaven,
Digs with his feet. That noble vehemence
Whose can it be, but his who never err'd?[1]
A man lies underneath! Let us to work! —
But who descends Mont Velan?[2] 'Tis La Croix.
Away, away! if not, alas, too late.
Homeward he drags an old man and a boy,
Faltering and falling, and but half awak'd,
Asking to sleep again." Such their discourse.
Oft has a venerable roof receiv'd me;
St. Bruno's once[3] — where, when the winds were hush'd,
Nor from the cataract the voice came up,
You might have heard the mole work underground,
So great the stillness of that place; none seen,
Save when from rock to rock a hermit cross'd
By some rude bridge — or one at midnight toll'd
To matins, and white habits, issuing forth,
Glided along those aisles interminable,
All, all observant of the sacred law

into an abyss, or to sink into the snow. On the St. Gothard, large parties of men and animals have been overwhelmed by these snow wreaths, which sometimes attain a height of 40 or 50 feet. The guides can generally foresee the occurrence of these tourmentes by the appearance of the sky and other weather signs.

[1] Alluding to Barri, a dog of great renown in his day. His skin is stuffed, and preserved in the Museum of Berne.

[2] The highest peak of the mountain.

[3] The Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble. St. Bruno retired to this spot in 1084, and from a neighbouring village, Cartuse or Chartreuse, the order derived its name.

Of Silence. Nor is that sequester'd spot,
Once call'd "Sweet Waters," now "The Shady Vale[1],"
To me unknown; that house so rich of old,
So courteous, and, by two that pass'd that way,
Amply requited with immortal verse,
The poet's payment. But, among them all,
None can with this compare, the dangerous seat
Of generous, active virtue. What though Frost[2]
Reign everlastingly, and ice and snow
Thaw not, but gather — there is that within,
Which, where it comes, makes summer; and, in thought,
Oft am I sitting on the bench beneath
Their garden-plot, where all that vegetates
Is but some scanty lettuce, to observe
Those from the south ascending, ev'ry step
As though it were their last, — and instantly
Restor'd, renew'd, advancing as with songs,
Soon as they see, turning a lofty crag,
That plain, that modest structure, promising
Bread to the hungry, to the weary rest.

ROGERS.

[1] The Benedictine Abbey of Vallombrosa, formerly called Acqua Bella, near Florence. It was founded about the middle of the 11th century, and was visited by Ariosto and Milton. The latter was there at the fall of the leaf, and describes it in the 4th book of Paradise Lost.

[2] Even in summer the ice does not always melt in the lake on the summit, and some years (as in 1816), not a week has passed without snow falling. It always freezes early in the morning, even in the height of summer, and the hospice is rarely four months clear from deep snow. Around the building, it averages 7 or 8 feet, and the drifts sometimes rest against it, and accumulate as high as 40 feet. The severest cold recorded was 29° below zero of Fahrenheit, the greatest summer heat 68°.

THE ASPEN LEAF.

I WOULD not be
A leaf on yonder aspen tree!
In every fickle breeze to play,
Wildly, weakly, idly, gay,
So feebly fram'd, so lightly hung,
By the wing of an insect stirr'd and swung;
Thrilling ev'n to a redbreast's note,
Drooping if only a light mist float,
Brighten'd and dimm'd like a varying glass,
As shadow or sunbeam chance to pass:—
I would not be
A leaf on yonder aspen tree.
It is not because the autumn sere
Would change my merry guise and cheer,—
That soon, full soon, nor leaf, nor stem,
Sunlight would gladden, or dew-drop gem,
That I, with my fellows, must fall to the earth,
Forgotten our beauty and breezy mirth,
Or else on the bough where all had grown,
Must linger on, and linger alone;
Might life be an endless summer's day,
And I be for ever green and gay,
I would not be, I would not be,
A leaf on yonder aspen tree!
Proudly spoken, heart of mine,
Yet weakness and change perchance are thine,
More, and darker, and sadder to see,
Than befal the leaves of yonder tree!
What if they flutter? their life is a dance;
Or toy with the sunbeam? they live in his glance;
To bird, breeze, and insect, rustle and thrill,
Never the same, never mute, never still,—
Emblems of all that is fickle and gay,
But leaves in their birth, but leaves in decay—
Chide them not—heed them not, spirit, away!

In to thyself, to thine own hidden shrine.
What there dost thou worship? what deem'st thou divine?
Thy hopes,—are they steadfast, and holy, and high?
Are they built on a rock? are they rais'd to the sky?
Thy deep secret yearnings,— oh! whither point they?
To the triumphs of earth, to the toys of a day?—
Thy friendships and feelings,—doth impulse prevail,
To make them, and mar them, as wind swells the sail?
Thy life's ruling passion—thy being's first aim—
What are they? and yield they contentment or shame?
Spirit, proud spirit, ponder thy state,
If thine the leaf's lightness, not thine the leaf's fate,
It may flutter, and glisten, and wither, and die,
And heed not our pity, and ask not our sigh:
But for thee, the immortal, no winter may throw
Eternal repose on thy joy, or thy woe;
Thou must live—live for ever—in glory or gloom,
Beyond the world's precincts, beyond the dark tomb.
Look to thyself, then, ere past is hope's reign,
And looking and longing alike are in vain!
Lest thou deem it a bliss to have been or to be,
But a fluttering leaf on yon aspen tree.

MISS JEWSBURY.

A THANKFUL HEART.

A THOUSAND blessings, Lord, to us thou dost impart:
We ask one blessing more, O Lord—a thankful heart.

TRENCH.

RUINS.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown
Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
In fragments, chok'd-up vaults, and frescoes steep'd
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight: — Temples, baths, or halls?
Pronounce, who can; for all that learning reap'd
From her research hath been, that these are walls —
Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the mighty falls.[1]

Byron.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God pour'd thee from His "hollow hand,"
And hung His bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?

[1] The Palatine is one mass of ruins: the very soil is formed of crumbled brickwork.

Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him,
Who drown'd a world, and heap'd the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? — a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

BRAINARD.

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

AMID the throng the Hermit stood; so wan,
Careworn, and travel-soil'd; with genius high
Thron'd on his brow, shrin'd in his spiritual eye.
The hermit spake — and through the council ran
A tremor, not of fear; as in the van,
Chafing before embattled chivalry,
A proud steed listens for the clarion's cry,
So sprang they to their feet: and every man —
Pontiff and prince, prelate and peer — caught up
Their swords, and kiss'd the crosier'd hilts, and swore,
As though their lips the sacramental cup
Had touch'd, Christ's sepulchre to free! The shore
Of Asia heard that sound, in thunder hurl'd —
"Deus id vult," from Clermont through the world.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

EVERY-DAY MERCIES.

How thick the wild-flowers blow about our feet,
  Thick strewn and unregarded, which, if rare,
  We should take note how beautiful they were,
How delicately wrought, of scent how sweet;
And mercies which do everywhere us meet,
  Whose very commonness should win more praise,
  Do for that very cause less wonder raise,
And these with slighter thankfulness we greet.
Yet pause thou often on life's onward way,
  Pause time enough to stoop and gather one
Of these sweet wild-flowers — time enough to tell
  Its beauty over — this when thou hast done,
And mark'd it duly, then, if thou canst lay
It wet with thankful tears into thy bosom, well!

TRENCH.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
  Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
  Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
Wherever bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
  With those who think the candles come too soon,
  Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;
Oh! sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
  One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
As your clear hearts; and both seem giv'n to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song —
  In-doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth!

LEIGH HUNT.

MISSIONS.

ISAIAH, IX. 2.

LIGHT for the dreary vales
Of ice-bound Labrador!
Where the frost-king breathes on the slippery sails,
And the mariner wakes no more;
Lift high the lamp that never fails,
To that dark and sterile shore.

Light for the forest child!
An outcast though he be,
From the haunts where the sun of his childhood smil'd,
And the country of the free;
Pour the hope of Heaven o'er his desert wild,
For what home on earth has he?

Light for the hills of Greece!
Light for that trampled clime
Where the rage of the spoiler refus'd to cease
Ere it wreck'd the boast of time;
If the Moslem hath dealt the gift of peace,
Can ye grudge your boon sublime?

Light on the Hindoo shed!
On the maddening idol-train;
The flame of the suttee[1] is dire and red,
And the fakir[2] faints with pain;
And the dying moan on their cheerless bed,
By the Ganges lav'd in vain.

[1] The act of self-immolation, as practised by the Hindoo widows. The mode of burning is the same throughout India. The husband is directed by the physician, when there are no hopes of recovery, to be carried to the river side, and the wife then breaks a small branch from the mango tree, takes it with her, and proceeds to the body, where she sits down. The barber paints the sides of her feet red; after which she bathes, and

Light for the Persian sky!
The Sophi's wisdom fades,
And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy
Armour when Death invades;
Hark! hark!—'tis the sainted Martyn's[3] sigh
From Ararat's mournful shades.

puts on her clothes. During these preparations the drum beats a certain sound, by which it is known that a widow is about to be burnt with the corpse of her husband. On hearing this, all the village assembles. A hole is dug in the ground, round which stakes are driven into the earth, and thick green stakes laid across to form a kind of bed, upon which are laid abundance of dry faggots, hemp, clarified butter, and other combustibles. The widow now presents her ornaments to her friends, ties some red cotton on both wrists, puts two new combs in her hair, paints her forehead, and puts some parched rice and cowries into the end of the cloth which she wears. While this is going forward, the dead body is anointed with clarified butter, and bathed, prayers are repeated over it, and it is dressed in new clothes: ropes and another piece of cloth are spread upon the pile. The widow walks seven times over the funeral pile, strewing parched rice and cowries, and then she ascends the pile, or rather throws herself upon it. To such an extent was this practice carried on, that in nine years, from 1815 to 1823, there were burnt in the Presidency of Bengal alone 5425 women.

[2] Eastern mendicants, who adopt some peculiar mode of penance or self-torture in order to excite public sympathy. Notwithstanding their pretended devotion, they live sumptuously, and amass great riches. It is related of Aurengzebe, that being told that the fakirs, notwithstanding their assumed destitution, were in possession of vast wealth and precious stones, which they were accustomed to conceal in the folds of their ragged attire, he invited a number of them to a splendid repast. At the conclusion of the entertainment, he ordered the attendants to bring in as many new dresses as there were fakirs, and turning to them, begged that they would at once exchange their rags for the more suitable attire which he presented to them. It will be easily supposed that the fakirs were unwilling to part with their old clothes, but Aurengzebe was peremptory, and compelled them to clothe themselves in the new dresses, and go forth with heavy hearts, deprived of the fruits of long years of hypocrisy and fraud.

[3] After five years' missionary labour in India and Persia, he

Light for the Burman vales;
For the islands of the sea!
For the coast where the slave-ship fills its sails
With sighs of agony,
And her kidnapp'd babes the mother wails
'Neath the lone banana-tree!

Light for the ancient race
Exil'd from Zion's rest!
Homeless they roam from place to place,
Benighted and oppress'd;
They shudder at Sinai's fearful base;
Guide them to Calvary's breast.

Light for the darken'd earth!
Ye bless'd, its beams who shed,
Shrink not, till the day-spring hath its birth,
Till, wherever the footstep of man doth tread,
Salvation's banner spread broadly forth,
Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,
And clear the tomb
From its lingering gloom,
For the aged to rest his weary head.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

TRUE WEALTH.

TRUTH, knowledge, wisdom, love, oh! lay up these in store,
True wealth which we may share, and yet ourselves have more.

TRENCH.

died in Asia Minor, A.D. 1812, aged 31. He superintended the translations of the New Testament into Persian and Hindustanee, and was instrumental in converting many Mohammedans as well as Hindoos.

TO A TAPER.

'Tis midnight.—On the globe dead slumber sits,
And all is silence — in the hour of sleep;
Save when the hollow gust, that swells by fits,
In the dark wood roars fearfully and deep.
I wake alone to listen and to weep;
To watch, my taper, thy pale beacon burn,
And, as still Memory does her vigils keep,
To think of days that never can return.
By thy pale ray I raise my languid head,
My eye surveys the solitary gloom,
And the sad meaning tear, unmixt with dread,
Tells thou dost light me to the silent tomb.
Like thee I wane, like thine my life's last ray
Will fade in loneliness, unwept away.

KIRKE WHITE.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

CLEAR, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I lov'd
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reprov'd,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so mov'd.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear

Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more:

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.

BYRON.

DISCONTENT.

SOME murmur, when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are fill'd,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied.
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has in their aid
(Love that not even seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

TRENCH.

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

Ye holy towers [1], that shade the wave-worn steep,
Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
Tho', hurrying silent by, relentless Time
Assail you, and the winter whirlwinds sweep!
For, far from blazing Grandeur's crowded halls,
Here Charity hath fix'd her chosen seat,
Of list'ning tearful, when the wild winds beat
With hollow bodings round your ancient walls;
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tow'r,
And turns her ear to each expiring cry;
Blest, if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
And snatch him cold and speechless from the grave!

BOWLES.

[1] Bamborough Castle, near Alnwick, is one of the oldest in the kingdom, and stands upon a perpendicular rock, 150 feet above the level of the sea. It was purchased, with the manor, in 1715, by Lord Crewe, bishop of Durham, who left it for many charitable purposes, but more especially for that of ministering relief to the seamen and vessels that are cast on this dangerous coast. In order to carry out his benevolent intentions, a constant watch is kept at the top of the tower, whence signals are made to the fishermen of Holy Island as soon as any vessel is discovered to be in distress, as, owing to the size and fury of the breakers, it is generally impossible to put off from the main land in a severe storm: but such difficulty rarely occurs in Holy Island. Signals are also made use of to warn vessels in thick and stormy weather from that most dangerous cluster of rocks called the Fern Islands. Two men on horseback patrol the coast a distance of eight miles from sunset to sunrise every stormy night; a life-boat is kept in constant readiness; also machinery for raising sunken vessels: every precaution is taken to prevent wrecks from being plundered, and for restoring the property saved to its rightful owners. An asylum is offered in the castle for a week, or even longer, to shipwrecked persons; an infirmary receives them in sickness; and the bodies of the wrecked are interred within the precincts of the establishment.

DOMESTIC SCENE.

THEN are they blest indeed; and swift the hours
Till her young sisters wreathe her hair in flowers,
Kindling her beauty—while, unseen, the least
Twitches her robe, then runs behind the rest,
Known by her laugh that will not be suppress'd.
Then before all they stand—the holy vow
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kiss'd off as soon as shed,
His house she enters—there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing;
Winning him back, when mingling in the throng,
From a vain world we love, alas! too long,
To fire-side happiness, to hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclin'd;
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till wak'd and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!
Nor many moons o'er hill and valley rise
Ere to the gate with nymph-like step she flies,
And their first-born holds forth, their darling boy,
With smiles how sweet, how full of love and joy,
To meet him coming; theirs through every year
Pure transports, such as each to each endear!
And laughing eyes and laughing voices fill
Their home with gladness. She, when all are still,
Comes and undraws the curtain as they lie,
In sleep how beautiful! He, when the sky

Gleams, and the wood sends up its harmony,
When, gathering round his bed, they climb to share
His kisses, and with gentle violence there
Break in upon a dream not half so fair,
Up to the hill-top leads their little feet;
Or by the forest-lodge, perchance to meet
The stag-herd on its march, perchance to hear
The otter rustling in the sedgy mere;
Or to the echo near the Abbot's tree,
That gave him back his words of pleasantry —
When the House stood, no merrier man than he!
And, as they wander with a keen delight,
If but a leveret catch their quicker sight
Down a green alley, or a squirrel then
Climb the gnarl'd oak, and look and climb again,
If but a moth flit by, an acorn fall,
He turns their thoughts to Him who made them all.

ROGERS.

LICHENS.

BUT ere you enter, yon bold tower survey,
Tall and entire, and venerably gray;
For Time has soften'd what was harsh when new,
And now the stains are all of sober hue;
The living stains which Nature's hand alone,
Profuse of life, pours forth upon the stone;
For ever growing; where the common eye
Can but the bare and rocky bed descry:
There science loves to trace her tribes minute,
The juiceless foliage, and the tasteless fruit;
There she perceives them round the surface creep,
And while they meet, their due distinction keep;
Mix'd, but not blended; each its name retains,
And these are Nature's ever-during stains.

And would'st thou, artist! with thy tints and brush,
Form shades like these? Pretender, where thy blush?
In three short hours shall thy presuming hand
Th' effect of three slow centuries command?
Thou may'st thy various greens and grays contrive,
They are not lichens, nor like aught alive;—
But yet proceed, and when thy tints are lost,
Fled in the shower, or crumbled by the frost;
When all thy work is done away as clean
As if thou never spread'st thy gray and green,
Then may'st thou see how Nature's work is done,
How slowly true she lays her colours on;
When her least speck upon the hardest flint,
Has mark and form, and is a living tint;
And so embodied with the rock, that few
Can the small germ upon the substance view.[1]

Seeds, to our eye invisible, will find,
On the rude rock the bed that fits their kind;
There, in the rugged soil, they safely dwell,
Till showers and snows the subtle atoms swell.
And spread th' enduring foliage;— then we trace
The freckled flower upon the flinty base;
These all increase, till in unnotic'd years
The stony tower as gray with age appears;
With coats of vegetation, thinly spread,
Coat above coat, the living on the dead;
These then dissolve to dust, and make a way
For bolder foliage, nurs'd by their decay:

[1] This kind of vegetation is so thin as frequently not to be distinguished from the surface upon which it grows—as, for instance, Lepraria jolithus, an adhesive carmine crust on rocks and old buildings, which was taken even by scientific persons for the substance on which it is spread.

The long-enduring ferns in time will all
Die, and depose their dust upon the wall;
Where the wing'd seed may rest, till many a flower
Show Flora's triumph o'er the falling tower.

CRABBE.

THE MEN OF OLD.

I KNOW not that the men of old
  Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
  Of more ingenuous brow:
I heed not those who pine for force
  A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
  Of these appointed days.

Still it is true, and ever true,
  That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
  And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness,
  The world has since foregone,—
The daylight of contentedness
  That on those faces shone!

With rights, tho' not too closely scann'd,
  Enjoy'd, as far as known,—
With will by no reverse unmann'd,—
  With pulse of even tone,
They from to-day and from to-night
  Expected nothing more,
Than yesterday and yesternight
  Had proffer'd them before.

To them was life a simple art
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part;
A race that all must run;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little car'd to know,
Content, as men at arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

Man now his virtue's diadem
Puts on and proudly wears;
Great thoughts, great feelings came to them,
Like instincts, unawares;
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of ev'ry day,
They went about their gravest deeds
As noble boys at play.—

And what if Nature's fearful wound
They did not probe and bare,
For that their spirits never swoon'd
To watch the misery there,—
For that their love but flow'd more fast,
Their charities more free,
Not conscious what mere drops they cast
Into the evil sea.

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet [1],
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet:

[1] I always think that common sense is the best indication of a sound mind, and common life is the best means of temporal happiness, else they had never been common.—*Dr. Cheyne.*

For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and expire,—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh desire.

Yet, Brothers, who up reason's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer,—
O! loiter not, those heights are chill,
As chill as they are clear;
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below.

MILNES.

TIME.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETROCCHI.

I SAID to Time, "This venerable pile,
Its floor the earth, its roof the firmament,
Whose was it once?" He answer'd not, but fled
Fast as before. I turn'd to Fame, and ask'd.
"Names such as his, to thee they must be known.
Speak!" But she answer'd only with a sigh,
And, musing mournfully, look'd on the ground.
Then to Oblivion I address'd myself,
A dismal phantom, sitting at the gate;
And, with a voice as from the grave, she cried,
"Whose it was once I care not; now 'tis mine."[1]

ROGERS.

[1] The same turn of thought is in an ancient inscription which Sir Walter Scott met with.

The Earth walks on the Earth, glistering with gold;
The Earth goes to the Earth, sooner than it wold;
The Earth builds on the Earth temples and towers;
The Earth says to the Earth, "All will be ours."

CALM AFTER A STORM IN ASIA.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone:
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if day again were born,
Again upon the lap of morn!
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm;—
And ev'ry drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning gem [1]
Whose liquid flame is born of them;
When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears.—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs!

MOORE.

[1] A precious stone, called by the ancients Ceraunium, because it was supposed to be found where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it; and a modern author supposes it to be the opal.

ON VISITING A MISSIONARY SETTLEMENT.

By Heaven directed, by the world revil'd,
Amidst the wilderness they sought a home,
Where beasts of prey and men of murder roam,
And untam'd Nature holds her revels wild.
There, on their pious toils their Master smil'd,
And prosper'd them, beyond the thoughts of men,
Till in the satyr's haunt and dragon's den
A garden bloom'd, and savage hordes grew mild.
So, in the guilty heart when heavenly grace
Enters, it ceaseth not till it uproot
All evil passions from each hidden cell;
Planting again an Eden in their place,
Which yields to men and angels pleasant fruit —
And God himself delighteth there to dwell.

PRINGLE.

LOVE OF GOD.

O! WOULD you be assur'd you love your God,
Make him a God that must be lov'd of need,
A God you cannot otherwise than love.
Throw off that yoke of joyless servitude,
That niggard balancing of right and wrong,
Which fears to give too little or too much.
Doubt is not love — suspicion is not love!
Believe that He has known you, pitied you,
Taken you himself from prison and from death,
Sought and pursu'd you through a world of ill —
Restrain'd you, taught you, rear'd you for his own.
Believe that he forgives you ev'ry sin,

Pays ev'ry debt, and cancels ev'ry claim —
Watches beside your pillow while you sleep,
Supports you, leads you, guards you when you wake,
And bids his angels know no better task
Than to administer to you, his child.
And while in heaven's high mansion he prepares
The seat of royalty he bids you claim,
Arrays you in a vesture so divine,
Of holiness and virtue not your own,
That when the hour of just adjudgment comes,
All may confess in you the heir of heaven.
Believe the Lord your God is such an one,
And you must love him, even to your soul.

CAROLINE FRY.

TO ENGLAND.

THEY are but selfish visions at the best,
Which tempt us to desire that we were free
From the dear ties that bind us unto thee,
That so we might take up our lasting rest,
Where some delightful spot, some hidden nest
In brighter lands has pleas'd our phantasy:
And might such vows at once accomplish'd be,
We should not in the accomplishment be blest,
But oh! most miserable, if it be true
Peace only waits upon us while we do
Heaven's work and will: for what is it we ask,
When we would fain have leave to linger here,
But to abandon our appointed task,
Our place of duty and our natural sphere?

TRENCH.

SHORTSIGHTEDNESS OF MAN.

AN ALLEGORY.

A DEW-DROP falling on the ocean-wave,
Exclaim'd in fear — "I perish in this grave;"
But in a shell receiv'd, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;
And, happy now, the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth — as it had fear'd, to die;—
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed:
O unbelieving! — so it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

TRENCH.

VENICE.

THERE is a glorious city in the sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city — steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently — by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues rang'd along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than Eastern pride,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
The fronts of some, though time had shatter'd them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

ROGERS.

MY BIRTHDAY.

"My birth-day!" — What a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears!

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as Youth counts the shining links
That Time around him binds so fast,
Pleas'd with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.

Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said[1] — "were he ordain'd to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he had done."—
Ah! 'tis not thus the voice that dwells
In sober birthdays speaks to me;
Far otherwise — of time it tells
Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly —

Of counsels mock'd — of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines —
* * * * * *
All this it tells, and, could I trace
Th' imperfect picture o'er again,
With power to add, retouch, efface
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay!
How quickly all should melt away —

[1] Fontenelle.

All—but that freedom of the mind
Which hath been more than wealth to me;
Those friendships, in my boyhood twin'd,
And kept till now unchangingly;
And that dear home, that saving ark,
Where love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark,
And comfortless, and stormy round!

MOORE.

A BRIGHT AUTUMNAL DAY.

THERE was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heav'n; the blessed sun alone
In unapproachable divinity,
Career'd, rejoicing in his fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the bending line of shore,
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embath'd in emerald glory. All the flocks
Of ocean are abroad: like floating foam
The seagulls rise and fall upon the waves;
With long protruded neck the cormorants
Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
It was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling: even the insect swarms,
From the dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
To sport through one day of existence more;
The solitary primrose on the bank
Seem'd now as though it had no cause to mourn
Its bleak autumnal birth; the rock, and shores,
The forests, and the everlasting hills,
Smil'd in the joyful sunshine . . . they partook
The universal blessing.

SOUTHEY.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

LAND of my fathers, though no mangrove [1] here
O'er thy blue streams her flexile branches rear,
Nor scaly palm her finger'd scions shoot,
Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit,
Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree;
Land of dark heaths and mountains, thou art free!
Free as his lord the peasant treads the plain,
And heaps his harvest on the groaning wain;
Proud of his laws, tenacious of his right,
And vain of Scotia's old unconquer'd might.
Dear native valleys! long may ye retain
The charter'd freedom of the mountain swain;
Long, 'mid your sounding glades, in union sweet,
May rural innocence and beauty meet;
And still be duly heard, at twilight calm,
From ev'ry cot the peasant's chanted psalm!

LEYDEN.

LOWLINESS.

GOD many a spiritual house has rear'd, but never one
Where lowliness was not laid first,—the corner stone.

TRENCH.

[1] A tropical tree of the Old and New World, remarkable for its seeds germinating even while attached to the branches, and also for the numerous root-like projections which serve as supports to the stem. It grows along the sea shores, rooting in the mud, and forming dense forests even at the verge of the ocean, and below high-water mark: hence, on the retiring of the tide, the stems may be often seen covered with oysters and other shell-fish.

SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

BYRON.

THE CHILD OF EARTH.

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day,
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
"I am content to die, — but, oh! not now! —
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing;
Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreathe.
Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow;
I am content to die, — but, oh! not now!"

The spring hath ripen'd into summer time,
The season's viewless boundary is past;
The glorious sun hath reach'd his burning prime:
Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?

"Let me not perish while o'er land and lea,
With silent steps, the lord of light moves on;
Not while the murmur of the mountain bee
Greets my dull ear, with music in its tone!
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow!
I am content to die, — but, oh! not now!"

Summer is gone: and autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo, and winds his eager horn.
"Spare me awhile, to wander forth, and gaze
On the broad meadows, and the quiet stream,
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
Cooler the breezes play around my brow;
I am content to die, — but, oh! not now!"

The bleak wind whistles: snow showers, far and near,
Drift without echo to the whitening ground;
Autumn hath pass'd away, and, cold and drear,
Winter stalks on, with frozen mantle bound:
Yet still that prayer ascends. "Oh! laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud:
Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
I am content to die, but, oh! not now!"

The spring is come again — the joyful spring!
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread;
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing; —
The child of earth is number'd with the dead!

"Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
Beaming all redly through the lattice pane;
The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
Nor fond familiar voice arouse again!
Death's silent shadow veils thy darken'd brow;
Why didst thou linger?—thou art happier now!"

MRS. NORTON.

PÆSTUM.

THEY stand between the mountains and the sea[1];
Awful memorials, but of whom we know not!
The seaman, passing, gazes from the deck.
The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
Points to the work of magic and moves on.
Time was they stood along the crowded street,
Temples of Gods! and on their ample steps
What various habits, various tongues beset
The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice!
Time was perhaps the third was sought for Justice[2];
And here the accuser stood, and there the accus'd;
And here the judges sate, and heard, and judg'd.
All silent now!—as in the ages past,
Trodden under foot and mingled dust with dust.
How many centuries did the sun go round
From Mount Alburnus[3] to the Tyrrhene sea,

[1] The temples of Pæstum are three in number, and have survived, nearly nine centuries, the total destruction of the city. Tradition is silent concerning them: but they must have existed now between two and three thousand years.

[2] The third building is styled the Basilica, and is supposed to have been one of those courts or porticoes intended for public assemblies and for walking; part appears to have been separated by columns, and appropriated for the magistrates and principal citizens.

[3] A mountain of Lucania.

While, by some spell render'd invisible,
Or, if approach'd, approach'd by him alone
Who saw as though he saw not, they remain'd
As in the darkness of a sepulchre,
Waiting the appointed time! All, all within
Proclaims that Nature has resum'd her right,
And taken to herself what man renounc'd;
No cornice, triglyph,[1] or worn abacus,[2]
But with thick ivy hung or branching fern;
Their iron-brown o'erspread with brightest verdure!
From my youth upward have I long'd to tread
This classic ground—and am I here at last?
Wandering at will through the long porticoes,
And catching, as through some majestic grove,
Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
Mountains and mountain-gulfs, and, half-way up,
Towns like the living rock from which they grew?
A cloudy region, black and desolate,
Where once a slave withstood a world in arms.[3]
The air is sweet with violets, running wild[4]
Mid broken friezes and fall'n capitals;
Sweet as when Tully, writing down his thoughts,
Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost,[5]
(Turning to thee, divine philosophy,
Ever at hand to calm his troubled soul)
Sail'd slowly by, two thousand years ago,
For Athens; when a ship, if north-east winds
Blew from the Pæstan gardens, slack'd her cours
On as he mov'd along the level shore,
These temples, in their splendour eminent

[1] The ornament peculiar to the Doric frieze.
[2] That part of a column which serves as a covering to the capital.
[3] Spartacus.
[4] The violets of Pæstum were as proverbial as the roses. Martial mentions them with the honey of Hybla.
[5] The introduction to his treatise on Glory.

Mid arcs and obelisks, and domes and towers,
Reflecting back the radiance of the west,
Well might he dream of glory!—Now coil'd up,
The serpent sleeps within them; the she-wolf
Suckles her young; and as alone I stand
In this the nobler pile, the elements
Of earth and air its only floor and covering,
How solemn is the stillness? Nothing stirs
Save the shrill-voic'd cicala flitting round
On the rough pediment to sit and sing;
Or the green lizard rustling through the grass,
And up the fluted shaft with short quick spring,
To vanish in the chinks that time has made.
  In such an hour as this, the sun's broad disk
Seen at his setting, and a flood of light
Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries,
(Gigantic shadows, broken and confus'd,
Athwart the innumerable columns flung)
In such an hour he came, who saw and told,
Led by the mighty genius of the place.[1]
  Walls of some capital city first appear'd,
Half raz'd, half sunk, or scatter'd as in scorn;
—And what within them? what but in the midst
These three in more than their original grandeur
And, round about, no stone upon another?
As if the spoiler had fallen back in fear,
And, turning, left them to the elements.
  'Tis said a stranger in the days of old
(Some say a Dorian, some a Sybarite;
But distant things are ever lost in clouds)
'Tis said a stranger came, and, with his plough,
Trac'd out the site; and Posidonia rose[2],

[1] They are said to to have been discovered by accident about the middle of the last century.

[2] Originally a Greek city under that name, and afterwards a Roman city under the name of Pæstum.

Severely great, Neptune the tutelar god;[1]
A Homer's language murmuring in her streets,
And in her haven many a mast from Tyre.
Then came another, an unbidden guest.
He knock'd, and enter'd with a train in arms;
And all was chang'd, her very name and language!
The Tyrian merchant, shipping at his door
Ivory and gold, and silk, and frankincense,
Sail'd as before, but, sailing, cried "For Pæstum."
And now a Virgil, now an Ovid sung
Pæstum's twice-blowing roses; while, within,
Parents and children mourn'd—and, every year,
('Twas on the day of some old festival)
Met to give way to tears, and once again,
Talk in the ancient tongue of things gone by.
At length an Arab climb'd the battlements,[2]
Slaying the sleepers in the dead of night;
And from all eyes the glorious vision fled!
Leaving a place lonely and dangerous,
Where whom the robber spares, a deadlier foe[3]
Strikes at unseen—and at a time when joy
Opens the heart, when summer-skies are blue,
And the clear air is soft and delicate;
For then the demon works—then with that air
The thoughtless wretch drinks in a subtile poison,
Lulling to sleep; and, when he sleeps, he dies.
But what are these still standing in the midst?
The earth has rock'd beneath; the thunder-stone
Pass'd thro' and thro', and left its traces there;
Yet still they stand as by some unknown charter!

[1] The principal temple is supposed to have been dedicated to this divinity, the other to Ceres.

[2] It was surprised and destroyed by the Saracens at the beginning of the tenth century, and the following century its temples, &c. were ransacked of their ornaments by Robert Guiscard, to adorn the cathedral at Salerno.

[3] The malaria.

Oh, they are nature's own! and, as allied
To the vast mountains and the eternal sea,
They want no written history; theirs a voice
For ever speaking to the heart of man!

ROGERS.

FINAL RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

BUT who shall see the glorious day,
When, thron'd on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend the veil away
Which hides the nations now![1]
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie[2];
When pain shall cease, and ev'ry tear
Be wip'd from ev'ry eye![3]

Then, Judah! thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendour shall return,
And all be new again.[4]
The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd
In peace, by all who come![5]
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home!

MOORE.

EVIL.

EVIL, like a rolling stone upon a mountain top,
A child may first impel, a giant cannot stop.

TRENCH.

[1] Isaiah, xxv. 7.
[2] Ibid. xxv. 8.
[3] Rev. xxi. 4.
[4] Ibid. xxi. 17.
[5] Ibid. xxii. 7.

FAMILIAR SCENES.[1]

THE commonest spot we cannot without pain
  Turn from, where we have tarried but a day,
  And struck no roots, when to our hearts we say,
We ne'er shall look upon this spot again;
What wonder then if I can not restrain
  Some sadness, turning from these haunts away,
  Where we have many a month been free to stray
By verdant stream, o'er hill or pleasant plain;
A momentary sadness, yet which brings
  Thanksgiving with it, gratitude for this,
That where we live, we cannot choose but love.
  We make a friend of nature, until bliss
(Few guess how much) we daily, hourly prove
From the known aspect of inanimate things.

TRENCH.

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

ADDRESSED BY THE POET TO HIS SISTER.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels[2]
  Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
  Between the banks which bear the vine,

[1] Every man is fastened to some spot of earth, by the thousand small threads that habit and association are continually stealing over him.—*Rogers.*

[2] The castle of Drachenfels stands on the highest summit of the Seven Mountains, over the banks of the Rhine: it is in ruins, and connected with some singular traditions. It is the first in view on the road from Bonn. The number of castles and cities along the course of the Rhine, on both sides, is very great, and their situations remarkably beautiful.

And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
  And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
  Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert thou with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
  And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
  Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
  And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
  Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers.
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;
  Though, long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must wither'd be,
  But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherish'd them as dear,
  Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
  When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
  The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
  Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
  Through life to dwell delightful here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
  To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine.

BYRON

THE SABBATH.

WHAT spell has o'er the populous city past?
The wonted current of its life is stay'd;
Its sports, its gainful schemes are earthward cast,
As though their vileness were at once display'd;
The roar of trade has ceas'd, and on the air
Come holy songs, and solemn sounds of prayer.

Far spreads the charm: from every hamlet spire
A note of rest, and heavenward thought is peal'd:
By his calm hearth reclines the peasant sire;
The toil-worn steed basks in the breezy field.
Within, without, through farm and cottage blest,
'Tis one bright day of gladness and of rest.

Down from the mountain dwellings, whilst the dew
Shines on the heath-bells, and the fern is bending
In the fresh breeze, in festive garbs I view
Childhood, and age, and buoyant youth descending.
God!—who has pil'd thy wonders round their home,
'Tis in their love they to thy temple come.

A stately ship speeds o'er the mighty main—
Oh! many a league from our own happy land:
Yet from its heart ascends the choral strain;
For there its little isolated band,
Amid the ocean desert's awful roar
Praise Him whose love links shore to distant shore.

O'er palmy woods, where summer radiance falls,
In the glad islands of the Indian main,
What thronging crowds the missionary calls
To raise to heaven the Christian's glorious strain!
Lo! where, engirt by children of the sun,
Stands the white man, and counts his victories won.

In the fierce deserts of a distant zone,
Mid savage nations, terrible and stern,
A lonely atom, sever'd from his own,
The traveller wends, death or renown to earn.
Parch'd, fasting, wearied, verging to despair,
He kneels, he prays—hope kindles in his prayer.

O'er the wide world, blest day, thine influence flies,
Rest o'er the sufferer spreads her balmy wings;
Love wakes, joy dawns, praise fills the listening skies;
The expanding heart from earth's enchantment springs:
Heaven, for one day, withdraws its ancient ban,
Unbars its gates, and dwells once more with man.

W. HOWITT.

ON A STREAM OF WATER.

HERE we see
The water at its well-head; clear it is,
Not more transpicuous the invisible air;
Pure as an infant's thoughts; and here to life
And good directed all its uses serve.
The herb grows greener on its brink; sweet flowers

Bend o'er the stream that feeds their freshen'd
roots;
The redbreast loves it for his wintry haunts,
And, when the buds begin to open forth,
Builds near it, with his mate, their brooding nest;
The thirsty stag with widening nostrils there
Invigorated draws his copious draught;
And there amid its flags the wild-boar stands,
Nor suffering wrong nor meditating hurt.
Through woodlands wide and solitary fields
Unsullied thus it holds its bounteous course;
But when it reaches the resorts of men,
The service of the city there defiles
The tainted stream; corrupt and foul it flows
Through loathsome banks and o'er a bed impure,
Till in the sea, the appointed end to which
Through all its way it hastens, 'tis receiv'd,
And, losing all pollution, mingles there
In the wide world of waters. So is it
With the great stream of things, if all were seen;
Good the beginning, good the end shall be,
And transitory evil only make
The good end happier. Ages pass away,
Thrones fall, and nations disappear, and worlds
Grow old and go to wreck; the soul alone
Endures, and what she chooseth for herself,
The arbiter of her own destiny,
That only shall be permanent.

SOUTHEY.

LOSS OF TIME.

SOME care not how they trifle life away;
A hero wept if he but lost a day!

LEIGH.

ECHO AND SILENCE.

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
  And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
  As mid wild scenes I chanc'd the muse to woo,
Through glens untrod, and woods that frown'd on high,
Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy!
  And lo, she's gone! In robe of dark-green hue,
  'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew;
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky!
In shade affrighted Silence melts away;
  Not so her sister: — hark! for onward still
With far-heard step she takes her listening way,
  Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill!
Oh, mark the merry maid in mockful play
  With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

BRYDGES.

WASHINGTON.

Great Washington! in simple grandeur shines
Thy glory, far above the vulgar glare
Of Cæsar's * * * *
* * * * Oh! how fair
Is self-denying power, that virtue rare.
The guardian of his country's weal secures
A pure renown, if he avoid the snare
To which ambition oft the wise allures;
He who can brave the storm not alway sun endures.

That *love* of sway, of noble souls the vice,
Seiz'd not on Washington — to save he fought;
A hero whom no flattery could entice
From the straight path of duty; every thought
Was for his country; his firm judgment brought
Into subjection passions all must feel,
Who in the school of warfare have been taught
But Washington's disinterested zeal
Rose above passion's impulse, for the common weal.

LEIGH.

THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

I saw it all in Fancy's glass —
Herself the fair, the wild magician,
That bid this splendid day-dream pass,
And nam'd each gliding apparition.

'Twas like a torch-race — such as they
Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array,
Pass'd the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw th' expectant nations stand
To catch the coming flame in turn —
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear, but struggling glory burn.

And, oh! their joy, as it came near,
'Twas in itself a joy to see —
While Fancy whisper'd in my ear,
"That torch they pass is Liberty!"

And each, as she receiv'd the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray,
Then, smiling to the next who came,
Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From Albion first, whose ancient shrine
Was furnish'd with the spark already,
Columbia caught the spark divine,
And lit a flame like Albion's — steady.

The splendid gift then Gallia took,
And like a wild Bacchante, raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
As she would set the world a-blazing.

And when she fir'd her altar, high
It flash'd into the redd'ning air
So fierce, that Albion, who stood nigh,
Shrank, almost blinded by the glare!

Next, Spain — so new was light to her —
Leap'd at the torch; but, ere the spark
She flung upon her shrine could stir,
'Twas quench'd, and all again was dark.

Yet no — not quench'd — a treasure worth
So much to mortal rarely dies.
Again her living light look'd forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes.[1]

Who next receiv'd the flame? — Alas!
Unworthy Naples — shame of shames,
That ever through such hands should pass
That brightest of all earthly flames!

Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,
When, frighted by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting e'en to feel the scorch,
She dropp'd it to the earth — and fled.

And fallen it might have long remain'd,
But Greece, who saw her moment now,
Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stain'd,
And wav'd it round her beauteous brow.

[1] 1820—revolution in Spain under Mina and Riego; the same year, the Neapolitans rise under General Pepe. 1821—the Greeks revolt against the Turks.

And Fancy bid me mark where, o'er
Her altar as its flame ascended,
Fair, laurel'd spirits seem'd to soar,
Who thus in song their voices blended: —

"Shine, shine for ever, glorious flame,
Divinest gift of Heav'n to men!
From Greece thy earliest splendour came,
To Greece thy rays return again!

"Take, Freedom! take thy radiant round —
When dimm'd, revive — when lost, return;
Till not a shrine through earth be found,
On which thy glories shall not burn!"

MOORE.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

SWEET is the image of the brooding dove! —
Holy as heaven a mother's tender love!
The love of many prayers and many tears,
Which changes not with dim declining years, —
The only love which on this teeming earth
Asks no return from passion's wayward birth;
The only love that, with a touch divine,
Displaces from the heart's most secret shrine
The idol self. [1] Oh! priz'd beneath thy due
When life's untried affections all are new, —
Love, from whose calmer hope and holier rest
(Like a fledg'd bird, impatient of the nest)

[1] We may have many friends in life, but we can only have one mother; "a discovery," says Gray, "which I never made until it was too late."

The human heart, rebellious, springs to seek
Delights more vehement in ties more weak;
How strange to us appears, in after-life,
That term of mingled carelessness and strife,
When guardianship so gentle gall'd our pride,
When it was holiday to leave thy side,
When, with dull ignorance that would not learn,
We lost those hours that never can return —
Hours, whose most sweet communion nature meant
Should be in confidence and kindness spent,
That we (hereafter mourning) might believe
In human faith, though all around deceive;
Might weigh against the sad and startling crowd
Of ills which wound the weak and chill the proud,

* * * * *

Our recollections of the undefil'd,
The sainted tie of parent and of child!

Oh! happy days! oh years that glided by,
Scarce chronicled by one poor passing sigh!
When the dark storm sweeps past us, and the soul
Struggles with fainting strength to reach the goal;
When the false baits that lur'd us only cloy,
What would we give to grasp yon vanish'd joy!
From the cold quicksands of life's treacherous shore
The backward light our anxious eyes explore,
Measure the miles our wandering feet have come,
Sinking, heart-weary, far away from home,
Recall the voice that whisper'd love and peace,
The smile that bid our early sorrows cease,
And long to bow our grieving heads, and weep,
Low on the gentle breast that lull'd us first to sleep!

MRS. NORTON.

WINTER.

WHITE ermine now the mountains wear,
To shield their naked shoulders bare.

The dark pine wears the snow, as head
Of Ethiop doth white turban wear.

The floods are arm'd with silver shields,
Through which the sun's sword cannot fare.

For he who trod heaven's middle road
In golden arms, on golden chair,

Now through small corner of the sky
Creeps low, nor warms the foggy air.

To mutter 'twixt their teeth, the streams,
In icy fetters, scarcely dare.

Hush'd is the busy hum of life;
'Tis silence in the earth and air.

From mountains issues the gaunt wolf,
And from its forest depths the bear.

Where is the garden's beauty now!
The thorn is here; the rose, oh! where?

The trees, like giant skeletons,
Wave high their fleshless arms and bare;

Or stand like wrestlers, stripp'd and bold,
And wildest winds to battle dare.

It seems a thing impossible
That earth its glories should repair;

That ever this bleak world again
Should bright and beauteous mantle wear

Or sounds of life again be heard
In this dull earth and vacant air.

TRENCH.

SPRING.

WHO was it that so lately said,
All pulses in thine heart were dead,

Old earth, that now in festal robes
Appearest, as a bride new wed?

Oh wrapp'd so late in winding-sheet,
Thy winding-sheet, oh! where is fled?

Lo! 'tis an emerald carpet now,
Where the young monarch, Spring, may tread.

He comes,—and, a defeated king,
Old Winter to the hills is fled.

The warm wind broke his frosty spear,
And loos'd the helmet from his head;

And he weak showers of arrowy sleet
From his strong-holds has vainly sped.

All that was sleeping is awake,
And all is living that was dead.

Who listens now, can hear the streams
Leap tinkling from their pebbly bed,

Or see them, from their fetters free,
Like silver snakes the meadows thread.

The joy, the life, the hope of earth,
They slept awhile, they were not dead:

Oh thou, who say'st thy sore heart ne'er
With verdure can again be spread;

Oh thou, who mournest them that sleep,
Low lying in an earthly bed;

Look out on this reviving world,
And be new hopes within thee bred.

TRENCH.

MEMORY OF ANIMALS.

UNDAMP'D by time, the generous instinct[1] glows
Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows;
Glows in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest,
On ev'ry form of varied life imprest.
The social tribes its choicest influence hail:—
And when the drum beats briskly in the gale,
The war-worn courser charges at the sound,
And with young vigour wheels the pasture round.
Oft has the aged tenant of the vale
Lean'd on his staff to lengthen out the tale;
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breath'd,
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeath'd,
When o'er the blasted heath the day declin'd,
And on the scath'd oak warr'd the winter-wind;
When not a distant taper's twinkling ray
Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way;
When not a sheepbell sooth'd his list'ning ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near;
Then did his horse the homeward track descry,
The track that shunn'd his sad, inquiring eye;
And win each wavering purpose to relent,
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,
That his charm'd hand the careless rein resign'd,
And doubts and terrors vanish'd from his mind.
Recall the traveller, whose alter'd form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm;
And who will first his fond impatience meet?
His faithful dog's already at his feet!
Yes, tho' the porter spurn him from the door,
Tho' all, that knew him, know his face no more,
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.
And see, the master but returns to die!
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?

[1] Memory.

The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of earth,
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth,
These, when to guard misfortune's sacred grave,
Will firm fidelity exult to brave.
Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?
Say, thro' the clouds what compass points her flight?
Monarchs have gaz'd, and nations bless'd the sight.
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies:—
'Tis vain! thro' ether's pathless wilds she goes,
And lights at last where all her cares repose.
Sweet bird! thy truth shall Haarlem's walls attest[1],
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest;
When, with the silent energy of grief,
With looks that ask'd, yet dar'd not hope relief,
Want with her babes round generous valour clung,
To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,
'Twas thine to animate her closing eye;
Alas! 'twas thine perchance the first to die, [sky.
Crush'd by her meagre hand when welcom'd from the
Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
And many a stream allures her to its source.
'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye so finely wrought,
Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;
Its orb so full, its vision so confin'd![2]

[1] During the siege of Haarlem, 1572-3, when that city was reduced to the last extremity, and on the point of opening its gates to a base and barbarous enemy, a design was formed to relieve it; and the intelligence was conveyed to the citizens by a letter which was tied under the wing of a pigeon.—The same mode of communication was adopted at the siege of Leyden, 1573-4, and the two pigeons which conveyed the message are stuffed, and preserved in the Museum.

[2] The bee, from the extreme convexity of her eye, cannot see many inches before her.

Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
With conscious truth, retrace the mazy clue
Of summer-scents, that charm'd her as she flew?
Hail, Memory, hail! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

ROGERS.

THE COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT.

UPON such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's [1] wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Wav'd dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watchdog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appear'd to skirt the horizon — yet they stood
Within a bow-shot — Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst

[1] The Coliseum derived its name from a colossal statue of Nero, 120 feet high, placed in it by Titus. It was built by Vespasian, and held from 80 to 100,000 persons. Under Dioclesian, it became the arena of the Christian martyrs; and, in the middle ages, was used as a military post by the rival factions in Rome. At the end of the 14th century, it served as a stone quarry, and the Farnese and many other palaces were built from its spoils. The remaining walls would soon have been carried away, had not Clement X. consecrated the arena, and Benedict XIV. placed the Coliseum under the protection of the Christian martyrs who had suffered within its precincts.

A grove which springs through levell'd battlements
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—
But the gladiator's bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, * *

BYRON.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

ON yonder mead, that like a windless lake
Shines in the glow of heaven, a cherub boy
Is bounding, playful as a breeze new born,
Light as the beam that dances by his side.
Phantom of beauty! with his golden locks
Gleaming like water-wreaths,—a flower of life,
To whom the fairy world is fresh, the sky
A glory, and the earth one huge delight!
Joy lights his brow, and Pleasure rolls his eye,
While Innocence, from out the budding lip,
Darts her young smiles along his rounded cheek.
Grief hath not dimm'd the brightness of his form,
Love and Affection o'er him spread their wings,
And Nature, like a nurse, attends him with
Her sweetest looks. The humming bee will bound
From out the flower, nor sting his baby hand,

The birds sing to him from the sunny tree,
And suppliantly the fierce-ey'd mastiff fawns
Beneath his feet, to court the playful touch.
To rise all rosy from the arms of sleep,
And, like the sky-bird, hail the bright-cheek'd morn
With gleeful song, then o'er the bladed mead
To chase the blue-wing'd butterfly, or play
With curly streams; or, led by watchful love,
To hear the chorus of the trooping waves,
When the young breezes laugh them into life!
Or listen to the mimic ocean-roar
That waves have buried in a sea-shell's depth;
From sight and sound to catch intense delight,
And infant gladness from each happy face,—
These are the guileless duties of the day:
And when at length reposeful evening comes,
Joy-worn he nestles in the welcome couch,
With kisses warm upon his cheek, to dream
Of heaven, till morning wakes him to the world.

The scene hath chang'd into a curtain'd room,
Where mournful glimmers of the mellow sun
Lie dreaming on the walls! Dim-ey'd and sad,
And dumb with agony, two parents bend
O'er a pale image, in the coffin laid,—
Their infant once, the laughing, leaping boy,
The paragon and nursling of their souls!
Death touch'd him, and the life-glow fled away,
Swift as a gay hour's fancy; fresh and cold
As winter's shadow, with his eyelids seal'd
Like violet lips at eve, he lies enrob'd
An offering to the grave! but, pure as when
It wing'd from heaven, his spirit hath return'd,
To lisp its hallelujahs with the choirs
Of sinless babes, imparadis'd above.

R. MONTGOMERY.

ISRAEL.

ROMANS, XI. 23, 24.

O ISRAEL! happy in the days of yore,
When thine own Shepherd led thee! though thine eye
Disdains the tear of Christian sympathy,
And thy proud heart revolts yet more and more,
We love and seek thee. In thine evil hour,
The Power that smites thee turns our hearts to thee:
We long to lead thee to the peaceful shore,
And see thee blessed, sanctified, and free!
Who would not mourn for thee? to whom consign'd
Heaven's blessed oracles so long have been?
Who would not weep, if thou, the only blind,
Reject the beamings of that light serene?
And would not pray the Hand divine to see
Grafting the natural branch on its own olive tree?

MISS EMILY TAYLOR.

WASTE NOT.

OH! waste not thou the smallest thing,
Created by Divinity;
For grains of sand the mountains make,
And atomies infinity.
Waste thou not then the smallest time,
'Tis imbecile infirmity;
For well thou knowest, if aught thou knowest,
That seconds form eternity.

KNIGHT.

MOONLIGHT ON THE PERSIAN GULF.

'Tis moonlight over Oman's Sea [1];
  Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beauteously,
  And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
'Tis moonlight in Harmozia's [2] walls,
And through her Emir's porphyry halls,
Where, some hours since, you heard the swell
Of trumpet and the dash of zel [3],
Bidding the bright eyed sun farewell; —
The peaceful sun, whom better suits
  The music of the bulbul's [4] nest,
* * * * *
  To sing him to his golden rest!
All hush'd — there's not a breeze in motion;
The shore is silent as the ocean.
If zephyrs come, so light they come,
  Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven; —
The wind-tower on the Emir's dome [5]
  Can scarcely win a breath from heaven.

MOORE.

[1] The Persian Gulf, so called from the Arabian province of that name, which extends along its coast.
[2] The present Gombaroon.
[3] A Moorish instrument of music.
[4] The nightingale.
[5] At Gombaroon, and other places in Persia, they have towers for the purpose of catching the wind, and cooling the houses.

RECOLLECTION.

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awes us less deeply in its morning-hour,
Than when the shades of time serenely fall
On every broken arch and ivied wall;
The tender images we love to trace,
Steal from each year a melancholy grace!
And as the sparks of social love expand,
As the heart opens in a foreign land;
And, with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile,
The stranger greets each native of his isle;
So scenes of life, when present and confest,
Stamp but their bolder features on the breast;
Yet not an image, when remotely view'd,
However trivial, and however rude,
But wins the heart, and wakes the social sigh,
With every claim of close affinity!
  But these pure joys the world can never know;
In gentler climes their silver currents flow.
Oft at the silent, shadowy close of day,
When the hush'd grove has sung its parting lay;
When pensive twilight, in her dusky car,
Comes slowly on to meet the evening-star;
Above, below, aërial murmurs swell,
From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell!
A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,
Stealing soft music on the ear of night.
So oft the finer movements of the soul,
That shun the sphere of pleasure's gay controul,
In the still shades of calm seclusion rise,
And breathe their sweet, seraphic harmonies!

ROGERS.

THE GREEK AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE cypresses at Scutari [1]
  In stern magnificence look down
On the bright lake and stream of sea,
  And glittering theatre of town:
Above the throng of rich kiosks [2],
  Above the towers in triple tire,
Above the domes of loftiest mosques,
  These pinnacles of death aspire.

It is a wilderness of tombs, —
  Where white and gold and brilliant hue
Contrast with nature's gravest glooms,
  As these again with heaven's clear blue:
The city's multitudinous hum,
  So far, yet strikes the listening ear, —
But what are thousands to the sum
  Of millions calmly sleeping here?

[1] A town on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, facing Constantinople, of which it may be considered as a suburb. The magnificent cemetery, planted with cypresses, extends three miles over the plain, and is the favourite burying-place of the Turks of Constantinople. The Turkish tombs are very beautiful, of white marble, covered with verses from the Koran in gilt letters on a dark blue ground: the nature of the carved turban at the head denotes the rank of the deceased. Women's monuments are distinguished by a lotus leaf painted on them. Some graves are covered with marble troughs filled with mould to grow flowers in; nor is it uncommon, in Turkish cities, to see them covered with wire trellis, in which to keep birds, whose notes are supposed to solace the departed spirit. The deep solemnity of this vast forest of cypresses at Scutari, impenetrable alike to sun or gale, cannot be imagined. Paved roads intersect it in various directions. From the heights of Scutari is one of the finest views of Constantinople.

[2] The country houses of the Turks.

For here, whate'er his life's degree,
The Muslim [1] loves to rest at last,
Loves to recross the band of sea
That parts him from his people's past. [2]
'Tis well to live and lord o'er those
By whom his sires were most renown'd,
But his fierce heart finds best repose
In this traditionary ground.

From this funereal forest's edge
I gave my sight full range below,
Reclining on a grassy ledge,
Itself a grave, or seeming so:
And that huge city flaunting bright,
That crowded port and busy shore,
With roofs and minarets steep'd in light,
Seem'd but a gaudy tomb the more.

I thought of what one might have hop'd
From Greek and Roman power combin'd,
From strength, that with a world had cop'd,
Match'd to the queen of human mind; —
From all the wisdom, might, and grace,
That fancy's gods to man had given,
Blent in one empire and one race,
By the true faith in Christ and Heaven.

The finest webs of earthly fate
Are soonest and most harshly torn;
The wise could scarce discriminate
That evening splendour from the morn;
Though we, sad students of the past,
Can trace the lurid twilight line
That lies between the first and last
That bore the name of Constantine.

[1] Or Moslem (Mahometan): signifies "resigned to God."
[2] The glories of the Khalifate.

Such were my thoughts and such the scene,
When I perceiv'd that by me stood
A Grecian youth, of earnest mien,
Well suiting my reflective mood:
And when he spoke, his words were tun'd
Harmonious to my present mind,
As if his spirit had commun'd
With mine, while I had there reclin'd.

"Stranger! whose soul has strength to soar
Beyond the compass of the eye,
And on a spot like this can more
Than charms of form and hue descry, —
Take off this mask of beauty, — scan
The face of things with truth severe,
Think, as becomes a Christian man,
Of us thy Christian brethren here!

"Think of that age's awful birth,
When Europe echo'd, terror-riven,
That a new foot was on the earth,
And a new name come down from heaven:
When over Calpe's straits and steeps
The Moor had bridg'd his royal road,
And Othman's sons from Asia's deeps
The conquests of the Cross o'erflow'd.

"Think, if the arm of Charles Martel
Had fail'd upon the plain of Tours,
The fate, whose course you know so well,
This foul subjection had been yours:
Where then had been the long renown
France can from sire to son deliver?
Where English freedom, rolling down,
One widening, one continuous river?

"Think with what passionate delight
The tale was told in Christian halls,
How Sobieski turn'd to flight
The Muslim from Vienna's walls:
How, when his horse triumphant trod
The burghers' richest robes upon,
The ancient words rose loud — 'From God [1]
A man was sent, whose name was John!'

"Think not that time can ever give
Prescription to such doom as ours,
That Grecian hearts can ever live
Contented serfs of barbarous powers:
More than six hundred years had past
Since Moorish hosts could Spain o'erwhelm,
Yet Boabdil was thrust at last,
Lamenting [2], from Granada's realm.

"And if to his old Asian seat,
From this usurp'd, unnatural throne,
The Turk is driven, 'tis surely meet
That we again should hold our own:

[1] Historical.

[2] With the melancholy caprice of a broken spirit, he requested that no one afterwards might be permitted to pass through the gate of the Alhambra by which he departed when about to surrender his capital. His prayer was complied with, it is said, through the sympathy of Isabella, and the gate walled up. The spot is still shown where Boabdil surrendered the keys of Granada to the Castilian sovereign, and a rock is still denominated "The last Sigh of the Moor" where Boabdil took his farewell gaze of Granada, and where his affliction was embittered by the reproachful speech of his mother. "You do well," said she, "to weep as a woman over what you could not defend as a man;"—words that savour more of the pride of the princess than the tenderness of the parent. See Washington Irving's *Alhambra*.

Be but Byzantium's native sign
Of cross on crescent [1] once unfurl'd,
And Greece shall guard by right divine
The portals of the Eastern world.

"Before the small Athenian band
The Persian myriads stood at bay,
The spacious East lay down unmann'd
Beneath the Macedonian's sway:
Alas! that Greek could turn on Greek ——
Fountain of all our woes and shame —
Till man knew scarcely where to seek
The fragments of the Grecian name.

"Know ye the Romans of the North?
The fearful race whose infant strength
Stretches its arms of conquest forth,
To grasp the world in breadth and length?
They cry, that ye and we are old,
And worn with luxuries and cares,
And they alone are fresh and bold,
Time's latest and most honour'd heirs!

"Alas for you! alas for us!
Alas for men that think and feel,
If once beside this Bosphorus
Shall stamp Sclavonia's frozen heel!
Oh! place us boldly in the van,
And ere we yield this narrow sea,
The past shall hold within its span
At least one more Thermopylæ."

MILNES.

[1] The Turks adopted the sign of the crescent from Byzantium after their conquest of that city. The cross above the crescent is found at Constantinople on many ruins of the Grecian city, among others, in the Genoese castle on the Bosphorus. The Virgin standing on the crescent is another common sign.

TO THE CORAL INSECT.[1]

Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on, — for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-bas'd structures and domes of rock
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave;
Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast in a realm so drear.

[1] The Friendly, Navigators', and Society Islands are encircled by coral reefs. It was supposed that these islands owed their origin entirely to marine animals, who raised these coral rocks perpendicularly like a wall from great depths, and died when they found themselves above the level of the sea. The sand, mussels, and other substances brought by the waves next added to the formation: the coral rock became covered with different lichens, which, as they died and decayed, gave rise to a new race, higher in the scale of vegetation: grass, herbaceous plants and shrubs followed in succession, until vegetable mould was formed, and the island fitted for the reception of the cocoa-nut palm, which was carried thither by the waves. Such was the theory of Forster and Flinders, but subsequent naturalists find that the reefs do not consist of coral above a few fathoms deep, and that the polypiaria by which they are formed, are not found where the water is more than 30 feet deep. They therefore suppose that these animals executed their work only in those parts of the sea where the bottom had been raised by volcanic or some natural cause nearly to the surface of the water: but so extensive are the works of these animals in the Pacific, that independently of the above islands, there is one part of the Pacific called the Coral Sea. It extends along the eastern coast of Australia to Sandy Point, assigning Papua and Luisiade as its northern boundary; and on the south, from Sandy Point to the Island of Pines near the southern coast of New Caledonia; on the east, it terminates at some distance from the New Hebrides. It extends more than 1000 miles in length and about 600 in width; the whole space is covered with innumerable coral reefs and banks, which have only a few feet of water over them, and are very dangerous to the navigator.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is seal'd and the surge a stone;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terrac'd pride of Assyria's king;
The turf looks green where the breakers roll'd;
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold;
The sea-snatch'd isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant, 'neath the billows dark,
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?
There are snares enough on the tented field,
'Mid the blossom'd sweets that the valleys yield;
There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers are up;
There's a poison-drop in man's purest cup,
There are foes that watch for his cradle-breath,
And why need ye sow the floods with death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;—
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,
And the gods of ocean have frown'd to see
The mariner's bed in their halls of glee;
Hath earth no graves, that thus ye must spread
The boundless sea for the thronging dead?

Ye build — ye build — but ye enter not in,
Like the tribes whom the desert devour'd in their sin,
From the land of promise ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your every eye,
As the kings of the cloud-crown'd pyramid
Their noteless bones in oblivion hid:
Ye slumber unmark'd 'mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

DIOCLESIAN AT SALONA.[1]

TAKE back these vain insignia of command,
Crown, truncheon, golden eagle, — baubles all;
And robe of Tyrian dye, to me a pall:
And be for ever alien to my hand,
Though laurel-wreath'd, war's desolating brand.
I would have friends, not courtiers, in my hall;
Wise books, learn'd converse, beauty free from thrall,
And leisure for good deeds[2], thoughtfully plann'd.
Farewell, thou garish world! thou Italy,
False widow of departed liberty!
I scorn thy base caresses. Welcome the roll
Between us, of my own bright Adrian sea!
Welcome these wilds, from whose bold heights my soul
Looks down on your degenerate Capitol!

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

[1] On being solicited by Maximian to re-assume the imperial purple, Diocletian rejected the offer with a smile of pity, calmly observing, that if he could show Maximian the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands at Salona, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power.

[2] "And leave us leisure to be good." — *Gray*

THE ALPS.

Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And thron'd Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche — the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below.

BYRON.

TO THE MOON.

Sweet Moon, if, like Crotona's sage[1],
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection, kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear lov'd, distant friend!

MOORE.

[1] Pythagoras, who was supposed to have the power of writing upon the moon by the means of a magic mirror.

THE FAMILY PICTURE.

With work in hand, perchance some fairy cap
To deck the little stranger yet to come;
One rosy boy struggling to mount her lap —
The eldest studious with a book or map;
Her timid girl beside, with a faint bloom,
Conning some tale; while with no gentle tap
Yon chubby urchin beats his mimic drum,
Nor heeds the doubtful frown her eyes assume.
So sits the mother! with her fondest smile
Regarding her sweet little-ones the while:
And he, the happy man; to whom belong
These treasures, feels their living charm beguile
All mortal care; and eyes the prattling throng
With rapture-rising heart, and a thanksgiving tongue.

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

SUMMONS OF THE ETRUSCAN LEAGUE.[1]

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.

[1] Etruria was divided into twelve principal states, all situated between the Arno and the Tiber, and named after its principal city. Each of these states formed an independent community, governed by its own prince, called in the Etruscan language Lucumo, but they all leagued together for the general good, and submitted to the authority of one supreme sovereign, as in the case of Porsena of Clusium. The cities that formed the Etruscan league were Volscinii, Clusium, Cortona, Perusia, Arretium, Falerii, Tarquinii, Volaterræ, Rusellæ, Vetulonii, Cære, and Veii: others omit some of the above list, and substitute Luna, Fæsula, and Populonium.

Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
While Porsena of Clusium [1]
Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine;

From lowly Volaterræ [2],
Where scowls the far-fam'd hold
Pil'd by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
From sea-girt Populonia [3],
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky;

[1] Clusium, now called Chiusi, is built upon a hill above the valley of the Clanis (the modern Chiana), and was one of the most distinguished of the Etruscan cities.

[2] Volaterræ — now called Volterra, near Sienna, celebrated for its ancient walls, most of the stones of which are six feet in length, and are set without mortar, in horizontal layers.

[3] Populonia stood on a high promontory that, projecting far into the sea, formed a kind of peninsula. It had a commodious harbour, a quay, and a well-furnished arsenal, and was consequently of great importance to the Etruscans, and a place of great trade. Large quantities of copper were imported from the island of Elba, and the people of Populonia made implements of copper and brass in the earliest ages. Afterwards, when the copper mines began to fail, and iron was discovered in large quantities in Elba, they fabricated arms and utensils of iron. The ruins of Populonia, consisting of a part of the wall, are to be seen to the north of Piombino — the port is called Porto Baratto.

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's [1] triremes [2]
Heavy with fair-hair'd slaves;
From where sweet Clanis [3] wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona [4] lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's [5] rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian [6] hill;

[1] Marseilles.

[2] Trireme — a vessel of three benches of oars, first built by the Corinthians. The ancients had their two, three, four, and five-benched galleys, and among the vessels framed in Phœnicia and sent to Babylon for Alexander the Great, we find some of thirty oars. The masts of the galleys were not fixed, but raised only when the sail was to be used. The principal weapon of the galley was the strong beak of brass or iron (rostrum) fixed to its head. The object therefore in an attack was, either first to bring the rostrum to bear directly against the enemy's broadside, or, if that could not be effected, by an oblique impulse to dash away some of his oars. By the success of the former movement a galley was often sunk, by that of the latter it became unmanageable until the oars could be replaced, and gave the opportunity for the more decisive attack with the beak. Hence the importance of oars in action: by them alone could attacks be made, warded, or avoided in every direction.

[3] Clanis, the river Chiana, which gives its name to the valley through which it runs.

[4] Cortona retains its original circuit of Etruscan walls, though repaired in several places.

[5] Auser, a river of Etruria, which falls into the Arno.

[6] Viterbo is situated at the foot of Mount Cimino, whose dense forests formed a barrier of Etruria against Rome.

Beyond all streams Clitumnus [1]
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere. [2]

But now no stroke of woodmen
Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatch'd along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium [3],
This year, old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro [4]
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;

[1] A river near Spoleto, formerly celebrated for the whiteness of the flocks that grazed on its banks, and now for the beautiful little Corinthian temple which stands on the acclivity of a bank overlooking its crystal waters near their source, so beautifully described by Lord Byron:

And on thy happy shore a Temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.

[2] Bolsena, supposed to be the ancient Volscinium, is seated on the magnificent lake of the same name, celebrated, in the time of Pliny, for its floating islands. When destroyed by the Romans it contained two thousand statues: the present town does not contain more than fifteen hundred inhabitants!

[3] Arezzo, celebrated for its red embossed pottery.

[4] Umbro, a river (Ombrone) near which the Etruscan city Rusellæ was situated.

And in the vats of Luna [1],
  This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls,
  Whose sires have march'd to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
  The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
  Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
  Have turn'd the verses o'er,
Trac'd from the right on linen white
  By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
  Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
  Go forth, belov'd of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
  To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars [2]
  The golden shields of Rome."

MACAULAY.

THE CHRISTIAN IN THE WORLD.

YE hermits blest, ye holy maids,
  * * * * *
Who talk with God in shadowy glades,
  Free from rude care and mirth;

[1] Luna, on the Macra, the boundary of Etruria. Its ruins are still to be seen near Sarzana. The Carrara marble was shipped from this port, and was thence called Luna marble by the Romans. The ancient walls of Luna were built of solid blocks of white marble.

[2] An Etruscan goddess, held in the highest veneration.

To whom some viewless teacher brings
The secret love of rural things,
The moral of each fleeting cloud and gale,
The whispers from above, that haunt the twilight vale:

Say, when in pity ye have gaz'd
On the wreath'd smoke afar,
That o'er some town, like mist uprais'd,
Hung, hiding sun and star,
Then, as ye turn'd your weary eye
To the green earth and open sky,
Were ye not fain to doubt how Faith could dwell
Amid that dreary glare, in this world's citadel?

But Love's a flower that will not die
For lack of leafy screen,
And Christian hope can cheer the eye
That ne'er saw vernal green;
Then be ye sure that love can bless
Even in this crowded loneliness,
Where ever-moving myriads seem to say,
Go — thou art nought to us, nor we to thee — away!

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusty lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

KEBLE.

THE FIRE-FLY.

THERE is an insect, that, when evening comes,
Small though he be, scarcely distinguishable,
Like evening clad in soberest livery,
Unsheaths his wings and thro' the woods and glades
Scatters a marvellous splendour. On he wheels,
Blazing by fits as from excess of joy,
Each gush of light a gush of extacy;
Nor unaccompanied; thousands that fling
A radiance all their own, not of the day,
Thousands as bright as he, from dusk till dawn,
Soaring, descending.
In the mother's lap
Well may the child put forth his little hands,
Singing the nursery-song he learnt so soon,[1]
And the young nymph, preparing for the dance
By brook or fountain-side, in many a braid
Wreathing her golden hair, well may she cry,
"Come hither; and the shepherds, gathering round,
Shall say, Floretta emulates the night,
Spangling her head with stars."
Oft have I met
This shining race, when in the Tusculan groves
My path no longer glimmer'd; oft among
Those trees, religious once and always green,
That yet dream out their stories of old Rome
Over the Alban[2] lake; oft met and hail'd,

[1] There is a song to the *lucciola* in every dialect of Italy.

[2] Lake Albano. The present town of Albano stands at a short distance from the lake, about fifteen miles from Rome, and is built on the site of Pompey's villa. It consists chiefly of one long street, inhabited by the Roman nobles. On the banks of the lake is Castel Gandolfo, the country residence of the Pope. The ilexes, or evergreen oaks, which shade the walk from this place to Albano, are some of the largest in Italy.

Where the precipitate Anio[1] thunders down,
And through the surging mist a Poet's house
(So some aver, and who would not believe?)
Reveals itself[2] ——— Yet cannot I forget
Him, who rejoic'd me in those walks at eve[3],
My earliest, pleasantest; who dwells unseen,
And in our northern clime, when all is still,
Nightly keeps watch, nightly in bush or brake
His lonely lamp rekindling. Unlike theirs,
His, if less dazzling, through the darkness knows
No intermission; sending forth its ray
Through the green leaves, a ray serene and clear
As virtue's own.

ROGERS.

DEATH AND TIME.

TIME, taunting, said to man, with austere brow,
"Thou fool, to pile up monuments of fame;
Thy lesser works are durable as thou —
The Pyramids bear not the builder's name."
Death, Time's dark page, to man in triumph said,
"Thy mighty schemes of little power resign;
Millions, whence thou art sprung, are with the dead —
Canst thou escape? Even Time himself is mine."
Then man look'd round with a despairing eye,
And ask'd his heart and heaven if this were so;
Straight from the blooming earth and beaming sky,
And from the soul, came the full answer, "No:"
Then hope immortal rais'd man's brow sublime,
And from him shrunk the conquerors, Death and Time.

HOWITT.

[1] The Falls of Tivoli.
[2] The house of Horace.
[3] The glow-worm.

TO THE OCEAN.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

* * * * *

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires[1], chang'd in all save thee —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: — not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play —
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

[1] "The grand object of all travelling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean. On those shores were the four great empires of the world; the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. All our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts, almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean." — *Dr. Johnson.*

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convuls'd — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime —
The image of Eternity — the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

BYRON.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CALIPH'S ARMY.

WHOSE are the gilded tents that crowd the way,
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?
The city of war, which, in a few short hours,
Hath sprung up here, as if the magic powers
Of him who, in the twinkling of a star,
Built the high pillar'd halls of Chilminar [1],
Had conjur'd up, far as the eye can see,
This world of tents and domes and sun-bright armoury! —
Princely pavilions screen'd by many a fold
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold; —
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,
Their chains and poitrels glittering in the sun;
And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's [2] shells,
Shaking in every breeze their light-ton'd bells!

[1] The edifices of Chilminar (Persepolis,) and Balbec were supposed to have been built by the Genii, acting under the orders of Ian ben Ian.

[2] Arabia, or rather one of its divisions, near the Straits of Babelmandel.

But yester-eve, so motionless around,
So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound
But the far torrent or the locust bird [1]
Hunting among the thickets could be heard; —
Yet hark! what discords now, of every kind,
Shouts, laughs, and screams are revelling in the wind!
The neigh of cavalry; — the tinkling throngs
Of laden camels and their drivers' songs; —
Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze
Of streamers from ten thousand canopies; —
War music, bursting out from time to time
With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime; —
Or, in the pause when harsher sounds are mute,
The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,
That far off, broken by the eagle note
Of the Abyssinian trumpet [2] swell and float!

Who leads this mighty army? ask ye "who?"
And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,
The Night and Shadow [3] over yonder tent?
It is the Caliph's glorious armament.

* * * * *

Ne'er did the march of Mahadi [4] display
Such pomp before; — not ev'n when on his way

[1] A native of Khorassan.

[2] This trumpet is often called in Abyssinia the note of the eagle.

[3] The two black standards borne before the Caliphs of the house of Abbas were called, allegorically, the Night and the Shadow.

[4] Mahadi, the father of Haroun al Raschid, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold. He fed all the pilgrims and their camels; and amongst other things with which he loaded the camels which attended him, he carried such a prodigious quantity of snow, that it served not only to refresh him and all his retinue in the burning sands of Arabia, but likewise to preserve all the fruits he took with

To Mecca's temple, when both land and sea
Were spoil'd to feed the pilgrim's luxury;
When round him, 'mid the burning sands, he saw
Fruits of the North in icy freshness thaw,
And cool'd his thirsty lip, beneath the glow
Of Mecca's sun, with urns of Persian snow:
Nor e'er did armament more grand than that
Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.
First, in the van, the people of the rock [1]
On their light mountain steeds of royal stock [2];
Then chieftains of Damascus, proud to see
The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry;
Men from the regions near the Volga's mouth,
Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the South;
And Indian lancers, in white turban'd ranks,
From the far Sinde, or Attock's sacred banks,
With dusky legions from the land of myrrh [3],
And many a mace-arm'd Moor and mid-sea islander.

MOORE.

AUTUMN.

I HEAR a voice low in the sunset woods;
Listen, it says: "Decay, decay, decay."
I hear it in the murmuring of the floods,
And the wind sighs it as it flies away.

him in their natural freshness, and to afford him ice water to drink, during his abode at Mecca, the inhabitants of which place had scarcely seen any snow before. He furnished the inhabitants of that city with provisions for one year, and on one occasion alone distributed among them 100,000 dresses.

[1] Arabia Petræa.

[2] Those horses of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 2000 years.

[3] Saba, the capital of the Sabæi, a people of Arabia Felix, on the borders of the Red Sea. Their country is the Sheba of the Old Testament.

Autumn is come; seest thou not in the skies,
The stormy light of his fierce, lurid eyes?
Autumn is come; his brazen feet have trod,
Withering and scorching, o'er the mossy sod.
The fainting year sees her fresh flowery wreath
Shrivel in his hot grasp; his burning breath,
Dries the sweet water-springs that in the shade
Wandering along, delicious music made.
A flood of glory hangs upon the world,
Summer's bright wings shining ere they are furl'd.

MRS. BUTLER.

ON A TEAR.

OH! that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallise this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell —
The spring of sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee the rays of virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul;
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude controul
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream,
In reason's philosophic page.

That very law[1] which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

ROGERS.

EVERY-DAY BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

YES, and not otherwise, if we indeed
And with pure hearts are seeking what is fair
In nature, then, believe, we shall not need
Long anxious quests, exploring earth and air,
Ere we shall find wherewith our hearts to feed:
The beauty which is scatter'd everywhere
Will in our souls such deep contentment breed,
We shall not pine for aught remote or rare.
We shall not ask from some transcendant height
To gaze on such rare scenes[2], as may surpass
Earth's common shows, ere we will own delight:
While sunshine lies upon our English grass,
And dewdrops glitter on green fields at home.

TRENCH.

[1] The law of gravitation.

[2] "Needs no show of mountain hoary,
Winding shore or deepening glen
Where the landscape in its glory
Teaches truth to wandering men;
Give true hearts but earth and sky,
And some flowers to bloom and die, —
Homely scenes and simple views
Lowly thoughts may best infuse."

KEBLE.

THE BANYAN TREE.

'Twas a fair scene wherein they stood,
A green and sunny glade amid the wood,
And in the midst an aged Banyan grew.
It was a goodly sight to see
That venerable tree;
For o'er the lawn, irregularly spread,
Fifty straight columns propt its lofty head,
And many a long depending shoot
Seeking to strike its root,
Straight, like a plummet, grew towards the ground.
Some on the lower boughs, which crost their way,
Fixing their bearded fibres, round and round
With many a ring and wild contortion wound;
Some to the passing winds, at times, with sway
Of gentle motion swung;
Others of younger growth, unmov'd, were hung,
Like stone-drops from the cavern's fretted height.
Beneath were smooth and fair to sight;
Nor weeds nor briars deform'd the natural floor;
And through the leafy cope which bower'd it o'er
Came gleams of chequer'd light.
So like a temple did it seem, that there
A pious heart's first impulse would be prayer.

SOUTHEY.

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

Lord of all being! where can fancy fly,
To what far realms, unmeasur'd by Thine eye?
Where can we hide beneath thy blazing sun,
Where dwell'st Thou not, the boundless, viewless
One?

Shall Guilt couch down within the cavern's gloom,
And quiv'ring, groaning, meditate her doom?
Or scale the mountains, where the whirlwinds rest,
And in the night-blast cool her fiery breast?
Within the cavern-gloom Thine eye can see,
The sky-clad mountains lift their heads to Thee!
Thy Spirit rides upon the thunder-storms
Dark'ning the skies into terrific forms!
Beams in the light'ning, rocks upon the seas,
Roars in the blast, and whispers in the breeze;
In calm and storm, in heaven and earth Thou art,
Trace but Thy works — they bring Thee to the heart!

The fulness of Thy presence who can see,
Man cannot live, great God! and look on Thee;
Around Thy form eternal light'nings glow, —
Thy voice appals the shudd'ring world below.

Oh! Egypt felt Thee when, by signs unscar'd,
To mock Thy might the rebel monarch dared;
Thou look'st — and ocean sever'd at the glance!
Undaunted, still the charioteers advance;
Thou look'dst again — she clash'd her howling waves,
And roar'd in stormy triumph o'er their graves!

On Sinai's mountain, when Thy glory came
In rolls of thunder, and in clouds of flame;
There, while volcanic smoke Thy throne o'ercast,
And the mount shrunk beneath the trumpet blast,
How did Thy presence smite all Israel's eye!
How dreadful were the gleams of Deity!

There is a voiceless eloquence in earth,
Telling of Him who gave her wonders birth;
And long may I remain the adoring child
Of nature's majesty, sublime or wild;
Hill, flood, and forest, mountain, rock, and sea,
All take their terrors and their charms from Thee,
From Thee, whose hidden but supreme control
Moves through the world, a universal soul.

But who could trace Thine unrestricted course,
Though Fancy follow'd with immortal force!
There's not a blossom fondled by the breeze,
There's not a fruit that beautifies the trees,
There's not a particle in sea or air,
But Nature owns thy plastic influence there!
With fearful gaze, still be it mine to see
How all is fill'd and verified by Thee;
Upon Thy mirror, earth's majestic view,
To paint Thy Presence, and to feel it too.

R. MONTGOMERY.

THE TRADESMAN A NATURALIST.

OFT have I smil'd the happy pride to see
Of humble tradesmen, in their evening glee;
When, of some pleasing, fancied good possess'd,
Each grew alert, was busy, and was bless'd;
Whether the call-bird yield the hour's delight,
Or, magnified in microscope, the mite;
Or whether tumblers, croppers, carriers[1] seize
The gentle mind, they rule it as they please.

There is my friend the weaver; strong desires
Reign in his breast; 'tis beauty he admires;
See! to the shady grove he wings his way,
And feels in hope the raptures of the day —
Eager he looks; and soon, to glad his eyes,
From the sweet bower, by nature form'd, arise
Bright troops of virgin moths and fresh born butterflies,

[1] The various varieties of the pigeon.

Who broke that morning from their half-year's sleep,
To fly o'er flow'rs where they were wont to creep.

Above the sovereign oak, a sovereign skims,
The purple Emperor, strong in wing and limbs;
There fair Camilla takes her flight serene,
Adonis blue, and Paphia silver green[1];
With every filmy fly from mead or bower,
And hungry Sphinx who treads the honey'd flower;
She o'er the larkspur's bed, where sweets abound,
Views ev'ry bell, and hums th' approving sound:
Pois'd on her busy plumes, with feeling nice
She draws from ev'ry flower, nor tries a floret twice.[2]

He fears no bailiff's wrath, no baron's blame
His is untax'd and undisputed game;
Nor less the place of curious plant he knows;
He both his Flora and his Fauna shows;
For him is blooming in its rich array
The glorious flower which bore the palm away:
In vain a rival tried his utmost art,
His was the prize, and joy o'erflow'd his heart.

"This, this! is beauty; cast, I pray, your eyes
On this my glory! see the grace! the size!
Was ever stem so tall, so stout, so strong,
Exact in breadth, in just proportion long!
These brilliant hues are all distinct and clean,
No kindred tint, no blending streaks between;
This is no shaded, run-off, pin-ey'd[3] thing,
A king of flowers, a flower for England's king:

[1] The names of different kinds of butterflies.

[2] The Humming-bird Sphinx extracts the honey from the flowers by means of its enormously long proboscis, without sitting upon the plant.

[3] A pin-eyed flower is one that shows only the stigma, and not the anthers, and is of no value to the florist.

I own my pride, and thank the favouring star
Which shed such beauty on my fair Bizarre."[1]

Thus may the poor the cheap indulgence seize,
While the most wealthy pine and pray for ease;
Content not always waits upon success,
And more may he enjoy who profits less.

CRABBE.

ROME.

I AM in Rome! Oft as the morning-ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring up as girt to run a race!
Thou art in Rome! the city that so long
Reign'd absolute, the mistress of the world;
The mighty vision that the prophets saw,
And trembled; that from nothing, from the least,
The lowliest village (what but here and there
A reed-roof'd cabin by the river's side?)
Grew into every thing; and, year by year,
Patiently, fearlessly, working her way
O'er brook and field, o'er continent and sea,
Not like the merchant with his merchandise,
Or traveller with staff and scrip exploring,
But always hand to hand and foot to foot,
Through nations numberless in battle-array,

[1] Florists arrange carnations into three classes; — Flakes, regularly striped with one colour; Bizarres, irregularly striped, and with two colours; and Picotées (Fr. *piquettée*), spotted or pounced with other colours, and the edges of the petals jagged.

Each behind each, each, when the other fell,
Up and in arms, at length subdu'd them all.
Thou art in Rome! the city, where the Gauls,
Entering at sun-rise through her open gates,
And, thro her streets silent and desolate,
Marching to slay, thought they saw gods, not men;
The city, that, by temperance, fortitude,
And love of glory, tower'd above the clouds,
Then fell—but, falling, kept the highest seat,
And in her loneliness, her pomp of woe,
Where now she dwells, withdrawn into the wild,
Still o'er the mind maintains, from age to age,
Her empire undiminish'd.——There, as though
Grandeur attracted grandeur, are beheld
All things that strike, ennoble—from the depths
Of Egypt, from the classic fields of Greece,
Her groves, her temples—all things that inspire
Wonder, delight! Who would not say the forms
Most perfect, most divine, had by consent
Flock'd thither to abide eternally,
Within those silent chambers where they dwell,
In happy intercourse?——And I am there!
Ah, little thought I, when in school I sate,
A school-boy on his bench, at early dawn
Glowing with Roman story, I should live
To tread the Appian[1], once an avenue
Of monuments most glorious, palaces,
Their doors seal'd up and silent as the night,
The dwellings of the illustrious dead—to turn
Toward[2] Tibur, and, beyond the city-gate,
Pour out my unpremeditated verse,
Where on his mule I might have met so oft
Horace himself[3]—or climb the Palatine,

[1] The Via Appia is perhaps the most striking vestige of antiquity that remains to us.
[2] Tivoli.
[3] And Augustus in his litter, coming at a still slower rate.

Dreaming of old Evander and his guest,
Dreaming and lost on that proud eminence,
Long while the seat of Rome, hereafter found
Less than enough (so monstrous was the brood
Engender'd there, so Titan-like) to lodge
One in his madness[1]; and inscribe my name,
My name and date, on some broad aloe-leaf,
That shoots and spreads within those very walls
Where Virgil read aloud his tale divine,
Where his voice falter'd[2], and a mother wept
Tears of delight!
But what the narrow space
Just underneath? In many a heap the ground
Heaves, as if ruin in a frantic mood
Had done his utmost. Here and there appears,
As left to show his handy-work, not ours,
An idle column, a half-buried arch,
A wall of some great temple.——It was once,
And long, the centre of their universe,
The FORUM—whence a mandate, eagle-wing'd,
Went to the ends of the earth.[3] Let us descend
Slowly. At every step much may be lost.
The very dust we tread, stirs as with life;

He was borne along by slaves; and the gentle motion allowed him to read, write, and employ himself as in his cabinet. Though Tivoli is only sixteen miles from the city, he was always two nights on the road.

[1] Nero.

[2] As the story is told, Virgil, having been instructed by Augustus to let him hear the Æneid, recited the sixth book, and Octavia, the sister of Augustus, who had just lost her son Marcellus, the darling of Rome, and the adopted son of Augustus, made one of the audience to alleviate and divert her sorrow. When Virgil recited the beautiful lamentation on Marcellus's death, Octavia fainted away; and when she recovered, she made Virgil a present of ten sesterces for every line in praise of her son, a sum amounting in the whole to about 2000*l.* sterling.

[3] From the golden pillar in the Forum the ways ran to the gates, and from the gates to the extremities of the Empire.

And not a breath but from the ground sends up
Something of human grandeur.
We are come,
Are now where once the mightiest spirits met
In terrible conflict; this, while Rome was free,
The noblest theatre on this side heaven.
——Here the first Brutus stood, when o'er the corse
Of her so chaste all mourn'd, and from his cloud
Burst like a god. Here, holding up the knife
That ran with blood, the blood of his own child,
Virginius call'd down vengeance. — But whence spoke
They who harangued the people; turning now
To the twelve tables, now with lifted hands
To the Capitoline Jove, whose fulgent shape
In the unclouded azure shone far off[1],
And to the shepherd on the Alban mount[2]
Seem'd like a star new-risen? Where were rang'd
In rough array as on their element,
The beaks of those old galleys, destined still[3]
To brave the brunt of war—at last to know
A calm far worse, a silence as in death?
All spiritless; from that disastrous hour
When he, the bravest, gentlest of them all[4],
Scorning the chains he could not hope to break,
Fell on his sword!

[1] Now called Monte Cavo.

[2] The vault and the external roof of the temple were covered with plates of gold. To this temple the victorious generals and emperors went in triumphal procession to sacrifice to the gods.

[3] When the Romans conquered the maritime city of Antium, B. C. 337, they took from the vessels they found in the port the bronze beaks of the ships, (called in Latin *rostra*) with which they decorated the orator's pulpit in the Forum, which thence was called the Rostrum.

[4] Marcus Junius Brutus.

Along the Sacred Way
Hither the triumph came, and, winding round
With acclamation, and the martial clang
Of instruments, and cars laden with spoil,
Stopp'd at the sacred stair that then appear'd;
Then thro' the darkness broke, ample, star-bright,
As tho' it led to heaven. 'Twas night; but now
A thousand torches, turning night to day[1],
Blaz'd, and the victor, springing from his seat,
Went up, and kneeling as in fervent prayer,
Enter'd the Capitol. But what are they
Who at the foot withdraw, a mournful train
In fetters? And who, yet incredulous,
Now gazing wildly round, now on his sons,
On those so young, well pleas'd with all they see[2],
Staggers along, the last? — They are the fallen,
Those who were spar'd to grace the chariot-wheels;
And there they parted, where the road divides,
The victor and the vanquish'd — there withdrew;
He to the festal board, and they to die.
Well might the great, the mighty of the world,
They who were wont to fare deliciously,
And war but for a kingdom more or less,
Shrink back, nor from their thrones endure to look,
To think that way! Well might they in their state
Humble themselves, and kneel and supplicate
To be deliver'd from a dream like this!
Here Cincinnatus pass'd, his plough the while
Left in the furrow; and how many more,
Whose laurels fade not, who still walk the earth,
Consuls, Dictators, still in Curule pomp
Sit and decide; and, as of old in Rome,

[1] An allusion to Cæsar in his Gallic triumph.

[2] In the triumph of Æmilius, nothing affected the Roman people like the children of Perseus. Many wept; nor could any thing else attract notice, till they were gone by.— *Plutarch.*

Name but their names, set every heart on fire!
Here, in his bonds, he whom the phalanx sav'd not[1],
The last on Philip's throne; and the Numidian[2],
So soon to say, stript of his cumbrous robe,
Stript to the skin, and in his nakedness
Thrust under-ground, "How cold this bath of yours!"
And thy proud queen, Palmyra, thro' the sands[3]
Pursu'd, o'ertaken on her dromedary;
Whose temples, palaces, a wondrous dream,
That passes not away, for many a league
Illumine yet the desert. Some invok'd
Death and escap'd; the Egyptian, when her asp
Came from his covert under the green leaf[4];
And Hannibal himself; and she who said,
Taking the fatal cup between her hands[5],
"Tell him I would it had come yesterday;
For then it had not been his nuptial gift."
Now all is chang'd; and here, as in the wild,
The day is silent, dreary as the night;
None stirring, save the herdsman and his herd,
Savage alike; or they that would explore,
Discuss and learnedly; or they that come,
(And there are many who have cross'd the earth)
That they may give the hours to meditation,
And wander, often saying to themselves,
"This was the Roman Forum!"

ROGERS.

[1] Perseus. [2] Jugurtha.
[3] Zenobia.
[4] Cleopatra.
[5] Sophonisba. The story of the marriage and the poison is well known to every reader.

TO THE IVY.

Oh! how could fancy crown with thee
  In ancient days, the god of wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
  Companion of the vine?
Thy home, wild plant, is where each sound
  Of revelry hath long been o'er,
Where song's full notes once peal'd around,
  But now are heard no more.

The Roman, on his battle plains,
  Where kings before his eagles bent,
Entwin'd thee, with exulting strains,
  Around the victor's tent;
Yet thou, though fresh in glossy green,
  Triumphantly thy boughs might wave,
Better thou lov'st the silent scene,
  Around the victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,
  The bards and heroes of the past —
Where, through the halls of glory gone,
  Murmurs the wintry blast;
Where years are hast'ning to efface
  Each record of the grand and fair,
Thou in thy solitary grace,
  Wreath of the tomb! art there.

Thou, o'er the shrines of fallen gods,
  On classic plains dost mantling spread,
And veil the desolate abodes
  And cities of the dead;
Deserted palaces of kings,
  Arches of triumph, long o'erthrown,
And all once glorious earthly things,
  At length are thine alone.

Oh! many a temple, once sublime,
Beneath the blue, Italian sky,
Hath nought of beauty left by time,
Save thy wild tapestry;
And, rear'd 'midst crags and clouds, tis thine
To wave where banners wav'd of yore;
O'er mouldering towers, by lovely Rhine,
Cresting the rocky shore.

High from the fields of air look down
Those eyries of a vanish'd race
Homes of the mighty, whose renown
Hath pass'd, and left no trace.
But thou art there—thy foliage bright
Unchang'd the mountain-storm can brave,
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
And deck the humblest grave.

The breathing forms of Parian stone,
That rise round grandeur's marble halls,
The vivid hues, by painting thrown
Rich o'er the glowing walls;
The Acanthus, on Corinthian fanes,
In sculptur'd beauty waving fair;
These perish all—and what remains?
Thou, thou alone, art there!

'Tis still the same—where'er we tread,
The wrecks of human power we see,
The marvels of all ages fled,
Left to decay and thee!
And still let man his fabrics rear,
August in beauty, grace, and strength,
Days pass—thou, Ivy, never sere,
And all is thine at length!

MRS. HEMANS.

APOSTROPHE TO ENGLAND.

LAND of the Lord! my own maternal isle!
Still in the noontide of celestial love
Basking, beneath the cross of Christ ador'd,
How bounds the heart with patriotic throb
Devoted, till each pulse a prayer becomes,—
When oft upon thy sea-dash'd cliff we stand,
While ships by thousands haunt thy favour'd shores,
And in their bosom half the world discharge
Of riches and of splendour!—God is thine,
My country!—faithful unto death be thou;
For He has made and magnified thy strength,
E'en like a second Palestine, to prove
The ark of Scripture, where a Christless world
May find the truth that makes her spirit free!—
Thy bulwark is the Bible, in the heart
Of Britain like a second heart enshrin'd
For inspiration, purity, and power:
And long o'er principle, and law, and weal,
O'er public virtue, and o'er private life,
May Scripture be sole paramount and test;
The source and standard of majestic faith,
Where morals form, and whence our motives flow.
And thus, brave Empire! if thy church belov'd,
Firm to the truths the Saxon Paul [1] restor'd,
Tenaciously through blood and fire remain;
Then, long as guardian waves begirt
Thy shores, or sunbeams o'er thy corn-fields play,
While thy large soul with liberty exults
And brightens, will that Church uninjur'd stand,
Saintly and solemn, by the wise rever'd,
By great men haunted, and by good men blest.
And never may thy solemn sabbath-bells

[1] Luther.

No echo in thy children's hearts awake;
When, pealing softly with a pensive chime,
Or deep-ton'd cadence o'er the hills and dales,
Cities and towns, and hamlets far away,—
It bids us feel what Luther's genius won;
Who pluck'd our sabbaths out of papal mire,
And gave to myriads God's own day of rest.

R. MONTGOMERY.

LAKE OF THRASIMENE.

I ROAM
By Thrasimene's lake[1], in the defiles
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
The host between the mountains and the shore,
Where Courage falls in her despairing files,
And torrents, swoln to rivers with their gore,
Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scatter'd o'er,

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds;
And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the phrensy, whose convulsion blinds
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray[2]
An earthquake reel'd unheededly away!
None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding-sheet;
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet!

[1] The Lake of Perugia.

[2] So great was their mutual animosity, that the earthquake which overthrew many of the cities of Italy, was not (writes Livy) felt by one of the combatants.

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark
Which bore them to Eternity; they saw
The Ocean round, but had no time to mark
The motions of their vessel; Nature's law,
In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe
Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds
Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw
From their down-toppling nests; and bellowing herds
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no words.

For other scene is Thrasimene now;
Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough;
Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
Lay where their roots are, but a brook hath ta'en—
A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain;
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling waters red.

BYRON.

THE SAILOR.

Oh! gloriously upon the deep
The gallant vessel rides;
And she is mistress of the deep,
And mistress of the tides.

And never but for her tall ships
Had England been so proud;
Or before the might of the Island Queen
The kings of the earth had bow'd.

But, alas! for the widow and orphan's tear,
When the death-flag sweeps the wave;
Alas! that the laurel of victory
Must grow but upon the grave!

An aged widow with one only child,
And even he was far away at sea:
Narrow and mean the street wherein she dwelt,
And low and small the room; but still it had
A look of comfort; on the white-washed walls
Were rang'd her many ocean-treasures — shells,
Some like the snow, and some pink, with a blush
Caught from the sunset on the waters; plumes
From the bright pinions of the Indian birds;
Long dark sea-weeds, and black and crimson berries,
Were treasur'd with the treasuring of the heart.
Her sailor brought them, when from his first voyage,
He came so sunburnt and so tall, she scarce
Knew her fair stripling in that manly youth,
Like a memorial of far better days,
The large old Bible, with its silver clasps,
Lay on the table; and a fragrant air
Came from the window: there stood a rose-tree —
Lonely, but of luxuriant growth, and rich
With thousand buds and beautifully blown flowers:
It was a slip from that which grew beside
The cottage, once her own, which ever drew
Praise from each passer down the shadowy lane
Where her home stood — the home where yet she thought
To end her days in peace: that was the hope
That made life pleasant, and it had been fed
By the so ardent spirits of her boy,
Who said that God would bless the effort made
For his old mother. — Like a holiday
Each Sunday came, for then her patient way

She took to the white church of her own village,
A long five miles; and many marvell'd, one
So aged, so feeble, still should seek that church.
They knew not how delicious the fresh air,
How fair the green leaves and the fields, how glad
The sunshine of the country, to the eyes
That look'd so seldom on them. She would sit
Long after service on a grave, and watch
The cattle as they graz'd, the yellow corn,
The lane where yet her home might be; and then
Return with lighten'd heart to her dull street,
Refresh'd with hope and pleasant memories, —
Listen with anxious ear to the conch shell,
Wherein they say the rolling of the sea
Is heard distinct, pray for her absent child,
Bless him, then dream of him. . . .

A shout awoke the sleeping town, — the night
Rang with the fleet's return and victory!
Men that were slumbering quietly rose up
And join'd the shout: the windows gleam'd with lights,
The bells rang forth rejoicingly, the paths
Were fill'd with people: even the lone street,
Where the poor widow dwelt, was rous'd, and sleep
Was thought upon no more that night. Next day —
A bright and sunny day it was — high flags
Wav'd from each steeple, and green boughs were hung
In the gay market-place; music was heard,
Bands that struck up in triumph; and the sea
Was cover'd with proud vessels; and the boats
Went to and fro the shore, and waving hands
Beckon'd from crowded decks to the glad strand
Where the wife waited for her husband, — maids

Threw the bright curls back from thei glistening eyes
And look'd their best, and as the splashing oar
Brought dear ones to the land, how every voice
Grew musical with happiness! And there
Stood that old widow woman with the rest,
Watching the ship wherein had sail'd her son.
A boat came from that vessel, — heavily
It toil'd upon the waters, and the oars
Were dipp'd in slowly. As it near'd the beach,
A moaning sound came from it, and a groan
Burst from the lips of all the anxious there,
When they look'd on each ghastly countenance;
For that lone boat was fill'd with wounded men,
Bearing them to the hospital, — and then
That aged woman saw her son. She pray'd,
And gain'd her prayer, that she might be his nurse,
And take him home. He liv'd for many days.
It sooth'd him so to hear his mother's voice,
To breathe the fragrant air sent from the roses —
The roses that were gather'd one by one
For him by his fond parent nurse; the last
Was plac'd upon his pillow, and that night,
That very night, he died! And he was laid
In the same church-yard where his father lay, —
Through which his mother as a bride had pass'd.
The grave was clos'd; but still the widow sat
Upon a sod beside, and silently
(Hers was not grief that words had comfort for)
The funeral train pass'd on, and she was left
Alone amid the tombs; but once she look'd
Towards the shadowy lane, then turn'd again,
As desolate and sick at heart, to where
Her help, her hope, her child, lay dead together!
She went home to her lonely room. Next morn
Some enter'd it, and there she sat,
Her white hair hanging o'er the wither'd hands

On which her pale face leant; the Bible lay
Open beside, but blister'd were the leaves
With two or three large tears, which had dried in. —
Oh, happy she had not surviv'd her child!
And many pitied her, for she had spent
Her little savings, and she had no friends;
But strangers made her grave in that church-yard,
And where her sailor slept, there slept his mother!

MISS LANDON.

CONVERSION.

LOUD as that trumpet doom'd to raise the dead,
God's voice doth sometimes fall on us in fear:
More often with a music low yet clear,
Soft whispering "It is I: be not afraid."
And sometimes, mingling strangely joy with dread,
It thrills the spirit's cavern'd sepulchre
Deep as that voice which on the awe-struck ear
Of him, the three-days-buried, murmuring, said
"Come forth"—and he arose. Oh! Christians, hail
As brethren all on whom our glorious Sun,
No matter how, or when, or where, hath shone
With vital warmth; and neither mourn nor rail
Because one light, itself unchanging, showers
A thousand colours or a thousand flowers.

DE VERE.

VIOLETS.

Beautiful are you in your lowliness ;
Bright in your hues, delicious in your scent,
Lively your modest blossoms, downward bent,
As shrinking from our gaze, yet prompt to bless
The passer-by with fragrance, and express
How gracefully, though mutely, eloquent
Are unobtrusive worth, and meek content,
Rejoicing in their own obscure recess.
Delightful flowerets! at the voice of spring
Your buds unfolded to its sunbeams bright,
And though your blossoms soon shall fade from sight,
Above your lonely birth-place birds shall sing,
And from your clust'ring leaves the glow-worm fling
The emerald glory of its earth-born light.

Barton.

THE PALM.

The Palm! the princess of the sylvan rare;
When islanded amid the level green,
Or charming the wild desert with her grace,
The only verdure of the sultry scene:
Ever with simple majesty of mien
No other growth of nature can assume,
She reigns—and most when, in the ev'ning sheen,
The stable column and the waving plume
Shade the delicious lights that all around illume.

Milnes.

THE REPLY OF THE SHUNAMITE WOMAN.[1]

— "I DWELL among mine own" — Oh! happy thou!
Not for the sunny clusters of the vine,
Nor for the olives on the mountain's brow;
Nor the flocks wandering by the flow'ry line
Of streams, that make the green land where they shine
Laugh to the light of waters — not for these,
Nor the soft shadow of ancestral trees,
Whose kindly whisper floats o'er thee and thine —
Oh! not for these I call thee richly blest,
But for the meekness of thy woman's breast,
Where that sweet depth of still contentment lies;
And for thy holy household love, which clings
Unto all ancient and familiar things,
Weaving from each some link for home's dear charities.

MRS. HEMANS.

AUTUMN.

NAY, William, nay, not so! the changeful year
In all its due successions to my sight
Presents but varied beauties, transient all,
All in their season good. These fading leaves,
That with their rich variety of hues
Make yonder forest in the slanting sun
So beautiful, in you awake the thought
Of winter, cold, drear winter, when the trees,
Each like a fleshless skeleton shall stretch
Its bare brown boughs; where not a flower shall spread

[1] 2 Kings, iv. 13.

Its colours to the day, and not a bird
Carol its joyance, but all nature wear
One sullen aspect, bleak and desolate,
To eye, ear, feeling, comfortless alike.
To me their many-colour'd beauties speak
Of times of merriment and festival,
The year's best holiday: I call to mind
The school-boy days, when in the falling leaves
I saw with eager hope the pleasant sign
Of coming Christmas; when at morn I took
My wooden kalendar, and counting up
Once more its often-told account, smooth'd off
Each day with more delight the daily notch.
To you the beauties of the autumnal year
Make mournful emblems, and you think of man
Doom'd to the grave's long winter, spirit-broken,
Bending beneath the burthen of his years,
Sense-dull'd and fretful, "full of aches and pains,"
Yet clinging still to life. To me they show
The calm decay of nature when the mind
Retains its strength, and in the languid eye
Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy
That makes old age look lovely. All to you
Is dark and cheerless; you in this fair world
See some destroying principle abroad,
Air, earth, and water full of living things,
Each on the other preying; and the ways
Of man, a strange perplexing labyrinth,
Where crimes and miseries, each producing each,
Render life loathsome, and destroy the hope
That should in death bring comfort. Oh! my friend,
That thy faith were as mine! that could'st see
Death still producing life, and evil still
Working its own destruction; could'st behold
The strifes and troubles of this troubled world
With the strong eye that sees the promis'd day

Dawn through this night of tempest! All things there
Would minister to joy; there should thine heart
Be heal'd and harmonis'd, and thou would'st feel
God, always, everywhere, and all in all.

SOUTHEY.

ENGLAND.

IT may be that our homeward longings made
That other lands were judg'd with partial eyes;
But fairer in my sight the mottled skies,
With pleasant interchange of sun and shade,
And more desir'd the meadow and deep glade
Of sylvan England, green with frequent showers,
Than all the beauty which the vaunted bow'rs
Of the parch'd South have in mine eyes display'd;
Fairer and more desir'd!—this well might be,
For let the South have beauty's utmost dower,
And yet my heart might well have turn'd to thee,
My home, my country, when a delicate flower
Within thy pleasant borders was for me
Tended, and growing up thro' sun and shower.

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